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THE

# MIRROR OF TRUE WOMANHOOD;

AND

# TRUE MEN AS WE NEED THEM.

BY

REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

(LAVAL.)

*TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.*

NEW YORK:
PETER F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER.
1881

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# THE MIRROR

OF

# TRUE WOMANHOOD.

A Book of Instruction for Women in the World.

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"At the present day, I swear to thee, that there are Women in the World of such excellence, that I have more envy of the life which they lead in secret, than of all the Sciences which the Ancients taught in public."—Antonio de Guevara.

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1877.
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TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY MOTHER,

TAKEN FROM ME IN MY CHILDHOOD:

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS,

AND A LIFE-LONG REGRET.

IMPRIMATUR.

JOHN CARDINAL McCLOSKY,
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 10th, 1877.

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ARCHIEPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, QUEBEC, November 16, 1877.

REV. B. O'REILLY, New York.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—I received in good time your letter of the 6th instant, with the first 256 pages of your last work, "The Mirror of True Womanhood."

Before sending you an answer I wished to read a few chapters of this book, and now I can but congratulate and thank you for it. It would be desirable to have this work translated into French, and circulated among our Canadian people, who, I am quite certain, would read it with interest and benefit to themselves.

Pray accept once more my congratulation and thanks, and believe me your devoted servant.

✠ E. A., ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

---

CINCINNATI, November 12, 1877.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—Thanks for your beautiful new book, "The Mirror of True Womanhood." Like St. Francis de Sales' "Devout Life," written, I think, at the suggestion of the Bon Henri (Henry IV. of France), it shows that, if we should look for the perfect religious in convents, perfection is also attainable in the world.

May God grant you the *multos annos* to write more books!

Yours sincerely,

J. B. PURCELL, ARCHBP. CINCINNATI.

---

REV. DR. O'REILLY.

278 OHIO ST., CHICAGO, November 12, 1877.

DEAR REV. SIR :—Your very kind letter reached me this morning, and it was followed in a few hours by the superb copy of your "Life of Pius IX." I am rejoiced to hear that your publisher has been compelled to commence a seventh edition.

The new work of which I have received the advance sheets to-day, "The Mirror of True Womanhood," is a work fitted to the times. It will be of vast service to many mothers and daughters in the Church, by showing them how they may practically conform their lives to the bright pictures of womanly virtue you have so felicitously portrayed. And if others outside the Church may be induced to look into your pages, how many may be saved who are eager to do good and live virtuously, and have no one to teach them! There is a vast multitude of women in this country marching toward a precipice of ruin, and it is a mystery to know what to do to arrest their downward progress. Many of them have no religion, and, though a man without religion is dangerous to society, a woman who is destitute of it is prone to be a monster.

I shall welcome your complete work with the highest satisfaction.

Gratefully your servant,

THOMAS FOLEY, BISHOP ADM. CHICAGO.

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is not without diffidence that this book is sent forth to take its place in the literature of Christian households. The form in which its teachings are imparted is novel, and may appear to many strange. But a word of explanation from the author may suffice to the fair-minded reader.

Ascetic works we have in superabundance; but these would not reach the class of readers for whom these chapters are destined, nor would they be taken up and perused in the hours which might be given to a work which is not professedly one of devotion. Perhaps, too, there may be found in the following pages instructions which will prove more attractive and profitable to its readers than the more arid lessons of the ascetic or the didactic writer.

The chief object which the author had in view in undertaking to write this book was to help, so far as his abilities permitted, in withstanding the spread of the prevailing naturalism, which is daily invading more and more our homes, the minds and lives of parents as well as of children.

If we can preserve the Home from its influence, by making of every mother a supernatural woman, living a life of faith, loving above all things self-denial and self-sacrifice, fondly attached to the heroic ways and virtues of our ancestors,—the Home, in our midst, will bring forth super-

natural men and women, unselfish, pure, truth-loving, trustworthy, and devoted to the best interests of country and religion.

What is attempted here may encourage others to pursue the same theme with far better prospects of success. This holy emulation would in itself reward the labor bestowed on this book; and who knows but, imperfect as it is, it may bring happiness to more than one hearth, light to more than one mind, and nobler aims to more than one life hitherto wasted? It is not only the ripe fruits which Autumn pours into our homes that are treasured by young and old alike; the very last withered leaves which the storms of this dreary November weather whirl along the roadside, or through the forest wastes, may serve as a welcome couch to the benighted wayfarer or the homeless outcast.

And, dear reader, do not quarrel with the writer's method. A book written for pleasant recreation, as well as for solid instruction, cannot be like the broad surface of a royal river over which the largest and the smallest craft can move together without hindrance or interruption. Our path, in these chapters, lies along a shallow stream amid sylvan scenery: we can rest in the noonday heat beneath the shadow of some wooded overhanging crag, stretching our limbs on the green sward, inhaling the fragrant air, and soothed by the noisy river beneath as it frets and foams among the rocks, discoursing the while on the Home we have left, and on the busy world toward which we are journeying. Or, as we wend our way later along shady banks where the stream glides, noiseless and unruffled, as if it also reposed after a toilsome passage, we can discuss together the difficulties of life's road, examine the grounds of our hopes and our fears, propose in turn our ideals and aims; and thus beguiling the length of the way, forget the sultry

weather, and the flight of time, till, with the declining sun, we descry afar the streamlet joining the broad river, where the river itself skirts the vast and crowded city, and mingles with the golden expanse of the vast ocean beyond.

Enjoy the shady and restful nooks you will find as you proceed from chapter to chapter; open your eyes to the prospects they here and there afford; and if they prompt you, in looking on the pleasant earth around, or in gazing up into the blue heavens overhead,—in picking up the simple flower that springs by the wayside, or listening to the sweet songsters of thicket and grove, to bless the Great Giver of all that is good and beautiful,—you will be grateful to your guide ere your journey's end.

As it will be apparent to the reader, frequent quotations have been borrowed from the works of Kenelm Digby, which have ever been especial favorites with the author. Nor can he abstain from expressing his thanks to the spirited publisher, who spared no expense in securing the very highest typographical excellence in the establishment of J. J. Little & Co., of this city, and in Mr. J. S. King, an engraver whose artistic skill will be admired in the exquisite plate which forms the frontispiece to our MIRROR OF TRUE WOMANHOOD.

NEW YORK, *November the 25th*, 1877.

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# THE MIRROR

OF

# TRUE WOMANHOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

*Omnis honos, omnis admiratio, omne studium ad virtutem et ad eas actiones quæ virtuti sunt consentaneæ refertur.*

All honor, admiration, and zealous endeavor is referred to virtue and to the actions which are conformable to it.—CICERO.

It is said of one of the most celebrated men of the last century, that, when a mere babe, he was made to love flowers and all beautiful things in nature. His father, a distinguished naturalist, would take the child with him into the garden, and while he was busied watering the plants and examining how it fared with each of them, he would place in the child's hands and on his lap bunches of the most lovely flowers. Whether or not it was an inbred disposition in the child, he would—so the story of his life relates—amuse himself with the bright and fragrant things, admiring and studying them more and more as he grew up, till this pursuit became an irresistible fascination; and thus, from botany to other departments of natural science, the student progressed, revealing to his fellow-men the wonders that he had discovered, and leaving behind him an immortal name.*

* Linnæus, or Carl von Linné, born in 1707, died in 1778.

Even so is it possible to place in the hands and keep before the eyes of childhood some of the loveliest and most fragrant flowers of goodness, purity, and heroism which bloom innumerable in the Church of God, and thereby awaken in the innocent soul the sense of moral beauty, till the study and pursuit of all that is ennobling and elevating becomes an absorbing passion.

And talking of flowers, we are reminded of the story of that demented youth preserved among the graceful fictions of ancient Greece. He was a simple child, and would wander away into the neighboring woods and along the pleasant banks of streams. One day as he stooped down to drink from the deep, smooth current of one of them, he beheld his own face in the crystal mirror, and forthwith became enamored of the fair apparition, which he mistook for an inhabitant of the waters. And his passion and his madness grew apace, vainly appealing to the image which gazed up into his eyes, for words of love in answer to his own, till he pined away and died; and from him the beautiful flower Narcissus derives its name.

But in the deep, pure, and never-deceiving mirror formed by that bright, broad river of holiness of life, which springs in Paradise from beneath the throne of Christ, and flows down through the ages to us,—glorious figures appear with which it will be no madness to fall in love. For, to love them, to study their beauty, to imitate their loveliness, to become like to them in thought and feeling and word and deed,—is to become most truly the children of God.

In the Eternal Son of God become for our sakes the Son of the Virgin Mary, we have the Author of our nature living on earth, and displaying in His life the virtues which can make every child born of woman most like to Himself, who is at one and the same time our adorable model and our judge. Generosity, devotedness, self-sacrifice are the characteristic virtues of woman: in Him they shine forth with surpassing splendor; and, next to Him, the Blessed Mother, —so near and dear to Him,—is the most perfect mirror of womanly perfection. She is the "Woman clothed with the

Sun."* She gave him the sacred body in which He practiced the sweet human virtues befitting childhood, boyhood, and manhood,—the deeds which graced the lowly home of Joseph and Mary at Nazareth, and those which adorned the three years of his public life, till His work was consummated on the cross. Enlightened and warmed by this close and continual union with Him, who is the true Sun of Holiness, during the thirty years of intimacy at Nazareth,—this Mother, blessed among women, could not help reflecting more perfectly than any other human being the thoughts, the aims, the sentiments,—the humility and the self-sacrificing charity of her divine Son. Thus her life was invested from this most privileged intimacy, with such a light of supernatural holiness, that it vividly pictured the life of Jesus. She had been closest, nearest, and dearest to Him, had studied Him most attentively and lovingly, had followed faithfully in His footsteps from the manger to the cross, and was, when He ascended to heaven, the living image of her crucified love to all who believed in His Name.

We are all the children of these great parents, and are therefore bound to become like to them in mind and heart and conduct. None can attain to the eternal glory of the children of God in the life to come, but such as will have acquired this living likeness by generosity in imitating God's incarnate Son.†

It is precisely because women are, by the noble instincts which God has given to their nature, prone to all that is most heroic, that this book has been written for them. It aims at setting before their eyes such admirable examples of every virtue most suited to their sex in every age and condition of life, that they have only to open its pages in order to learn at a glance, what graces and excellences render girlhood as bright and fragrant as the Garden of God in its unfading bloom, and ripe womanhood as glorious and peerless in its loveliness and power, as the May moon in her perfect fullness, when she reigns alone over the starry heavens.

---

* Apocalypse xii. 1. † Romans viii. 29.

Nor is it for women secluded in the cloister, or consecrated by religious vows to the pursuit of perfection and the sole love of Christ and His poor, that our teachings are intended. It is for home-life—the home-life of the artisan and the lowliest laborer, much more than that of the lordly and wealthy—that this little book is calculated to bear sweet fruits of manifold blessedness and utility.

Religious Communities are so favored, in return for their generous devotion to the Divine Majesty, by graces so lavish and so extraordinary and by so exceptional a culture, that they resemble those royal gardens in which bloom the whole year round all the rarest plants, and most exquisite flowers of every clime. But it is the wife or daughter of the man of toil, crushed beneath her load of care and fatigue, or cooped up by night between the narrow walls of an unsavory dwelling in a crowded neighborhood,—that we would fain teach how to rear in the little garden of her soul those flowers of paradise, which will make her a spectacle to angels and to men.

Among the latest heroines of sanctity those women who shine at long intervals of hundreds of years, throwing into the shade the brightness of very many of their contemporaries—like stars of surpassing brilliancy in some beautiful cluster in the firmament—is a poor little peasant-girl, St. Germaine Cousin, canonized with such extraordinary solemnity on June 29th, 1867. Farther on, we shall examine more leisurely the figure of this little French shepherdess, whose life, amid the mountain solitudes of Southern France, was made so bitter by a stepmother's cruelty, but whose soul soared above the hardships of her condition, to heights of holiness unknown to the great, the rich, the learned in her own day.

How many souls will look into these pages, who have it in their power, with His aid who yearns to help us toward the acquisition of all goodness and the most blessed fruits of all spiritual joy, to rise to these same heights of true womanly greatness, to that near resemblance to Christ and to her who is the Queen of all saints? We cannot say. But

this much is certain—that the living lessons reflected from their reading must enable every heart which tries to understand them, to be better, stronger, braver, truer, even from looking, for a few moments, on the angelic features of any one of the heroic women reflected in our MIRROR.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TRUE WOMAN'S KINGDOM—THE HOME.

Who is not struck with beholding your lively faith; your piety full of sweetness and modesty; your generous hospitality; the holiness which reigns within your families; the serenity and innocence of your conversation?—ST. CLEMENT, Pope and Martyr, *First Epistle to the Corinthians.*

WE are about to describe the sacred sphere within which God has appointed that true women should exercise their sway, that most blessed kingdom which it is in their power to create, and over which the Author of every most perfect gift will enable them to reign with an influence as undisputed as it may be boundless for all good. The home of the Christian family, such as the Creator wills it to be, and such as every true woman can make it,—is not only the home of the wealthy and the powerful, but more especially still that of the poor and the lowly. For, these constitute the immense majority of mankind, and must ever be the chief object of his care who is Father and Lord over all. From him spring the laws which regulate all the sweet duties of family life, and the graces which enable the members of a household to make of their abode a paradise.

Hence it is, that when the Author of our nature deigned to become man and to subject himself to these same laws and duties, he chose not a palace for his abode, nor a life of wealthy ease, while upon earth, but the poor home of an artisan, and the life of toil and hardship which is the lot of the multitude. It was a most blissful design, worthy of the infinite wisdom and goodness. The human parents he

chose were of royal blood, that the highest on earth might learn from Joseph and Mary how holiness can exalt princes to nearness to God, and how the most spotless purity can be the parent of a regenerated world. And he made all his human virtues bloom in the carpenter's home at Nazareth, in order that the poorest laborer might know that there is not one sweet virtue practiced by the God-Man, Jesus, which the last and hardest driven of the sons and daughters of toil may not cultivate in their own homes, though never so poor, so naked, or so narrow.

So, dear reader, standing on the shore of the calm and beautiful Lake of Galilee, near which our Lord was reared, let us see his humble home and his home-life reflected therein, as in a most beautiful mirror; and with that divine image compare our own home, and the life with which we study to adorn it.

There is nothing here below more sacred in the eyes of that good God who governs all things, and will judge all men in due time, than

## THE FAMILY HOME.

All the institutions and ordinances which God has created in civil society or bestowed upon his Church, have for their main purpose to secure the existence, the honor, and the happiness of every home in the community, from that of the sovereign or supreme magistrate to that of the most obscure individual who labors to rear a family. There is nothing on earth which the Creator and Lord of all things holds more dear than this home, in which a father's ever-watchful care, untiring labor, and enlightened love aim at creating for his children a little Eden, in which they may grow up to the true perfection of children of God; in which a mother's unfailing and all-embracing tenderness will be, like the light and warmth of the sun in the heavens, the source of life and joy and strength and all goodness to her dear ones, as well as to all who come within the reach of her influence.

The most learned men of modern times agree in saying, that the sun's light and warmth are, in the order established by the Creator, the sources of all vegetable and animal life on the surface of our globe. They regulate the succession of seasons, the growth of all the wonderful varieties of tree and shrub and flower and grass that make of the surface of the earth an image of Paradise. They give health and vigor to the myriads of animals of every kind that live in the air or in the waters or on the dry land, and to which, in turn, the vegetable world furnishes food and sustenance. The very motion given to the rain in falling, to the rivers in their course, to the oceans and their currents, comes from that sun-force,—as well as the clouds which sail above our heads in the firmament and the lovely colors which paint them. Nay, there is not a single beauty in the million-million shades which embellish the flowers of grove or garden or field, or clothe, at dawn or noontide or sunset, the face of earth and heaven, which is not a creation of glorious light, the visible image of His divine countenance in whom is the source of all splendor and life and beauty.

Even so, O woman, within that world which is your home and kingdom, your face is to light up and brighten and beautify all things, and your heart is to be the source of that vital fire and strength without which the father can be no true father, the brother no true brother, the sister no true sister,—since all have to learn from you how to love, how to labor lovingly, how to be forgetful of self, and mindful only of the welfare of others.

The natural affection by which the Creator of our souls draws to each other husband and wife, and which, in turn, they pour out on their children and receive back from these in filial regard and reverence, is the very source of domestic happiness. We cannot estimate too highly this holy mutual love which knits together the hearts of parents and children. It is as necessary to the peace, the comfort, the prosperity, and the bliss of every home, as the dew and the rain and the streams of running water are necessary to the husbandman for the fertility of the land he cultivates and

the growth of the harvest on which depend both his subsistence and his wealth.

Let the dew and rain of heaven cease to fall on the fairest valley, let the springs of living water be dried up all over its bosom, and the rivers which brighten and fertilize it cease to flow but for a few seasons, and it will be like the vale of death, forsaken of every living thing.

Do you wish, O reader, to learn how the springs of true life, of true love and joy, may flow, unfailing and eternal, within the little paradise of your home? Then weigh well the words of the great Martyr-Pope placed at the head of this chapter. These point out the virtues and qualities which should adorn every household in which Christ is worshiped:—a lively faith, a piety full of sweetness and modesty, a generous hospitality; holiness of life, serenity and innocence of conversation. Let us examine together how much there is in every one of these. We need not send to a great distance for one of those men famed for their skill in discovering hidden and plentiful springs of water beneath the surface of the ground. Their mysterious knowledge and the use of their magic wand are useless here. For, here we have seven pure and exhaustless wells of living water, created for our home by the Maker of all things, and placed ready to our hand for every need.

And, first of all, is a lively faith. We Christians are given that eye of the soul which enables us to see the invisible world, as if the vail which hides it were withdrawn. God becomes to us an ever-present, most sweet and most comforting reality. The great patriarch, Abraham, was bidden, in his long exile, and as a sure means of bearing up against his manifold trials, to walk before God,—that is, to have God ever present before the eye of his soul. This sense of the Divine Majesty as a vision always accompanying us in our every occupation, in labor as well as repose—just as the pillar of cloud went with the Israelites in their journeyings toward the Promised Land—gives wonderful light to us in our darkness and difficulties, cheers us marvelously in distress and adversity, lightens the hardest labor and the

most intolerable burden, imparts a divine strength in the hour of temptation ;—for, what can we not undertake and accomplish, what enemy can we not resist and put to flight, when we feel that His eye is on us, that we have him there face to face, that his arm is ever stretched out to support and to shield us, and that all the love of his fatherly heart sweetens the bitterness of our struggle, and rewards our generosity in overcoming all for his sake?

Joseph and Mary at Nazareth were privileged above all human beings to behold that Wisdom which created the world living and laboring daily beneath their humble roof, and growing up into the successive perfection of holy infancy, boyhood, and manhood, while concealing his quality from the surrounding multitude, and revealing only to a few like themselves his Godhead and his mission. It is certain, that he practiced all the virtues and fulfilled all the duties of his age and station in the way best fitted to glorify his Father: he was enlightening the world, sanctifying himself, and marking out the path of life as truly for every one of us, during these long and obscure years of his abode in Nazareth, as when his teaching and his miracles drew around him all Galilee and Judæa.

And what an eloquent lesson was there, exemplifying that "life of faith," without which the existence of the Christian man or woman is barren of all supernatural merit! Christ, in the helpless years of his infancy and boyhood, when his life was one of entire dependence and submission, glorified and pleased his Father by solely seeking his good will and pleasure in obeying those appointed his earthly parents, and in accomplishing the obscure duties of his age. This lesson Mary and Joseph were not slow to learn and to practice. They read in the rapt charity with which their worshiped Charge offered to the Divine Majesty every day and hour and moment of these golden years of humility and toil,—this all-important law of life for the children of God: 'That the value of what we do does not depend on the greatness or publicity of the work accomplished; but on the spirit of love toward the Father with which it is

undertaken and carried out; and that the pure purpose and offering of the heart is what God prizes above all else.'

It has been the constant belief and teaching of Christian ages that the lives of Joseph and Mary consumed in the voluntary poverty, lowliness, and toil of their condition, were ennobled, elevated, sanctified, and made most precious before God by being—after the example of the Divine Model before them—devoted to God alone, and animated by the one sole thought and purpose of pleasing and glorifying him by perfect conformity to his holy will.

The Mother who ruled in this most blessed home, beheld in the Divine Babe confided to her, the Incarnate Son of God walking before her in the true way of holiness, and, like him, she applied herself to set the Eternal Father constantly before her eyes, studying to make every thought and aim and word and action most pleasing to that Infinite Perfection.

When Christ had begun his public life, when the home at Nazareth was broken up, and Mary had taken up her abode with her kinsfolk at Capharnaum, the light of the Father's countenance, in which she had learned to live, accompanied her, and the grace of her Son's example continued to surround her like a living atmosphere. After the terrible scenes of Calvary and the glories of the ascension, she brought with her to the home which St. John and his mother, Mary Salome, so lovingly offered her, the image of her Crucified Love, as the one great mirror in which she could behold the new heights of sanctity and self-sacrifice which she was called on to tread with him.

Since her day who was Mother of our Head, Mother of the Church which she labored to beget and to form, and Mother of us all—since she quitted her home on earth for heaven—the image of the Crucified God has ever been the chief ornament, the principal light, and the great Book of Life in every true Christian home.

Not one saintly mother among the millions who have trained sons and daughters, ay, and husbands and dependents, to be the true followers of Christ, his apostles and

his martyrs, when need was—but always his faithful servants and imitators;—who did not read in the ever open page of her crucifix, how she might best lead a life of self-sacrifice, and best induce her dear ones to be "crucified to the world."

But let no one fancy that, in placing before her this holy model-home of the ever-blessed Mother of God, it is the intention of the writer to urge any one who chances to read these pages to expect to equal in self-sacrifice either herself or her Divine Son. No: the aim of the instruction here given is to encourage all who look into this mirror to adorn their homes with some of the heavenly flowers which bloomed in Nazareth, to bring to the performance of their daily duties in their own appointed sphere, that lofty spirit of unselfish devotion to God which will make every thing they do most precious in his sight, transform the poorest, narrowest, most cheerless home into a bright temple filled with the light of God's presence, blessed and protected by God's visiting angels, and fragrant with the odor of paradise. It is merely sought to open to the darkened eyes visions of a world which will enable the burdened soul to bear patiently and joyously the load of present ills; to fire the spirit of the careworn and the despairing with an energy which will enable them to take up the inevitable cross and follow Mary and her Son up to heights where rest is certain and the promised glory unfading.

No—you shall not be asked to quit your home, or exchange your occupations, or add one single particle to the burden of your toil, your care, or your suffering; but she who is the dear Mother of us all will teach you by the silent voice of her example, how to bring the light of heaven down into your home, the generosity of the children of God into the discharge of your every occupation, and the sweet spirit of Christ to ennoble your toil, to brighten your care and your suffering.

Travelers among the loftiest mountains often chance upon calm, bright lakes within whose crystal depths are mirrored not only the blue heavens into which the eagle alone can

soar, and the cold, ice-covered summits which only the feet of the most daring few have trodden, but the low and fertile hills around the shore covered with the green woods, the healthful pastures, and frequented by the shepherds and their flocks. It is to these lovely, safe, and accessible heights of virtue that this little book would guide the footsteps of mother and maiden alike.

And of such easy access is the height of purity of intention and living faith which should be the constant light of your home. It is characteristic of the depth and constancy of womanly affection that the thought of the loved one, during the longest and most painful absence, will suffice to sustain them and to brighten a life which otherwise would appear cheerless. Thus it is said of that truest of wives,

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY,

that during her young husband's long spells of absence at court or in the wars, she was wont to animate herself and her large household by the thought of how much he would be pleased, on his return, that they had endeavored to do every thing as they knew he would wish them. Elizabeth, before her marriage, had received from him, in a moment of bitter trial to her, a small pocket-mirror which gentlemen in those days usually carried with them. It was of polished silver, with the reverse adorned with a crucifix set in gems. She never parted with this dear pledge of his truth, often taking it out of her satchel to kiss it. During her cruel widowhood and when driven ruthlessly forth from her palace with her helpless orphans, she would continually hold this mirror in her hand, kissing the image of her crucified Lord and recommending unceasingly to his mercy the soul of her husband. Nor was this perpetual remembrance of him a source of prayerful resignation only; it also stirred her up to vindicate the rights of his plundered children. As she pleaded their cause before the Thuringian nobles, she would hold the well-known mirror in her hand, kiss it frequently, and press it to her heart, as if to warm herself to greater

energy and eloquence. Nor were her nobles insensible to the spectacle of their young mistress's fidelity and truth to her earthly love.

In like manner, if the thought of God and the remembrance of his incomparable love have any influence on our lives, they will be the soul of all our actions, inspiring, directing, cheering, and sustaining us in all that we plan and undertake and suffer day after day.

St. Clement next praises in the Corinthians a "piety full of sweetness and modesty." Piety is a word of Latin origin, and, among the old Romans who first used it, meant that spirit of dutiful and generous love with which children do the will and seek the interests of their parents. This sense of free, generous, disinterested, and unselfish devotion to the happiness, honor, and interests of one's parents, is always contrasted with the selfish, mercenary, or compulsory service of a slave or a servant in a family. True-hearted children make their happiness to consist in seeking how they can best please and honor father and mother: what they do is not dictated by the fear of punishment or the hope of reward or the prospect of gain or self-gratification. The hope or certainty of delighting or pleasing or helping the dear authors of their being, such is the thought which prompts the labors or obedience of a loving child.

Not so the mercenary: his motive is to gain his wages. He bargains to do so much in return for such a wage. The happiness of the family, the interest or honor of his employers, their satisfaction or the praise which they may bestow, do not, most likely, enter into the thoughts or calculations of venal souls.

You have known, perhaps, in many families, daughters so noble-minded, that they were content to labor untiringly for their parents, placing their whole delight in doing all they could to lighten the burden of father and mother, or to make the home bright and pleasant for brothers and sisters, without seeking or expecting one word of praise and acknowledgment. This is the best description of filial piety.

Only transfer to God's service that same unselfish and gen-

erous disposition,—asking yourself only how much you can do to please him, to glorify him, to make yourself worthy of him, to make him known and have him loved and served by others,—and you have an idea of what piety toward God is.

Thus faith gives to the soul that "purity of intention," which not only makes the thought of God habitual, but enables one to lift one's eye toward the Divine Majesty in every thing that one does,—in labor as well as in repose,—in suffering as well as in enjoyment, at home and abroad, in company and conversation, as well as in solitude and silence. It kindles in the heart that flame of love which makes one burn with the absorbing desire of pleasing Him supremely. It is thus the foundation of piety, the motive power of every good work,—just as fire is the generating force of steam, and steam itself is the mighty force which annihilates distance on sea and land and transforms all the industries of the modern world.

The soul accustomed to keep God before her eyes in all her ways, cannot help being pious in the truest sense: nothing can prevent her from seeking in all that she does the Divine pleasure, and of esteeming all that she can do and suffer too little for so great a majesty and such incomparable goodness.

This piety—working ever beneath that all-seeing Eye—must be both sweet and modest: sweet, in the calmness and gentleness with which every thing is undertaken and accomplished; modest, in that no seeking of self and no consciousness of evil can disturb or overcast the limpid purity of a soul which reflects only the light and serenity of Heaven, and is divinely sheltered from every blast of earthly passion.

When we remember who these early Christians were whose sweet and virginal piety was praised by St. Clement, we are filled with astonishment at the total and sudden transformation which the truth of the gospel—the knowledge and imitation of Christ and his Virgin Mother—effected in the most ill-famed city of the pagan world and the most abandoned population known to history. The very name of Corinth was odious to the ancient Romans of

the true republican era,—and when she fell beneath the Roman arms, she was utterly blotted out, lest the simplicity and austerity of the conquering race should become corrupt by contact with the voluptuous city. A Roman colony was afterward planted there, and Corinth arose once more from her ruins on that enchanted shore, shorn indeed of her greatness and power, but scarcely less infamous than her former self. It was like the alkali plains of our Western territories, where nothing seems able to grow but the sage-brush which saddens the eye. No sooner had St. Paul preached there, practicing all that he preached, than piety, purity, and modesty—all the gentle virtues of Mary's home at Nazareth—spread with the faith from house to house in Corinth, till the infant church there resembled a society of angelic men and women.

In soil deemed hitherto incapable of producing a single fruit of heavenly modesty, the cross of Christ had been planted; the curse of centuries was removed, and the land began to be fair with flowers of supernatural promise. What was the part of woman in this extraordinary renovation? Three women are mentioned in the New Testament as having been associated with the apostles in the work of planting and fostering the Christian faith in the beautiful city and its dependencies,—Prisca or Priscilla, Chloe, and Phebe, revered as saints from the apostolic times by the churches of the East and West alike. It was in the house of Prisca that St. Paul took up his abode when he first arrived at Corinth. Her husband, Aquila, was, like Paul himself, a tent-maker; for it was the admirable custom, even of the highest and most wealthy Jewish families, to teach every one of their sons some trade or handicraft, which might place them above want, and thereby secure their independence, when persecution or adverse fortune deprived them of country and riches. Aquila had been expelled from Rome by the Emperor Claudius just before Paul's arrival on the Isthmus of Corinth, and was working at his craft of tent-maker, weaving for that purpose the hair of the Phrygian goat into a much esteemed and water-proof cloth.

Their common craft was a first bond of intimacy between the great apostle and this household; the Christian faith drew them still closer together. At any rate, though Priscilla and her husband opened their home and their hearts to the apostle and the divine message which he bore, we know from Paul himself that he would be beholden to no one for his support and that of his fellow-laborers in the gospel. Still that laborious and well-ordered household became the cradle of Christianity in Western Greece, the first sanctuary in Corinth where the Divine Mysteries were celebrated, and the word of God explained to the highest and lowest among the proud, cultivated, and pleasure-loving population. Not unlike Priscilla was Chloe, in all probability also a married woman, while Phebe, the female apostle of Cenchreæ, the eastern suburb and seaport of Corinth, was unmarried, a deaconess, and the first fruits, on that long-polluted land, of the Virgin-Life destined to be so fruitful of holiness in Christian Europe.

Priscilla and her husband followed Paul to Ephesus in Asia, a city scarcely less ill-famed than Corinth, where the devoted and energetic wife shared the mortal dangers which beset the apostle, and instructed in the Christian faith the accomplished and eloquent Apollos, who was sent to Corinth to continue there the good work so gloriously begun. When Paul was sent in chains to Rome, the noble woman and her worthy husband forsook every thing, risked even life itself to be near him, and to share his labors and perils. Priscilla's house in Rome became a church, a center of Christian activity and charity, and Chloe and Phebe's names are associated with hers in the heartfelt commendations of the imprisoned apostle, and the undying gratitude and veneration of every succeeding age.

Most blessed, therefore, of God and man was the sweet and gentle piety as well as the unbounded hospitality of these early Christian homes. But pass we not lightly over this great home-virtue of hospitality: this, and the two other precious virtues mentioned by St. Clement, we must reserve to the next chapter.

# CHAPTER III.

## THE HOME VIRTUES (CONTINUED)—HOSPITALITY, HOLINESS, AND INNOCENCE OF CONVERSATION.

Let each one inquire in the Church for the poor and the stranger; and when he meets them, let him invite them to his house; for with the poor man Christ will enter it. He who entertains a stranger, entertains Christ. The glory of a Christian is to receive strangers and pilgrims, and to have at his table the poor, the widow and the orphan.—ST. EPHREM, *De Amore Pauperum.*

### HOSPITALITY.

THE Christian religion, beside inheriting all the divine legislation of preceding ages, and consecrating all that was ennobling and purifying in public and private life, perfected every virtue practiced by Jew and Gentile by assigning to each a supernatural motive and by assisting the weakness of nature with most powerful graces.

Doubtless in the most ancient times, men, wherever they chanced to live, were not altogether unmindful of their being sprung from the same parents, and the first impulse of nature urged them to open their house to the stranger as to a brother, one who was their own flesh and blood. In the patriarchal ages we find a higher motive superadded to that of common brotherhood: that to receive the stranger, was to discharge a debt due to God himself—that to shut him out was, possibly, to close one's door against the Deity in disguise. Abraham and his nephew Lot gave hospitality to angels disguised in human form, and were rewarded, the former by the birth of Isaac, the latter by being saved with

his family from the terrible destruction in which Sodom and the neighboring cities were involved.

Not dissimilar was the reward divinely granted to the poor pagan widow of Sarephta who harbored and fed the famished and fugitive prophet Elias, and to the wealthy lady of Sunam who sheltered Elisæus. Their generous hospitality was rewarded by the restoring to life of the only son of each.

But in the gospel, Martha and Mary made their home the resting-place of the Incarnate God, and their hospitality was accompanied by a public and unhesitating confession of their Guest's divinity,—and that, too, at a time when he was most opposed and persecuted by the leading men of the nation. Not only were they, also, rewarded by the restoration to life of their dead brother, but they had the further recompense of becoming the apostles of the Divine Master.

This was, moreover, the return made by Him to his Mother's cousin, Mary Salome, mother of St. James the Elder and St. John the Apostle, for the hospitality so generously bestowed on Mary, after the breaking up of her own home at Nazareth. The same may be said of that other Mary, the sister of the apostle St. Barnabas, and the mother of another apostle, John-Mark. It is the common tradition that her house was that in which our Lord celebrated the Last Supper, in which the Blessed Virgin found a refuge during the interval between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, and in which the apostles and disciples were wont to assemble till the Holy Ghost came down on them.

Certain it is that there the faithful were wont to meet with Peter and the other apostles till after the martyrdom of St. Stephen and St. James, the imprisonment and miraculous liberation of St. Peter, and the visit made to him by St. Paul after the latter's conversion. Her home was the common home of the infant church of Jerusalem, and, as tradition affirms, the first Christian church in that city. This generous mother's hospitality was rewarded by seeing both her brother and her son called to the glorious labors and perils of the apostleship.

Thenceforward, the bestowing hospitality was for the mistress of a Christian household to receive Christ himself, the God of Charity, in the person of every guest who crossed her threshold, be he rich or poor, kinsman or stranger, friend or foe, sick or loathsome, the holiest of men or the most abandoned of sinners.

But we must reserve for another place the rules of hospitality to be observed by the mistress of the home and all her dependents. We are at present only pointing out the distinctive character and the ideal of Christian hospitality.

## HOLINESS.

A holy house is one in which God is truly King; in which he reigns supreme over the minds and hearts of the inmates; in which every word and act honors his name. One feels on entering such a house, nay, even on approaching it, that the very atmosphere within and without is laden with holy and heavenly influences. Modern authors have written elegantly and eloquently about the home life which was the source of all domestic virtues and all public greatness in the powerful nations of antiquity. They describe, in every household, in the poor man's cabin as well as in the palace, that altar set apart for family worship, on which the sacred fire was scrupulously watched and kept alive night and day. No one ever went forth from the house without first kneeling at that altar and paying reverence to the divinity of the place, and no one, on returning, ever saluted his dearest ones before doing homage there. There, too, at night the household met for prayer and adoration, and there again with the dawn they knelt together to beg on the labors of the day before them the blessing of the deity worshiped by their fathers.

This altar and this undying fire were regarded as a something so holy that only the most precious wood and the purest material was employed to feed the flame. Nothing filthy or defiled was permitted to approach the spot; and every indecent word uttered or act committed near it was

deemed a sacrilege. This hearth-altar, or hearth-fire, as it was called, was symbolical of the fate of the family. If it was neglected and allowed to die out, this was deemed an irreparable calamity foreboding the ruin of the home and the extinction of the race.

In the Christian home it is the flame of piety, ardent love for God, and charity toward the neighbor, which constitutes the hearth-fire that should ever burn bright. Old Catholic homes—how many of our readers will remember it?—were wont to have the cross placed outside as a symbol of the love for the Crucified which ruled all hearts within; and in the interior his name, as well as his image could be seen on almost every wall, informing the stranger-guest that he was in the house of the common Parent, and in the midst of dear brethren.

And how many of us may also remember the poor but cleanly cottage of the laborer, or the narrow room of city families, on whose bare but white walls there was no ornament but the crucifix, and no glory but that of the Holy Name written there as a seal of predestination?

Where the fire of divine love is fed as carefully, and the mother and her daughters watch as jealously as the Roman matrons and maidens of old that its flame shall never be extinguished, there is little fear that any conversation but what is "innocent" shall prevail. Purity and charity are the twin-lights of every home deserving of God's best blessing and man's heartfelt veneration.

## WHAT THE HOME OUGHT NOT TO BE.

The Spaniards say, "Shut the door and the Devil passes by;" the true woman who has read the preceding pages and understood the teaching conveyed therein, will know how to preserve her home-sanctuary from evil. It is, comparatively, an easy task to cultivate and cherish in one's own life and in the souls of those nearest and dearest to one, all the sweet virtues and holy habits indicated above, or connected with true piety. But how hard it is, when

once evil habits have been formed, to resist or reform them! There are certain horrible skin diseases to which persons of the purest blood and most refined nature are most liable. And the terrible poison, sometimes caught by a breath or a touch of the hand, once deposited in blood hitherto untainted, will spread instantaneously, and commit the most fearful ravages.

So is it with souls highly privileged: a single voluntary act of sin may be followed by such a state of spiritual leprosy, that all their former beauty and glory appear changed into hideous deformity and seemingly incurable corruption.

Be careful to keep evil far away from the hearts of your dear ones; and close and bar the door of your home at all times, when you know that wickedness is abroad in the street or on the highway. Keep out the fatal influences which might weaken or destroy the precious boon of Christian faith in your household; bar and bolt your door against uncharitableness, immodesty, and that odious spirit of irreverance toward age, authority, and all that our fathers have taught us to respect and love.

And, O women who read this, learn here how to make your home, though never so poor and bare, lovely to your dear ones and an object of respect and envy to all who know you. This you shall be taught in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

HOW SAINT MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, MADE HER HOME LOVELY AND HER KINGDOM A PARADISE—HOW EVERY TRUE WOMAN CAN IMITATE MARGARET, AND MAKE HER LITTLE HOME-KINGDOM SWEET AND ATTRACTIVE.

Malcolm (IV.), King of Scotland . . . shone like a star in the heavens; for, being prevented [supplied beforehand] by God in the benediction of sweetness from his tender years, he had a fervent love for God, and was of such pure conscience and gentleness of manners, that when amongst persons of the world he seemed like a monk, and, indeed, an earthly angel.—WILLIAM OF NEWBURY, *Rerum Anglicarum*, lib. i. 25.

THIS Malcolm was the grandson of St. David, and the great-grandson of St. Margaret, the blessed scion of a line of heroic kings. Let us see how the gentle Margaret transformed, by the irresistible ascendency of her womanly virtues, her rude, worldly-minded, and warlike husband into a saint, and all Scotland into a school of gentleness and piety. Her example will teach most eloquently how every true-hearted woman can make all hearts yield to the influence of her goodness, and her own life be like a reservoir of living waters in a thirsty land for many a generation after her day.

Margaret, born in exile, reared in Buda in Hungary beneath the eyes of its apostolic king, St. Stephen (997–1038), returned to England in her early girlhood only to become an orphan, and to have to fly for dear life with her sister and brother across the seas. A storm providentially cast them on the shore of Scotland, where they found a refuge in the

court of Malcolm III., or Malcolm Canmore (Greathead). Malcolm had himself tasted the bitterness of exile, having seven years before been obliged to fly to England after the murder of his father by Macbeth. St. Edward the Confessor, Margaret's grand-uncle, had warmly befriended the fugitive and enabled him to recover his own. So the generous Malcolm was but too happy to repay to the helpless descendants of Alfred the Great the debt of gratitude thus contracted.

Margaret was then in her twenty-fourth year, and had been during their long orphanhood a second mother to her sister, Christina, and her brother, the chivalrous Edgar Atheling. Her wonderful beauty and her angelic modesty, much more than her royal birth and the accomplishments due to the careful education she had received, drew on her the admiration of the untutored Scottish nobles and their warlike king. He was attracted by the manifold graces of the royal maiden; for hers were the supernatural virtues which he had learned to worship in Edward the Confessor, and which shone with a softened and gentler charm in the lovely exile. She became, a few months after her arrival in the court of Dunfermline, its mistress and the queen of all Scotland, to the unbounded delight of every class in the community.

It was a rude age, in a country which a long series of invasions by the Northmen, frequent wars with England, and perpetual feuds between the native clans, had kept half-uncivilized in spite of its Christianity. Providence had reserved for a woman, for this young queen, whose soul had been so chastened and tempered by a whole life of trial, to complete the work begun by St. Columba and his brethren five centuries before that.

Let a woman's hand trace the first outlines of the glorious picture of piety, charity, and patriotism offered in this queenly life of twenty-three years on the throne.

"Margaret was a true daughter of Alfred, and the traditions of the Alfred of Hungary (St. Stephen) were fresh upon her, and, instead of sitting down to cower alarmed

amid the turmoils round her, she set herself to conquer the evils in her own feminine way, by the performance of her queenly duties. She was happy in her husband: Malcolm revered her saintly purity even more than he loved her sweet, sunny, cheerful manner, or admired her surpassing loveliness of person.

"He looked on her as something too precious and tender for his wild, rugged court, and attended to her slightest bidding with reverence, kissing her holy books, which he could not read, and interpreting her Saxon-spoken advice to his rude Celts.

"She even made him help her to wash the feet of the poor, and aid her in disgusting offices to the diseased, and his royal treasury was open to her to take all that she desired for alms. Sometimes she would pretend to take it by stealth, and Malcolm would catch her by her wrists and carry her to her confessor to ask if she was not a little thief who deserved to be well punished. In his turn he would steal away her books, and bring them back after a time gilt and adorned with beautiful illuminations." *

We have not, in order to form an estimate of the incredible amount of good done by this extraordinary woman, to depend upon legends or disjointed historical fragments. Her confessor himself, a monk of Durham called Theodoric or Thierry, composed a history of this most admirable and most imitable life.

The Scottish chieftains who were least inclined to reform their lives or refine their manners in emulation of Malcolm Canmore, could not resist the influence which drew them to Dunfermline, were it only to enjoy the privilege of looking upon a beauty which appeared to them unearthly, of being addressed by their royal mistress with a grace that borrowed more of its charm from piety than from courtesy, and of bearing with them to their homes some trifling present, which borrowed infinite value in their eyes from the angelic goodness of the giver.

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* Charlotte Mary Yonge, "Cameos from English History," vol. i., p. 98.

She effected in the thoughts, the sentiments, the manners, and the morals of these hitherto untamed and unruly nobles, not a little of the same change which had taken place in the mind and heart and conduct of the king; and thus the blessed influence of her virtue and gentleness spread from above downward, through every class, till the lowliest peasants and the remotest Highland glens were made to feel the refining and elevating effects of Margaret's rule and motherly solicitude.

The court of Malcolm—from the boisterous meeting-place of turbulent and intemperate warriors that it had been for centuries—became the image of the court of Buda, where St. Stephen made Grecian culture and Magyar magnificence to reign side by side, blended and sanctified by the cross. "Not one of them (her nobles) ventured to use a profane word or make an unseemly jest before her. They had a rude, ungodly practice of starting away from table without waiting for grace, and this the gentle queen reformed by sending, as an especial gift from herself, a cup of wine to all who remained. In after times, the last cup was called, after her, St. Margaret's cup, or the grace-cup.

"To improve the manners of the ladies, she gathered round her a number of young girls, whom she brought up under her own eye, and she used to sit in the midst of them, embroidering rich vestments for the service of the Church, and permitting cheerful talk with the nobles whom she admitted, all men of whose character she had a good opinion." *

From these young ladies she exacted that their homes should, in turn, become so many centers of zeal for the good of others; and thus every home in Scotland was benefited by the examples and teachings of the queen. But above all her other qualities shone her tender love for the poor and the sick. She founded hospitals and asylums for them; and among her nobles, her most especial friends and favorites were such as distinguished themselves by their active charities.

* Miss Yonge, *ibidem*.

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Fully aware that true religion is the parent and nurse of that great chief virtue, she bent herself, from the first year of her reign, to the task of making it flourish wherever the misfortunes of the times had caused it to languish, and to plant it by serious missionary labors wherever the missionaries had not penetrated or had only had an imperfect success.

She caused councils to be convened, encouraged the bishops and abbots to enact the most salutary decrees, supporting them with the whole force of the royal authority; obtained the erection of new episcopal sees, did away with every abuse condemned by the Supreme Pontiff, insisted on cordial and unqualified submission to his teaching; repaired churches and monasteries in decay, and built new ones in every place where they were most needed or promised to be most useful, and, above all, spared no effort and no expense to give to Scotland a thoroughly educated, exemplary, and devoted clergy.

While thus proving herself to be a true mother to her adopted people, she was not unmindful of her English origin or of the sufferings and needs of her countrymen. The wars between the two kingdoms which she was powerless to prevent, left many English captives in Scottish prisons. But her generosity and her influence found means to alleviate their condition and to hasten their ransom. She founded an hospital for sick and infirm prisoners, where they were tenderly cared for till they obtained their freedom; and for this purpose, she spared not her own purse, nor warm appeals to the generosity of the Scottish captors and the affection of the prisoners' English relatives.

Thus the veneration and love felt for Margaret in Scotland spread beyond its borders to every part of England; and from the nearest counties emigrants flocked across the boundary to settle in the Lowlands, and enjoy there the security and other manifold blessings bestowed on their subjects by Malcolm Canmore and his angelic queen.

There are other inestimable benefits for which Scotland has always acknowledged herself indebted to St. Margaret:

the foundation of her great schools of learning, the establishment of a large and flourishing commerce with continental Europe, the encouragement of the liberal and the industrial arts, and the enactment of wise and enlightened laws protecting the liberties and fostering the best interests of the people.

Of the nine children with whom her union was blessed, one, Ethelred, died in infancy, the eldest, Edward, was slain with his father before Alnwick Castle in 1093; of the others, three sons, Edmund, Edgar, and David, reigned successively on the throne of Scotland, continuing the Golden Age inaugurated by their parents: of her two daughters, Matilda or Maud became the wife of Henry I. of England, and was her mother's living image, and Edith was married to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, becoming in her turn the mother of her people.

Surely it was a beautiful life, this of the tempest-tossed royal child, born in exile far away from the land of her fathers, and then cast by the storm on the Scottish coast, like a treasure beyond all price to be cherished by king and people, and to live in the hearts of all succeeding generations.

With the mirror of this most admirable life before us, let us see how every woman can in like manner make of her home a paradise, and be the loved and worshiped queen of the little kingdom which no one can take from her.

## HOW THE POOR MAN'S HOME CAN BE MADE RICH AND BRIGHT AND DELIGHTFUL BY A TRUE WOMAN'S INDUSTRY.

Lest persons who are not of princely station or noble birth should fancy that the lessons of St. Margaret's life do not concern them, we shall devote this section to showing how easy and necessary it is for the mistress of a poor and lowly home to imitate the sainted Scottish queen: women of wealth and rank will find practical instruction for themselves in the succeeding sections.

As it was to a poor and lowly home that the Son of God

came, when he began the work of our redemption, as it was in the home of a poor mother that he lived so contentedly during thirty years, so, ever since, his followers have looked upon the dwellings of the poor with inexpressible love and tenderness. Ah! he is no true lover of Christ who is not drawn to the home of poverty and labor; and the spirit of Christ dwells not in the heart whose sympathies do not go forth to the trials and distresses of those who are, above all others, the friends of Jesus Christ.

But our concern is now with the wife, the daughter, the sister of the laboring man and the poor man; we wish them to understand what royalty of spirit can and ought to be theirs, in order to be the true imitators and true children of that great Mother, who knew how to make the poor home of Joseph so rich, so bright, so blissful, so lovely in the eyes of men and angels.

She, too, was of right royal blood who was the mistress of that little home where Joseph toiled and the Divine Child grew up in all grace and sweetness, like the lily of the valley on its humble stem beneath the shadow of the sheltering oak.

It was the lessons of Mary's life at Nazareth that Margaret had learned from her royal kinsfolk at the court of Buda, and had practiced so industriously through girlhood and early womanhood, till she became mistress of a court and a kingdom. One lesson above all others she was trained to practice from childhood—*to be forgetful of self, and mindful only of making every one around her happy.*

Woman's entire existence, in order to be a source of happiness to others as well as to herself, must be one of self-sacrifice. The first step in this royal pathway to all goodness and greatness, is to forget self. Self with its miserable little cares and affections is the root of all the wretchedness we cause to others, and all the misery we endure ourselves. Every effort we make to forget self, to leave self behind us, and to devote ourselves to the labor of making every person with whom we are bound to live,

happy, is rewarded by interior satisfaction and joy. The supreme effort of goodness is,—not alone to do good to others; that is its first and lower effect,—but to *make* others good. So with unselfishness: the first step is to forget one's own comfort in order to seek that of others; the next is to forget one's own pains and suffering, in order to alleviate those of others, or even to discharge toward others the duties of sisterly or neighborly kindness.

We have known such great-souled women among the log-cabins of the forest settlements of Canada, in the crowded tenement houses and most ill-favored quarters of London and Liverpool and New York, as well as in the hardworked manufacturing population of the New-England towns and the poor slaves of Maryland: women animated, enlightened, and moved in all their actions by the Spirit of God,—the Spirit who filled Mary at Nazareth, Elizabeth in her mountain home, and Margaret of Scotland amid the manifold cares and duties of a kingdom.

What our country,—indeed, what every Christian country under the sun,—needs most, are these great-souled wives, mothers, and sisters in the dwellings of our over-burdened laborers; women for whom the roof above them and the four walls which inclose their dear ones are the only world they care to know, the little paradise which they set their hearts on making pleasant, sunny, and fragrant for the husband who is out in the hot sun or the bitter cold, beneath the pelting of the rain or the snow or the sleet,—who, poorly clad and shod, with his scanty fare of hard bread and cold tea, is working away for the little home and the wife and babes,—and who is singing in his heart as he bethinks him of the warm welcome that awaits him when the long day is over,—of the bright smile and the loving words that will be sure to greet him when he crosses the threshold of his own little Eden,—of the cheerful fire in winter and the humble meal made so delicious by the love that prepares it and the sweet words that season it,—of the rest and the security and the peace which force the overflowing heart of the husband and father and brother to think

and to say that there is no spot of earth so dear and so blessed as the little sanctuary built up and adorned and made full of song by a true woman's heart.

O woman, woman! if you only knew how much you have it in your power to do,—with His assistance who can never fail us when we do our best,—to make true men of the husband of your choice, of the sons whom God has given you as his most precious treasures; true women, in their turn, of the little girls who are growing up at your knee,—to be, when you are gone to your reward, mothers blessed and praised by all who know them!

We have just spoken of the Divine assistance which never fails the soul striving earnestly to fulfill important duties and to do all the good she can. Think of the contract God entered into with you, when you entered into the married state and received at the hands of the Church the nuptial blessing. You were told that the matrimonial union had its model in the union of Christ with his Church, that his great love for her, which brought him to the Cross and binds him to be present on our altars to the end of time,—is the type of the great and self-devoting love which husband and wife should ever have for each other. Did you ever reflect, that when you put your hand in your husband's hand before the Church, giving him your heart and your life thenceforward,—that God, who is ever by the side of those who believe and trust in him, promised you a mighty wealth of grace to be all your own till death, enabling you to love your husband more and more daily, with a deeper and a holier love, to make your own life like that of the Church toward her Crucified Love, one perpetual act of devotion and self-sacrifice, giving him in his every need your own strong love to sustain and comfort and strengthen him, taking up his cross courageously, and cheering him to labor and to suffer, because you both know, or ought to know, *that God is ever with you?*

Were your lot cast and your home built in a treeless plain amid a dry and barren country, how you would thank the man who would dig for you at your very door a well so

deep and so unfailing that its cool and sweet waters would ever flow forth, winter and summer, for yourself and your dear ones! And yet the great graces attached by Christ to the worthy reception of the divine sacrament of matrimony, form within your home, wherever you chance to be, a well of water for the soul's health and strength so divinely prepared, that no length of time can exhaust it. Why do you not drink of the waters of your own well?

We have just said how much the true woman has it in her power to do,—no matter how poor her home or hard her husband's lot,—if she only knew both the extent of her power to cheer his lot and the sacredness of the obligation which binds her to do it.

We now appeal to the experience and generosity of the wife, mother, and sister of the laboring man. There was a rapid sketch above of the comforts and delights of the poor hard-working man's home, when love and devotion were toiling to prepare a sweet rest for him when the day's work was ended.

## DARK AND CHEERLESS HOMES.

But have we seriously thought of the number of homes made dark and cheerless and desolate and hateful to the husband, the brother, the son, and the daughter too, by the absence of that bright spirit of love, which works at home from dawn till sunset, to have every thing warm and pleasant and restful for the weary ones coming back after their eight and ten hours of labor?

If the devoted, God-fearing, sweet-tempered woman is rewarded by seeing her dear ones unhappy when kept away from the bright home she makes for them, and most happy when seated near the warm hearth and charmed with her smile and her voice, it is no less certain that the selfish, untidy, ill-tempered, and bitter-tongued woman succeeds in making home unbearable for every one who is dependent on her.

Why is it that so many men,—thrifty, hard-working, made

to be and disposed to be devoted husbands and most exemplary fathers,—are driven, at the end of their day of toil, to find—not rest, indeed, nor recreation—in the neighbor's house,—but some distraction from the thought of their own comfortless home, some rest from the din and lash of the ceaseless tongue which is their torment? Why are so many, at length, driven to the tavern to seek forgetfulness in intoxication? Is it not because woman forgets to be loving and devoted and ingenious in the sweet arts of making her fire burn brighter on the hearth, and her own person more attractive to her dear ones by some little ornament put on to welcome the laborers at evening, and her humble meal made more appetizing by some of the many cheap seasonings that the poorest can buy, and her whole house shining with cleanliness and filled with the sweet music of her own delighted tones? Ah! love has stores from which can be borrowed without stint and at little cost kind words and warm smiles and a thousand other things which go straight to the heart thirsting for the endearments, the joys, and the repose of home. Why will you not be a queen in your own little kingdom, O wife, O mother, O sister, and make all hearts subject to you by this ascendency of your goodness and devotion?

There are worse consequences still,—especially in cities and manufacturing towns,—which are caused by the want of the wifely and motherly qualities described above.

Young people of both sexes who are forced,—perhaps from early boyhood and girlhood,—to seek for employment outside of their home, feel an imperative need of the rest and comfort and love of their own fireside, when the end of their long day of toil has come. Blessed is the mother who knows how to make their home bright and warm for them! But what shall we say of her who cares not to do so? or who makes her home intolerable to her dear ones?

This much is certain, that in our over-crowded cities, if not elsewhere, thousands upon thousands of hard-working young people are driven into dangerous company and corrupting amusements because they have no home to love, to

be proud of, in which to find the repose of heart and body so needful for their age especially. There is in this a mine of suggestion for parents, for pastors, as well as for all persons to whom Providence has given the means and the will to prevent the ruin of our youth.

But far better than all explanations or dissertations may be the bright examples quoted in the next chapter. Before we come to these, however, let us complete the present subject-matter by showing

HOW THE SELFISHNESS AND FOLLY OF A FASHIONABLE WOMAN CAN MAKE THE MOST MAGNIFICENT HOME INTOLERABLE.

We wish the reader to understand the term "fashionable woman" in the odious or objectionable sense in which it is taken by the sound judgment of people of the world. With "fashions" in so far as they are unobjectionable and mark the changes in dress to which even the best and least worldly persons in society—men as well as women—have to conform, we do not mean to find fault; this would be foreign to our present purpose and serve only to distract the reader unprofitably. It will be seen by a glance at what we have to say, that our censure addresses itself to an exceptional class of wealthy women, whose number, unhappily, is increasing daily.

The home of the wealthiest, we take it, no matter how splendid outwardly or how magnificent and luxurious within, can be at best but splendid misery, where unselfish and devoted love does not preside over the household, provide for the comfort of every person there, and minister to their happiness by the bright cheerfulness without which the most gorgeous furniture has no luster, and the electric warmth of affection, without which courtly manners are but a lifeless show.

Here is a man who has fought a hard battle with fortune, but has won it at last. Like true soldiers on every field, he has not cared during his long struggle for many comforts, —luxury was beyond his reach. But now that fortune lav-

ishes her favors on him, he wishes to enjoy life in a home that shall be, he hopes, a paradise. Would that many of our most thrifty and fortunate men, though never so upright and honorable, would remember the old pagan superstition about exposing one's bliss to the eyes of the gods or flaunting one's prosperity in the sunlight! The "loudest" wealth is never likely to yield unmixed or lasting felicity; this is better secured by quiet tastes, and the repose enjoyed in the shade and with the select few.

But our fortunate man has built and furnished a home so comfortable that only a companion who can be devoted to him is wanting to complete it. He has been attracted by a handsome face and a name without reproach. Perhaps, on his part, there has been none of that romantic feeling to which the superficial world gives the name of love; but there is in his choice the hearty purpose of finding one who will love him truly, and to whose happiness he wishes to devote his fortune and himself.

She is a woman, young, indeed, and stainless, but selfish and vain; fond of dress, of admiration, of display, and who is anxious to wed a fortune large enough to permit her to gratify all her frivolous tastes. Her husband had the ambition to succeed in business,—that ambition is now gratified; but he had other and nobler aims which he had to forego in the hard striving after wealth, and which now possess his soul. He would fain cultivate his mind, he would indulge his taste for such of the fine arts as make home beautiful and home enjoyments more delightful. In the wife's family were several persons noted for their culture and scientific attainments; indeed, an accidental acquaintance with one of these had led to a first introduction to the woman whom he had made his bride, and in whom he hoped to find a perfect sympathy for the intellectual aspirations which served to brighten the future before him.

But the literary tastes and scientific pursuits of her relatives had been this woman's aversion from girlhood; and her husband was not slow in discovering that there was not one particle of intellectuality in her composition. Her

honeymoon, instead of being spent in traveling, was taken up with an unbroken round of receptions and parties. Her powers of endurance, when the ball-room or the theater were concerned, seemed to be unlimited ; but, once in her privacy, she seemed never to think that her husband wished to enjoy her companionship, or that she was expected to converse with him, to play or sing for him, or to make a single effort at being his companion for a single hour. The afternoons were spent in the park, when her equipage had to outshine the richest, and her toilet was made to eclipse the most fashionable. The evenings, for the most part, were consumed in interminable sittings with her French maid, who decked her mistress out with incomparable art for the ball or the theater. The bridegroom had hoped that this thirst for display and dissipation would be quenched by the unlimited indulgence of the first year of married life, and that after this necessary infliction he should have the quiet of his home and the sweet company of his young wife. Besides, his health could not stand the serious disturbance caused in his regular habits by late hours and this unnatural changing of day into night and night into day.

The second and third years of his matrimonial life found him disappointed, dispirited, and utterly miserable, with the certainty, moreover, of having bound himself for life to a woman who never could be a companion to him, who had neither head nor heart, nothing, in fine, to recommend her but a pretty face, like a painted mask covering an empty skull.

His beautiful home became intolerable to him ; and there is no knowing what desperate or downward course the heart-broken man might have pursued, if he had not been asked by one of his wife's relatives to accompany him on a scientific expedition to our Western territories. This offer kindled once more his purest ambition ; and, after limiting to a very generous amount the monthly expenditure of his young wife, he was glad to escape from his home and to seek knowledge and fame in the field of science.

She, meanwhile, had but one purpose in life, *to dress.*

At the death of a distinguished fellow-citizen she literally spent three whole days and nights visiting the most fashionable warehouses and closeted with the most reputed milliners, to find out what style of hat and what dress she might wear at the funeral, so as to throw the whole of "Vanity Fair" into the shade.

When the springtide of that heartless beauty had passed away, it was already autumn for her. The complexion which was her only charm had been early ruined by the reckless and needless use of cosmetics, much more even than by her feverish life of enjoyment. No splendor of dress could conceal the fatal decay, and no depth of paint could mask it. And with the consciousness of this premature decline, her fretfulness and peevishness made her intercourse intolerable, unrelieved as its dullness was by a single mental accomplishment, or a solitary conversational grace.

There are showy trees in our American forests whose brilliant flowers attract the eye in spring; but the flowers themselves are of an offensive odor, and they bear no wholesome fruit, while the wood itself is unfit for any useful purpose.

The husband, on his return from the West, sought relief from the dreariness of his home-life in the speculations of the stock-exchange, heeding little, if at all, the remonstrances of a wife he heartily despised. When last heard of, his name was mentioned as one of many ruined by some sudden fall in railroad stocks. His house and furniture passed out of his possession, and he was left alone with poverty, obscurity, and a wife without head or heart or even beauty.

# CHAPTER V.

I have seen on earth angelic and heavenly manners, admirable beauties in this world, insomuch that the remembrance charms and afflicts me ; for all that I now behold seem but dreams, shadows, and smoke. Love, wisdom, merit, sensibility, and grief, formed, in weeping, a sweeter concert than any other ever heard on earth, and the hearers were so attentive to this harmony, that not a leaf trembled on the branches, such was the sweetness which pervaded all the air around.—PETRARCH.

It is strange and amazing that those very women who are so delicate that the mere humming of a bee is sufficient to chase them from the most delightful garden of the world, should have the courage to introduce discord into their houses.—LE MOIN, *La Dévotion Aisée.*

## HOW HUSBAND AND WIFE TOGETHER MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

IN one of the exquisite books written by a contemporary author,* many examples and extracts are given, all tending to show how blissful is the condition of every family in which the principles of the Catholic religion are sedulously practiced by parents and children. In the house of Count St. Elzear—the son of a saint and the husband of another, the tutor of a king, the governor and savior of his kingdom ; the gentle knight, the great-souled statesman, and skillful general, who died at twenty-eight, the idol and model of two nations—we have the perfect mirror of domestic government. It is not easy to say, whether his wife, St. Delphine, and her saintly husband, are more to be admired for the supernatural virtues which shone in their lives, or for the practical common-sense which dictated the rules they

* We mean Kenelm Digby. We here borrow from his *Compitum,* or the "Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church," book i., chapter iv.

established over their household and over their princely domains.

But, though Elzear had been reared as a saint from infancy, and had scarcely emerged from boyhood when they were affianced and married,—Delphine, who was by two years his elder (though only fifteen), became thenceforward the guiding and controlling spirit. Although intrusted, at so unripe an age, with the government of large estates in France and the kingdom of Naples, and finding himself at the head of so numerous a household, it was affirmed by the unanimous testimony of his servants, retainers, and subjects that not a sign of ill-temper or impatience ever betrayed a disposition naturally passionate and fierce.

His wife, who studied him so closely, wondered at this extraordinary mastery over self, and said to him one day: "What kind of a man are you, never to show anger or emotion when treated with insolence or seriously wronged? . . . Are you incapable of feeling resentment? What harm could it do to the wicked men who occasionally do you foul wrong, if you manifested a little indignation at their conduct?" "Why should I betray temper or give way to indignation, my dear Delphine?" was the reply. "Anger never serves any good purpose. Nevertheless, I shall let you into a little secret of mine. Know, then, that often enough, when wronged in word or deed, I do feel my anger swell up within me. But I never fail to recall how our dear Lord was treated in his passion; and say to myself, 'Even if thy servants did buffet thee and pluck thy beard, how much more outrageously was he treated!'" He died in 1323.

### THE WRATHFUL HUSBAND TRANSFORMED BY PATIENCE.

In 1355, lived at Sienna, in Italy, a nobleman, Giovanni (John) Colombino, who was quite the opposite of St. Elzear. He was extremely irritable, and took no pains to master his temper. Coming home one day at his dinner hour, and finding that the meal was not ready, he flew into a furious

passion, and began to upset and break the furniture in the dining-room. His wife—a holy woman—endeavored to pacify him, and, while urging the servants to hurry forward their preparations, she argued sweetly with her husband on the unseemliness of such displays of anger, and begged him to read a book, while she would go to aid the cook. He flung the book away from him, and stalked back and forth in his rage, while the lady hastened to the kitchen.

Presently, however, he began to cool down and to feel heartily ashamed of his weakness. So, picking up the book, he began to read it. It was the Lives of the Saints, —and in the mirror of their conduct he beheld the horrible deformity of his own life. From that hour there was a total change in Giovanni Colombino ;—he became the wonder of Sienna, died in odor of sanctity, and added one more name to the long roll of Christian heroes, who owed, under Providence, their greatness and heroism to the irresistible influence of a saintly woman.

### WHAT AN ANGELIC DAUGHTER AND SISTER DID.

In the year 186–, a family, composed of father and mother, with three children, came from afar to live in a quiet suburb of one of our great Eastern cities. The father, Mr. S——, had been the heir to a considerable fortune, which he had first impaired by mismanagement, and then completely lost by involving it all in unwise ventures. He had been induced to come to the East by the offer of employment as bookkeeper or accountant in a large shipping firm. He took possession of his modest little suburban house under peculiarly distressing circumstances. His wife, a woman of uncommon beauty and goodness, was in the last stage of consumption, and the fatal termination of the malady was hastened by the fatigues of a long journey, the bitter cold of an unusually severe autumn, and the material discomforts of her new home. The cottage which the family had rented was old, damp, had been for some years untenanted, and was but scantily furnished and insufficiently warmed.

"I trust in you, Nora,"—gasped the dying mother, as she held the hand of the kneeling girl in one of her own, and with the other touched the bent golden head half in blessing and half caressingly,—"and I know God will help you." The priest, who had just brought to that death-bed the Divine Pledge of the eternal possession, was standing near, deeply moved by all that he had seen of these interesting strangers. The simple, enlightened faith and exalted piety of the mother, the angelic grace of the eldest daughter, and the helpless, hopeless expression of the poor father, as he supported the younger child,—fragile, fair-haired, and dazzlingly beautiful, but with consumption written on her wan cheek and wasted form,—all that went to his heart and kept him there till the divine messenger, Death, had performed his errand. An only son, a lad of eighteen, apprenticed to a civil engineer, was absent, and could only reach the house of mourning as they were about to set out for the church and the cemetery.

When the priest, with moist eyes, summoned courage to say to the remaining parent and his offspring, that all was over, and that one more saintly soul had gone to her rest and reward,—Nora, startled by an exclamation from her father, turned round to see her sister apparently lifeless in his arms. "O my darling, my darling!" she said as she raised the rigid form and covered its face with her tears and kisses; "you must not leave me now! Oh! God will not take you from me! . . ."

The priest, with a few earnest words of sympathy in the father's ear, hastened away, when the fainting girl revived, promising to return soon and obtain for these afflicted ones all the aid they needed in their bereavement.

A few weeks deepened immeasurably the gloom which had fallen on that now motherless household. Mr. S——, naturally irritable, had become intolerably peevish in consequence of his many disappointments. His temper had sorely tried his sick wife; and after her death it proved a source of continual suffering to her children. The boy, William, was seldom at home, and so escaped these domes-

tic discomforts; but poor Nora and her little suffering Fanny were made to feel their bitterness daily and almost hourly.

For, to add to the pinching poverty they were enduring, their father lost his place of accountant. His haughty manner, which misfortune had not softened, his censorious and prying disposition, which a certain scrupulosity had only made more troublesome and intolerable to others, gave offense to every subordinate in the office. He also took it on himself to lecture his employers on certain transactions with the custom-house which excited his suspicion. Just as December was beginning to tax to the utmost Nora's resources in housekeeping, her father was dismissed.

This was terrible news for the poor child of fifteen, who knew not where to look for the means of keeping a roof above them in a season rendered exceptionally severe by intense cold and the great dearth of all things. She was a stranger, too, in the city and their immediate neighborhood, —and to no human being, not even to her confessor, had she breathed a word of the utter destitution which had fallen on them.

With the tidings of her father's dismissal a new enemy to her peace appeared. She had,—strange as it may seem, —never known by any experience of hers what drunkenness was, had never seen an intoxicated person. What was her horror and dismay to behold her dear parent in that condition! Hitherto she only had eyes for his virtues; in the light of her perfect innocence and sinlessness his imperfections had been overlooked or viewed only as the shadows inseparable from the bright sides of his character.

It was a fearful revelation to the care-burdened girl. But her womanly instinct and true nobleness of nature impelled her, even when this first manifestation of infirmity was renewed again and again, only to treat him whom she loved and reverenced so singularly, with the tenderness, the respect, the delicacy due to a sick and helpless father. She hid him away from every eye, even from those of her

young sister, who was encouraged to believe that the change she could not but remark was due to grief and exhaustion. Nora spent hours of the night in prayer, when all was still in her cottage, bedewing with her tears her mother's crucifix, and conversing with the Court of Heaven as if the vail had been withdrawn, and she were permitted to plead for her dear ones at the Mercy Seat, and face to face with the Divine Majesty.

From that Presence she always arose overflowing with comfort, with peace and light and strength; and the morning ever found her armed with increased courage for the struggle before her. It had been the invariable custom of her parents to perform together their night and morning devotions. Nora, by a happy inspiration, took her mother's place by his side from the beginning of his bereavement, and to his unspeakable satisfaction. Even when half stupefied by drink, he would be persuaded to kneel with her and lift his soul to God: the morning never failed to find him humiliated, conscience-stricken, and self-accusing, but irritable and despondent. She never uttered one word of reproach or so much as hinted, in their conversation, at the growing habit which filled her with undefinable terror and foreboding.

One night he returned late,—she knew not whence,—and unable as he was to say his night-prayers, had lain down half-undressed on his bed,—his angel-daughter watching wearily near the half-opened door of his chamber. On awaking, he was struck to the heart with sorrow, and when his pale and hollow-eyed child made her appearance, he cast himself on her neck in a mute agony of tears. She kissed him, soothed him, lavished on him words of love and comfort such as God puts on the lips of the pure and brave-hearted. At length—"O Nora," he said, "this must be no more!" and kneeling by her side they both prayed in silence. God heard their united prayers. That trial was thenceforth spared to Nora.

Another blessing, a few days afterward, rewarded her filial piety. She wrote to her father's late employers, soli-

citing an interview, and received a favorable answer. Recommending, as was her wont in every serious undertaking, the success of her visit to the Father of the orphan and afflicted, she presented herself at the office, surprised and charmed the chief partner with her beauty, her artless simplicity, the rare culture in one so young displayed during the interview, and especially by the eloquence with which she pleaded and won her father's case. Mr. S—— was given an occupation more suitable to his years and antecedents, and the daughter was delicately told of his former unpopularity and its causes.

These, with all a woman's tact, Nora set about correcting; and, wonderful to relate, in good time she succeeded in effecting a great change in her father's temper, his bearing toward his associates in business hours, and his disposition to fault-finding. The humiliation which the old gentleman felt at his late weakness made him as docile as a child to his daughter's training. And so Nora was left free to devote herself to her sick sister, and to a long and earnest correspondence with her brother, whose duties compelled him to long absences, and whose health as well as conduct began to cause her watchful heart no little alarm.

Fanny's constitutional debility had suffered much from the long journey the family had recently made to their new abode, as well as from her mother's death, and the loss of many luxuries and comforts the child had till then been accustomed to. About Christmas-tide the physician pronounced her case one of chronic spine disease, but the sweet sufferer was not allowed to know of it. She seemed, however, to brighten, revive, and gain strength under the warm sunlight of her sister's love, and the tender nursing of that gentle and cunning hand. But just then Mr. S—— caught cold, and the illness soon assumed the form of violent pleurisy, leaving but little hopes of recovery, as the New Year dawned on them.

When the priest was summoned hurriedly on the evening of the great feast of Christmas, his impression on entering the cottage was,—as he afterward declared,—one of reve-

rential awe; for a something heavenly seemed to pervade the atmosphere which filled it. The door was opened by Fanny, looking, in her simple dress of black, and with her dazzling complexion, like an angel just descended to tarry a brief space with the mourners. The whole house was decorated with evergreens and artificial flowers, but a refined taste had presided at the decoration, and was evident in the few simple ornaments of the mantel-piece, in the exquisite neatness of the sick-chamber, and in the preparation of the temporary altar for the sacrament. The patient was in a deep slumber when the priest entered: Nora was kneeling by his side, her hand held in her parent's with so tight a grasp that she could not or dared not withdraw it without interrupting the repose which powerful narcotics had procured him.

As she turned her head to greet the priest, he was struck with the rapt look of gratitude for his coming and of adoration for the Gift of which he was the bearer. The poor slumberer soon awoke, and his spirit was prepared for the reception of the divine and awful graces ordained for the Christian's death-struggle by Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Nora moved about the sick-room like some one of the virgin train who evermore accompany the Lamb; and her sister knelt at the foot of the bed, silently pouring forth her tears and prayers. When Holy Viaticum had been administered and the last benediction given, the elder spoke to the priest with an air of quiet but preternatural fortitude. She knew what was coming, and trusted in the Comforter for strength to sustain her.

Both on quitting and entering the cottage the priest had remarked that there was only fire in the sick-room; his previous inquiries about the circumstances of the family had elicited from the neighbors information enough to make him feel certain that Nora had to contend with great distress. From herself he could obtain no answer to his timid and indirect questions. But it so happened that Mr. S——'s employer, hearing of his serious illness, called, with his eldest son, on the priest, and begged the latter to

accompany them to the cottage. It was a timely visit—a glance satisfied the merchant of the urgent want of relief. The cottage was his property ; he resolved at once on making it most comfortable ; and besides begged Nora to draw at once her father's full year's salary, which was trebled without her knowledge. The most skillful medical aid was also secured, and a lively interest was created by the good priest's frequent praise of these afflicted strangers.

William hastened to his father's sick-bed, traveling night and day from the upper Mississippi, where he and his patron were superintending the building of a bridge. Whether he had inherited his mother's constitutional weakness, or his frame was not proof against the fatigue of so long a journey, and the discomforts and privations from which his very slender purse could not purchase an exemption, he reached the house of death only to be prostrated with fever. His father died a few hours after his son's arrival, and the good priest who had been the former's consoler in his last hours was called in to minister to the latter before his parent had been borne to the cemetery and laid beside his wife.

Nora, with a woman's fortitude, bore up against this new trial, and God, who has stored up in woman's heart such treasures of love and enduring devotion, enabled this tender girl, exhausted as she was by the grief and labors of all these weary months, to be for her brother all she had been for both her parents. There were no Sisters of Charity at hand ; but the merchant's wife, a Protestant lady of rare goodness, had visited Nora under her new affliction, and insisted on remaining with her for a few days. The principal Catholic ladies, also, touched by what they heard, came to sympathize and to admire ; and to see the lovely orphans was to become attached to them. But Nora would devolve on no one her duties toward her sick brother, on whom both she and Fanny now centered their entire affection.

Their brother was saved. And now, why delay the reader ? William's convalescence was a long and painful one. He had inherited his father's peevishness, and had

apparently lost in his somewhat wandering life as a civil engineer every trace of the early piety inculcated by his mother. People wondered that such an unamiable and God-abandoned youth could have come of the same parentage as the two angelic beings whom he called sisters.

Nora, while he was slowly recovering his strength, had been casting about for some occupation which might enable her to maintain the two now entirely thrown on her care. The merchant's wife continued to be devoted to the orphans, and had occasionally brought her son to visit William during the latter's convalescence. When able to bear exercise in the open air, the young men drove out together, and so an intimacy gradually sprang up between the two families. It was remarked, not without wonder, that under Nora's influence William became gradually transformed into another man. But few traces of his petulance and irritability remained. Indeed, after the first weeks of his recovery, the frequent oaths which startled the echoes of that pious abode were heard no more, and the old habit of night and morning prayer was resumed, William from his bed or his arm-chair heartily joining in his sisters' devotions. A new moral sense seemed to be growing up in him, refining not only his language but his very features, so that before spring had passed into summer the neighbors, who at first could see but a slight resemblance between the sisters and their coarse and burly brother, were struck with the remarkable likeness he bore them in features and expression.

It was not all: the merchant's son had seen too much of Nora not to have been charmed with her beauty of soul much more even than with her graces of person. His mother shared his admiration of such extraordinary worth, nor was his father indifferent to the virtues which he had himself more than once warmly eulogized. Nora, after imploring the divine guidance and consulting the priest who had been her counselor and benefactor, listened favorably to the young merchant's suit, and accepted gratefully his mother for her own. When the days of mourning were ended, just as another spring was spreading her fairest charms over

earth and sky, she became the wife of this lover, having her sweet Fanny with her as the angel of her home. They are both, at this day, the models of Christian mothers and maidens in another land, whither the young husband's extensive business forced him to transfer his residence; they are the idols of the young and the worshiped benefactresses of the poor and suffering, blessed in hundreds of homes to which they bring light and comfort, prized in their own above all earthly treasures, and more and more reverenced daily by those who daily and hourly witness their goodness and humility.

## HOW WOMAN'S SELFISHNESS RUINS THE HOME.

It may be that many of the class we are most anxious to benefit by the suggestions herein conveyed, the over-burdened with toil and care and poverty, will think and say that these lessons point not to the improvement of such a miserable lot as theirs. If they only knew how many a poor home is a paradise of heroism, of spotless purity, of truth and honor and contentedness! It is especially with the homes of the laborer, the mechanic, the struggling parents with a numerous family and scanty sustenance, that the writer of these pages has been all his life familiar. For one man of wealth, or high birth, or distinguished social position with whom he may have been acquainted, there are hundreds of the hard toilers, of the over-burdened and the hard driven, whose hand he has grasped, whose brave true hearts he has read, and whose humble homes he has found adorned with virtues and merits a prince might envy in vain.

It is to this loved class of readers that he would bring light and comfort by the perusal of such examples as are here set forth.

Eugene F—— was the seventh son of a stone-mason, who had begun his married life with a sum of five dollars over and above all the expenses of his wedding. But he had what was more to him than five thousand, a soul which was in-

capable of wronging God or the neighbor willfully and knowingly, a pair of strong arms, a brave and trustful heart, a firm determination to improve himself in his craft and to conquer independence for himself and his wife—and, more than all that, he had in that young wife a soul as spotless as his own, and a treasure of devotion, sound sense, and unalterable sweetness, which made his life one long bridal day of unclouded joy and unmixed bliss. Thirteen children blessed the home of this laborious couple, six of whom were girls, and all of whom, inheriting the untainted blood and robust constitution of their parents, survived them, and were worthy of them.

In the home in which Eugene was born, there was indeed independence, comfort, abundance for all the need of the large nestful,—but never affluence. Eugene had been early apprenticed to a worker in brass, had mastered his craft with singular ease, and at the age of twenty had several thousand dollars,—his own earning,—placed to his account in the savings bank.

Three of his brothers were happily married. They had not only taken every precaution which their religious training suggested in choosing their companions, but had been guided by the wise counsels and the judgment of their admirable mother. Not so Eugene: he had been attracted by the fair face and lively manners of the only daughter of a neighboring family, and had set his heart on marrying her, without much consulting his parents in the matter. This was the very point where he failed in his duty, and in which a prudent mother's judgment and advice would have saved his life and happiness from utter shipwreck.

Henrietta B——, being an only daughter among six children, had been allowed her own way from infancy. She had been a sickly child, and her natural peevishness and hatred of all restraint had been at first tolerated on account of her many ailments. When she arrived at girlhood she became the pet of the whole family. Innocent, open-hearted, impetuous, her sallies and outbursts of temper were laughed at by her brothers, and overlooked by the too

fond and indulgent mother, in the hope that her real goodness and piety would shake off these imperfections as the girl grew into the woman, just as the heated metal in the furnace purges off its dross at a high temperature.

Unfortunately, the pure gold of her nature was subjected by her unwise parents to no sort of tempering or chastening of any kind, and the dross remained there to give, in due course of time, its coloring and quality to the gold which it was sure to overlie and conceal.

Eugene's mother had detected this want of training in her future daughter-in-law, and warned her son in the mildest and most affectionate manner, that she feared his happiness would not be safe in the keeping of a woman who was not sweet-tempered, and who was also, she suspected, selfish and vain in no common degree.

Passion is blind and deaf and headlong. The mother's warning was mistaken for prejudice and resented as a foul wrong done to the loved object. It only served to impel Eugene to hire and furnish a comfortable residence, and to hasten his marriage with Henrietta, without any regard to his father or his mother's advice to weigh well the question. There was added to this want of filial reverence a total neglect of the duties which piety toward God imposes on Catholics in the reception of the august sacrament of matrimony. It was treated by the bridegroom and the parents of the bride as a ceremony on which religion does indeed bestow a blessing, but which, after all, is, in too common estimation, but a joyous family festivity.

Still, not without admonition from his venerable father, from the admirable mother who had taught him his duties well, and from his married brothers, did Eugene fail to implore on his own nuptials the blessing of that God and Lord without whose aid they "labor in vain" who set about building up the house of their own prosperity and happiness. The honeymoon was soon ended; but before the end Eugene had discovered that the woman of his choice was but little like his own mother—from whose lips, amid all her cares and unceasing activity, he had never heard one

loud word; whose sweet features, even when under bodily or mental pain, he had never seen clouded for a moment with anger or passion of any kind. To him, to all his brothers, as to her doting husband, that dear mother of his had ever been a true companion, sharing, from infancy upward, his every joy and hope and fear, receiving his unbounded confidence, as if his whole soul had been laid bare to her motherly eye. And she was more than companion: she was a friend, a counselor, directing his studies, encouraging his ambition, and guiding his labors.

But his pretty wife, though loving him as well as she knew how, expected him to devote himself to her every caprice, while she had never been taught to devote herself to any one, or to seek any other's happiness at the expense of her own comfort. In his mother's home, which resembled a beehive where every inmate worked from early dawn till sunset, amid the most perfect order and the pleasant hum of happy voices,—Eugene had been accustomed, at his return from each day's toil, to find the bright faces of mother and sisters all aglow with the welcome of true affection. His room, like those of his brothers, was the picture of restful comfort; and a sisterly hand, the whole year round, would daily place a tiny vase of fresh flowers beneath the picture of the Virgin Mother over his mantel. The supper or dinner table was, in the truest sense, a feast of soul much more even than a repast for the body, to all the members of the household. Labor gave to each a keen appetite for the delightful meal, and a hearty relish for the warmth, the joyousness, and the deep repose of that most blessed fireside. So much so, that the young men as they grew up could not bear to be away from that family board at which true love presided.

Eugene expected, most naturally, that the woman he had chosen from among all women would hold toward him the place of mother and sister, just as he resolved to be for his young bride the tenderest and most devoted of husbands, compensating, by the thousand devices of his affection, for the loss to her of her parents, home, and kinsfolk.

The first week of their home-life had not passed, ere Eugene

discovered, to his dismay, that not only there was no companionship between them, but that Henrietta was totally careless of her husband's comfort, totally untrained to the management of a household, and averse to every thing relating to domestic cares.

Her husband's business was a thriving one; he loved it, and was now more than ever ambitious to push his way to the foremost rank as a mechanician. His past economies had been nearly exhausted by the furnishing of his little home and the lavish expenditure of his month of honeymoon. He had returned to his workshop with a new zest for exertion, and bent himself to the task before him with all the more ardor that he hoped to find praise and encouragement from her to whom he had given his life.

As he came back from his work on the very first day after resuming it, his hands and face covered with the honorable dust and stains of his toil,—his heart was chilled by the greeting, "Oh! dear! how dirty you are! Do go and wash and change before any one sees you!" Nor did she accompany him as he hastened, with a strange sensation at his heart, to comply with his wife's desire. Not so had he been ever treated in the old home by the noble woman he called mother, to whom his begrimed face and soiled hands had always been a motive for a warmer and more loving welcome home. When he had put on his wonted home-clothes he found his wife surrounded with a bevy of young female friends. They had dined, without waiting for him; nor did Henrietta so much as offer to accompany her husband to his cold and solitary meal.

When the evening was over, the young mistress of the home complained of a headache, complained of the intolerable length of the day, without having her husband to converse with her and amuse her, and ended by declaring that she thought the lot of a mechanic's wife a hard one. There was not the slightest attempt at cheering him after his long day of unusual exertion, brightened, too, by the thought of the sweet rest he looked forward to at its close.

The days and weeks which followed only served to dispel

one illusion after another. True love is founded on esteem, as esteem rests on respect; when respect fails, there is no ground for love. Poor Eugene was soon doomed to discover that his young wife was utterly UNTRUSTFUL, and had not the slightest scruple in deceiving him, even where deception was unnecessary. What would he not have given to open his heart to his mother and take counsel with her on the terrible difficulty which beset his path in life at the beginning! But he knew that one of the rules inculcated by his parents on all their married children was never to allow their domestic trials to be made known outside their own roof; and especially, not to have the families of husband or wife made acquainted with secret troubles, which the young people must themselves learn to settle between them and beneath the eye of God.

Eugene's mother had studied Henrietta's disposition carefully, and read clearly in her son's sad and thoughtful face how it fared with him and his wife. In her first visits to her daughter-in-law she discovered the whole truth; but with admirable tact she not only concealed the grief she felt, but forced herself to praise every thing she saw in Henrietta's management, feigning to see in the single servant's handiwork the result of the mistress's housewifery. She feigned to believe that the latter superintended in person her kitchen, pantry, and laundry, and would go to help Henrietta there, forcing the other thereby to see how every detail of domestic economy should be managed; she had the choicest and most fragrant flowers brought from her own house to Eugene's, and made his favorite sister, Margaret, plan and dispose them where they should best thrive and be most ornamental, culling a little bouquet of the most delicate for Henrietta's own room, and another for the dinner table, as if it were a matter of course. Music was Henrietta's sole accomplishment, and Eugene, himself a proficient on the violin, was gifted with a voice of uncommon power and sweetness. His fond mother purchased his favorite songs, and wished to hear the young people play and sing together on the very first evening she and her husband

spent with them. But Henrietta pretended a headache, and would neither sing nor play. Nor, for months after their union, could she be coaxed to sit at her piano. The other pious industries of her mother-in-law were equally unavailing; she never set her foot in her kitchen, though not born far above her cook, nor ever busied herself with any one of the household duties. Her one servant had to do every thing or to let it alone.

More than that: she hated Eugene's mother and his sisters for their very virtues, and took the very first opportunity of telling her husband that she hoped his mother would stay at home and keep her daughters there, as she did not intend to allow any one to teach her what she had to do in her own house.

And so the clouds gathered and grew darker above that little home, which had been unhallowed by the blessing of Him who should ever be first and middlemost and last in the thoughts and designs and affections of those who call themselves his children. The gulf which had been opened by the young wife's utter selfishness between her husband and herself grew wider day by day. His spirit drooped, his business was neglected; his first babe was born in his father-in-law's house, whither his wife persisted in going some weeks before her illness. To her husband's home she never returned! In his turn, Eugene found its solitude intolerable, and sought solace and distraction elsewhere. Happy had it been for him if he had betaken himself in his darkest hour to the light and warmth of his mother's hearth! He yielded to far different attractions; and soon the house to which he had taken his bride was closed, and, like a forsaken dwelling in a valley inundated, it was swept away with all his substance by the ill fortune which ever follows fast on the heels of ill conduct. The wretched young man migrated to California, where he soon perished, broken in heart and energy; while his wife continued in her parents' home to nurse her idle regrets, and to accuse the dead of the ruin and the misery which were of her own making.

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE WIFE IN THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Man first enters on the forest of life from the paternal house, where, if the will of God were done on earth as it is in heaven, the divine commandments would be known and dear and familiar to all; for the precept was thus given: *Thou shalt tell them to thy children, and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house, and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising. And thou shalt bind them as a sign on thy hand, and they shall be and shall move between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them in the entry and on the doors of thy house.* Such is the ideal of the Catholic home; and wherever this type is realized, it is evident that its members are even already in possession of the truth and of the blessed life which constitute the pledge of the supreme good of man.—KENELM DIGBY, *Compitum.*

THE Church, among her solemn benedictions, had one for every dwelling-house, being the same for that of the poorest man and for that of the wealthiest, for the lowliest cottier on his little plot of ground, as well as for the royal palace. Just as she lovingly blessed and guarded near her temples the bodies of her children without distinction of rank, even so she was desirous of hallowing by her prayers every spot in city or in country where her dear ones were born and reared, and where she would have God's angels live with them as their unseen guardians, companions, and helpers.

"We send up our supplication to Thee, O God the Almighty Father (one form of blessing begins) in behalf of this dwelling, of all who live therein, and of all things within it; praying that thou do bless and sanctify it, and fill it with all good things. Grant them, O Lord, plenty from out the dew of heaven, the sustenance of life from out the fat of the earth, and fulfill their desires in thy mercy. On our entering this house, therefore, do thou deign to bless and

sanctify this abode as thou didst vouchsafe to bless the house of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: and within these walls let the angels who behold thy light abide, to guard this home and its inmates."

Another ancient benediction added: "Abide ye in peace in your home: may the Lord grant you rest and peace and comfort from all your enemies round about! May he bless you from his throne on high, as you rest or walk, sleeping and waking; and may your family flourish to the third and fourth generation!" Elsewhere the Roman Ritual says in another form of blessing: "Bless, O Lord, God Almighty, this house, that in it may abide health, chastity, victory, fortitude, humility, goodness and meekness, the fullness of the law, and thanksgiving toward God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

In the design of God's fatherly providence, as well as in the intention of the Church, the Christian family-home is a place "blessed and sanctified," over which, with its inmates, angels keep watch and ward. This divine protection and angelic watchfulness secure "peace," and safety from all surrounding dangers; the blessing is fruitful in "health" of body and soul, in that purity of life which renders the inhabitants of the home worthy of being the fellow-servants and citizens of the angels, in victory over self, in that fortitude which ever strengthens man to bear and to forbear, in that humility which keeps us like little children in presence of the Divine Majesty, in "goodness and meekness," in the loving accomplishment of the law which is only the expression of his will, and in devout gratitude toward that Trinity of Persons whose blissful society in the life to come is to be the completion and reward of the home-life sanctified and made most happy by every duty fulfilled.

In thus setting forth the sanctity of the Christian home, and the exalted nature of the duties and the virtues which should adorn it, we are only endeavoring to recall men's minds to the venerable ideals so dear to our fathers, and to those "ancient paths" from which modern free-thinking would lead the young generation to stray.

## ANGELS GUARD THE CATHOLIC HOME.

It is for every father, who is by the divine law of nature, king in his own family, to consider well the truth here presented to him, and to conceive of his own little kingdom the pure and lofty notion, which is that of the divine mind as well as the mind of the Church. When a father, though never so poor, firmly believes that his little home and his hearth-stone are a thing so precious and so holy that God will have "his angel keep, cherish, protect, visit, and defend it, and all who dwell therein," he, too, will lift up his eyes and his heart to that Father over all and most loving Master, and exhort himself daily and hourly "to walk before Him and be perfect."

But it is to his companion,—the queen of that little kingdom, the wife,—that it is most necessary to have high and holy thoughts about the sacredness of her charge, the obligations incumbent on her, the incalculable good which she can do, and the many powerful helps toward its accomplishment that the All-Wise and Ever-Present is sure to multiply under her hand.

To every true man and woman now living there is no being on earth looked up to with so pure, so deep, so grateful, so lasting a love, as a mother. Let us look at our mother, then, in that dear and holy relation of wife which she bears to him who was for us in childhood the representative of the God "of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named."

## WOMAN'S DUTIES AS WIFE.

The first duty of the wife is to study to be in every way she can the companion, the help, and the friend of her husband. Indeed on her capacity to be all this, and her earnest fulfillment of this threefold function depends all the happiness of both their lives, as well as the well-being of the whole family. Hence the obligation which is incumbent on parents providing for the establishment of their children,—

to see to it, so far as is possible, that the person chosen to be a wife in the new home should be a true companion for their son, a true helpmate in all his toil, and a faithful friend through all the changes of fortune.

### SHE OUGHT TO BE A COMPANION TO HER HUSBAND.

One half of the unhappiness of married life comes from the fact that the wife is either unfitted or unwilling to be a true companion to her husband. This companionship requires that she should be suited by her qualities of mind and heart and temper to enter into her husband's thoughts and tastes and amusements, so as to make him find in her company and conversation a perfect contentment and delight.

Persons who are perfectly companionable never weary of each other,—indeed, they are never perfectly happy while away from each other;—they enter into each other's thoughts, reflect (and increase by the reflection) the light in each other's mind; cultivate the same tastes, pursue the same ideals, and complete each other in the interchange of original or acquired knowledge.

But there is more than that in the companionship of the true wife. She studies to make herself agreeable, delightful, and even indispensable to him who is her choice among all men. If true love be in her heart, it will suggest to her, day by day, a thousand new devices for charming the leisure of her husband.

Woman has been endowed by the Creator with a marvelous fertility of resource in this respect: it is an unlimited power, productive of infinite good when used for a holy purpose and within her own kingdom; but productive of infinite evil when employed in opposition to the design of the Giver, or allowed to lie idle when it should be used to promote the sacred ends of domestic felicity.

There are wives who will study certain languages, sciences, arts, or accomplishments, in order to make themselves the companions of the men they love, and thus be

able to converse with them on the things they love most, or to charm the hours of home repose by music and song. The writer of these lines remembers, that, while a young priest in Quebec, upward of thirty years ago, he was much struck by seeing a young lady of one of the best families there, applying herself assiduously to study the sign-language of the deaf-mutes in order to converse easily with her husband—a wealthy young merchant, thoroughly trained himself in the admirable Deaf and Dumb Institution of his native city. They were devoted to each other, and the young wife's earnestness in making herself companionable to her husband, must have brought many a blessing on the home in which the writer beheld them so wrapt in each other, so virtuous, and so full of bright hope!

It must not be concluded from this, that a woman who applies herself to acquire knowledge for the purpose of being more of a companion to her husband, should thoroughly master either a language, a science, or an art. . . . In the case of the young wife just mentioned, a thorough familiarity with the language of signs was indispensable as a means of easy conversation with her husband. But this is evidently an exceptional case;—and is only mentioned to show what difficulties love will overcome to be helpful or agreeable to its companion.

The word helpful, just used, will furnish to every wife the true measure of the knowledge she may be prompted to acquire. Her husband has to know perfectly whatever he knows, because his success as a professional man or a business man depends on this thorough knowledge, whereas his wife only acquires to please and to help her companion.

But there are other things beside this scientific, literary, or artistic knowledge, which may be more needful to a wife, if she would make herself of all earthly beings the most delightful and necessary companion to her husband. She must study him,—his needs, his moods, his weak as well as his strong points,—and know how to make him forget himself when he is moody and selfish, and bring out every joyous side of his nature when he is prone to sadness. God,

who has made the soul both of man and of woman, and who has united them in the duties and burdens of home-life, wills that they should complete each other. Man has bodily strength, because it is his duty to labor for the home and protect it; he has also certain mental and moral qualities which woman does not need, and which fit him for the battle of life and his continual struggle with the crowd. But she has, on her part, far more of fortitude, of that power to bear and to forbear, to suffer silently and uncomplainingly herself while ministering with aching heart and head to the comfort, the cheerfulness, the happiness of all around her.

At any rate, she has by nature the power, the art, and the disposition to please, to soothe, to charm, and to captivate. It is a wonderful power; and we see daily women exerting it in a wonderful way and for purposes that God cannot bless, and that every right conscience must condemn. Why will not women who are truly good, or who sincerely strive to be so, not make it the chief study of their lives to find out and acquire the sovereign art of making their influence as healthful, as cheering, as blissful as the sunlight and the warmth are to their homes?

Let us give an example of what is meant here—and this illustration will suggest, of itself, many other applications. We all know—a mother more than any one else—what a potent spell praise is in making children master whatever they are learning, and, what is far more difficult, acquire a mastery over themselves, both in repressing wrong inclinations and in gaining the habits of the noblest virtues. A word of praise from a mother will stir the heart of every well-born child—and few children are ill-born, that is, with radically bad dispositions—to the most extraordinary exertions, and fill the whole soul with delight, when that word is sweetly spoken of successful efforts made. We say nothing here of the stimulus which praise from the queen of the home gives to the zeal and conscientious labors of servants.

We are concerned with the master of the home. Do you

not know that all men, even old men, even the proudest and coldest men, are only great children, who thirst for praise from a wife, a mother, or a sister's lips? There are men—and they are the noblest, the most high-souled—who care but little, if anything, for the praise or censure of the crowd, even of the learned or titled crowd; but their heart is stirred through all its depths by one sweet word from the lips of mother, sister, or wife. Why, O women, are you so niggard of a money which you can bestow without making yourselves the poorer, and which your dear ones prize above gold and gems?

Give generously, but discerningly, what is held so dear as coming from you, and which will only encourage those you love above all the world to strive to-morrow for still higher excellence, and look forward to still sweeter praise.

## THE PHILOSOPHER HUSBAND.

Without unlocking the door of a home dear to the hearts of American Catholics, and on whose hearthstone the fire is now quenched forever—we can say here that the most illustrious of our Catholic publicists was ever prompt to attribute to his wife much of the success of his writings. She was in truth,—so say those who were admitted to the intimacy of the great philosopher,—in her gentleness and simplicity by the side of his sturdy and robust nature, like the vine wedded to the elm; apparently all weakness and dependence, drawing her life from the strong man on whom she leant. But she gave more life than she received; she imparted to her companion confidence in his own judgments, firmness and constancy of purpose through all the vicissitudes of his trying existence.

He was a proud man;—but, like all who have been most buffeted by public opinion, he was easily and deeply touched by the praise of those whose judgment he valued and whose sincerity he had no reason to distrust.

He would often say that he was never sure or perfectly satisfied with what he was preparing for the press, till he

had submitted it to his little wife and obtained her approbation. Her admirable common sense had been one of the qualities which won his esteem when he first knew her, —and that sure sense continued to be through life his chief guide and stay. A word of hearty praise from her would inspire him with a youthful enthusiasm, give fresh vigor to his thought and eloquence to his pen, even when past his sixtieth year. The praise, and not unfrequently the admiration of two worlds, were not half so sweet to him, as the simple words of that devoted wife and mother. "My dear Doctor, that is very good!" Nor would he hesitate to cast aside or tear up the pages which had cost him most labor, when she told him that she thought what he had written was dull, or not to the point, or exaggerated.

From his early mental struggles, all through the phases of his long and not inglorious battle with error and ill-fortune, she was the angel ever by his side, consoling, encouraging, enlightening, strengthening, and guiding him. The soul of his genius seemed to have departed with her; and, though he made a brave battle in his last years in favor of the Church to which he had given his faith, and against the triumphant errors of the day, he felt that half his strength and half his heart were in the grave with his loved wife.

The reader can offset this example by calling to mind wives who, though wedded to men of the purest virtue, the most heroic temper, and the most undoubted talent, became a life-long torture to their husbands, by the absolute absence of all the amiable qualities which make a woman the companion, the helper, the friend and counselor of her husband. We have known men who rose to a proud pre-eminence from the lowliest beginnings without ever finding in the heart of their wives one pulsation of sympathy for their aims, their struggles, their defeat or success; who, while suffering most bitterly from the inconstancy or injustice of the popular voice, turned vainly to their own home for rest, or to the mother of their children for one word of sweet comfort. We have seen men on both sides of the

Atlantic at whose feet a whole people were willing to lay down the highest offices and honors in their gift, and who feared to go from the triumph and intoxication of the senate-hall or the public meeting to the coldness, the neglect, the misery which awaited them at home.

Surely such women,—women who turn to ashes and bitterness the fairest and sweetest fruits of hard-won success,—who turn a home that could and should be a paradise into a purgatory,—surely they must expect a severe judgment hereafter. But even here they are severely judged, and have their punishment in the censure of their own household and the condemnation of all right-minded persons.

We shall find other and more touching examples taken from the laboring classes and the poor, when we shall have concluded what is to be said of the wife's office as friend and counselor. Let us resume what we have been saying about companionship. All these arts and industries which make a woman's companionship so dear, so useful, so exalting are only a part of her nature, of her true self, as the Creator intends her to be in order that she may shine in the home of her husband, and whose price is from "far, and from the uttermost coasts."

> "Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
> How has she cheapened Paradise!
> How given for naught her priceless gift,
> How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine!" *

## THE WIFE AS HELPMATE IN THE HOME.

In the earthly paradise of the true Christian home, the wife is a helpmate, the equal of her husband, neither his inferior nor his servant. It is not in such homes that our modern theories or discussions about "Woman's Rights,"

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* Coventry Patmore.

or "the Sphere of Woman," have originated. No woman animated by the Spirit of her Baptism, filled with the humility and generosity which are the soul of that self-sacrificing love indispensable to husband and wife in the performance of their undivided life-labor,—ever fancied that she had or could have any other sphere of duty or activity than that home which is her domain, her garden, her paradise, her world. There, if she is truly a wife, all are subject to her, even her husband. There never existed a true-souled Christian man who did not believe himself and demean himself from his bridal hour till his dying day like a willing and loving servant of his wife inside his own home.

This is true especially of the home of the wealthy and the great, where reigns and should ever reign the infinite respect and reverence of man for woman, in whom Christian faith bids us see the majesty and purity of her who is Mother of Christ. There is no excuse for the high-born and the wealthy, when they fail to honor themselves, by doing service inside their homes to mother, wife, and sister. The difficulty will here be with the poor man, the laboring man, coming home at evening worn out by the toil of the day, faint with hunger too, and fearful it may be of the morrow. Has he not to be served rather than serve?

The answer is an easy one, and easily understood, where minds are enlightened and hearts are upright. If the poor man's wife has done her duty throughout the day, she will have found in her home-work enough to weary. The very labor of preparing for her husband and her sons, perhaps, the meal which is to restore their strength, and the care required to brighten up that home so as to make it look a paradise of repose for them, — is the task of her who is the natural helper in the household—and whose blessed help consists precisely in making the home what it ought to be, man's heart-rest from all outside cares.

But that is enough about the fundamental notion of equality between husband and wife, the father and the mother in the Christian family. Both are necessary to each other, they ought to have but one heart and one mind in the

pursuit of the one great purpose of their lives,—the happiness of their home and the rearing to the practice of all goodness the children whom God sends them. Understanding this, their only true position toward each other, the husband never can entertain any notion of domineering over his wife, nor the wife feel any sense of servile inferiority toward her husband.

But the love which binds her to him is an enlightened love which makes her view their respective labors as only two distinct parts of one task. Beside all that she accomplishes in ordering, brightening, and warming the home,—there are a thousand ways in which she can be a helpmate to her husband, beyond what is required for mere companionship.

For it is one thing to be delightful company to a person one is traveling with, by being able to converse with him in his own language, or to discuss with him every favorite topic, or to enter into his recreations and amusements with zest, and thus to lighten the weariness of the road and charm away its dullness; and another to be a helper. One's companion may fail in strength, or be beset with dangers and difficulties:—and then it is that the office of the helper begins.

It is precisely when man's heart fails him, and his courage yields to disappointment or difficulty, that woman comes to his aid. And if this help is most sweet and welcome and above all price in moments of professional weariness, of business difficulties, or when all seems dark and bleak and hopeless to the stoutest heart,—how much more valuable is it in matters which concern the soul's welfare, in troubles of the heart, in the dark and stormy hours of temptation!

But we must not trench on the next and dearest function of wifely love,—that of being the truest and most faithful of friends.

## THE WIFE AS HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

A story very apposite to our purpose is told by a writer of the middle ages. A man who wished to make a visit to

Cologne, famed at that time as a pilgrimage, possessing as it did the tomb of the Three Wise Kings. He was a wealthy man, but not a wise one. He had an admirable wife, whose worth he knew not, and whose company he neglected for that of two neighbors, who played friends with him because he was rich and lavish of his money. As he was setting out on his pilgrimage, he asked his friends what he should bring them from Cologne: one answered that he would like a rich cloak, and the other begged him to buy a tunic of rare stuff. He next asked his wife what he should get for her, and she besought him to bring back sense and wisdom which might enable him to see and correct the evil of his ways.

After having paid his devotions at the shrine of the Three Kings, he went among the merchants, bought the cloak and the tunic, but sought in vain for some one who would sell him sense and wisdom. They were not to be found in the market. As he returned crestfallen to his inn, the host inquired why he seemed downcast, and, learning the cause, advised him on his return home to pretend to his friends that he had lost all his money and could give them neither cloak nor tunic. He followed this piece of advice, and both of the false friends turned him out of doors, abusing him as a fool and a vagabond.

Not so his wife, however: he told her the story of his loss; but she, seeing that he was weary from the road and filled with sorrow and indignation because of this ill treatment, tenderly embraced him, consoled and refreshed him, assured him that God would send him heavenly treasures for the money he had lost. So his eyes were opened to know what wealth he possessed in her true love and faithful friendship; and thus did he "find sense and wisdom from having visited the City of the Three Kings." *

"What is friendship?" asks Alcuin, and he answers forthwith, "A similitude of souls." Where the wife labors conscientiously to be a true companion to her husband, there is little fear but she will also become a true, faithful,

* Joannes, *Magnum Speculum*, 12.

and constant friend. For the successful effort made to establish perfect companionship must end in effecting that "similitude of souls," which constitutes the essence and ground of friendship.

The reasons which will urge every right-minded and true-hearted woman to be the most delightful and constant of companions and the most devoted of helpmates, must also inspire her with the resolution of being the most cherished of friends. She must not be jealous of the men for whom her husband entertains feelings of real friendship. On the contrary, it were wise to vie with him in showing them every mark of regard, as if she were thereby the interpreter of his dearest wishes. Nothing pleases a man more than to see his old and true friends warmly acknowledged and treated with all honor and affection by the persons most dear to him.

This, however, is only a passing admonition to which every woman who is careful of her home-duties will do well to attend. It is not only virtue but good policy in a wife to have the sincere good-will and respect of all who consider themselves to be her husband's friends. Not only will they contribute much to the pleasantness of the home in which they are always welcome and honored guests, but they will not fail to spread far and wide the fame of its hospitality and the good name of its mistress.

It happens but too often that women will take it into their heads to regard the friends of their husband as persons who steal away a heart which should exclusively belong to themselves, and through an unwise and narrow jealousy make themselves odious and their homes intolerable to men whom they ought to conciliate and to bind to themselves. More than one wife has lost for ever the heart of her husband and destroyed the peace of her fireside by such insane conduct.

Let the young and the wise take warning therefrom, and learn betimes how a true wife can be the counselor, the guide, as well as the sanctifier and savior of her husband. And here let a practical example dispense us from pursuing the subject further.

### THE CARPENTER'S WIFE A TRUE WIFE.

John and Eliza H—— were both natives of England, and came, with their infant son, to settle in one of our thrifty manufacturing towns in 1849. He had learned the trade of a house carpenter, had had remunerative employment in London, but, being ambitious to rise to something higher, had come to America with the hope of improving his knowledge and becoming in time an architect. His education, unfortunately for his design, had never gone beyond that of an ordinary common school, while his wife, who had studied in one of the excellent normal schools taught in England by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, had graduated there with the highest honors, and had further improved her opportunities by perfecting herself in drawing and other branches taught gratuitously in the government schools. The young people had known each other from childhood, and their union was one of deep and pure affection. They were also most exemplary in the fulfillment of all their religious duties. The husband was too proud of his young wife, and too sincerely devoted to her to consent to her accepting even the most advantageous position as school-teacher. He had set his heart on rising in the world, and would be the sole provider for his family and the sole artificer of their fortunes.

During the first ten months of their stay in America every thing went well with them, and John's emoluments far exceeded his household expenses—exceeded, indeed, anything which he could have looked forward to at home. He found, however, that men of his craft in America had received an education superior to his, and that his inferiority in this respect was a serious bar to his advancement. At this point began the incomparable services rendered to him by his wife. She proposed to devote a few hours daily, after his return from work, to teaching him all that she knew herself. It was a loving offer, lovingly accepted, and love seemed to quicken the intellect both of teacher and pupil,

the progress made by John being marvelously rapid. God also blessed these studies, for the two never began or ended a lesson without kneeling to implore the divine light. It was a habit acquired in school and kept up through life by both the one and the other.

Six months had not elapsed since the beginning of these lessons, when John's expertness as a draughtsman astonished his companions and employers and obtained him promotion. But he did not relax his home studies. Not a little of his spare money was used to purchase the best works on architecture, and the young man applied himself many months with enthusiasm to mastering every detail of that great science,—especially all that pertains to design and construction. His wife, who now left him to himself, was nevertheless made the companion of all this preparatory labor. He could not bear to have her out of his sight while he was making a plan, or calculating the strength of such and such building materials. A second child came to gladden the pair, while thus toiling together beneath the eye of God. And almost simultaneously with the birth of their babe a new blessing was sent to them. It was proposed to build a new church in a remote part of the State, and John, after visiting the locality, had sent in a plan so well conceived, and an estimate of costs with specifications so carefully drawn up, that the construction of the church was awarded to him.

This was John's first triumph; it called forth his utmost gratitude, but it did not make him proud. He referred his success to the Divine Author of every blessing, to whom both he and his wife had most humbly and earnestly recommended it; and, after God, he thanked his dear helper and mistress, whose teachings and encouragement and bright affection had given him both the light to know how to do his new work, and the unfailing courage to undertake and accomplish it. She had a little oratory in her bedroom, with a water-color painting of one of Fra Bartolomeo's sweetest Madonnas executed by herself, hangings of exquisite embroidery the work of her own hands, a lamp of beautiful

design fed with the purest olive oil, and rare fragrant flowers which she cultivated in honor of her dear Mother. The little framework with its carving and illuminations was the work of John's chisel. There they offered up together their night and morning devotions; and there John knelt when he received the tidings of his success, reciting with overflowing heart the *Te Deum*, while his little wife made the responses from her sick-bed.

With the first triumph came also their first trial—their first separation. For the building of the church required that the architect should be often on the spot; and beside his being charged with the construction, he was most anxious that this, his first building, should be perfect; so far as his skill and care could make it. It was a terrible trial for these young hearts. The clergyman for whom John was building, though not of his own faith, was much interested in him. He was shocked not a little at first to hear of John's going on Sundays to the far-off little Catholic mission-chapel, and his trustees murmured at having a Romanist to superintend the building of their beautiful and costly church. But the gentleness of the young man, his constant attendance at the works, his perfect control over the workmen, the exceeding beauty of his own designs as well as of the carpenter's work, which he began to have executed in advance for the interior of the edifice, and, above all, the comparative cheapness of all that he did, soon silenced the murmurers.

What most touched the clergyman, however, was the yearning which the architect felt for his home, and the emotion he could not conceal when speaking of his wife. The enterprise was happily brought to a close, and a handsome donation in money, with a vote of thanks from the parishioners, was added to the price orignally stipulated. There was more than that: during the progress of the works the name of the architect was mentioned so favorably in clerical circles, and the quality of his work elicited such genuine admiration, that he was asked for designs for two other churches.

His enforced absence from home now seemed to the husband and father so painful a sacrifice, so great a loss of all that a true man holds most dear, that he began to repent him of the ambition which had impelled him to soar above his carpenter's craft: the reputation he had already acquired and the brilliant fortune which smiled upon him seemed too poor a compensation, he thought, for the loss of that dear companionship of his wife, his friend, his instructress; for the caresses of his babes, and all the bliss of the peaceful and sunny home for which his soul thirsted continually.

Still, when he mentioned his regrets to his wife, she would not—though her heart was oppressed by the prospect of these long and frequent separations—allow him to repine or draw back from the career on which he was but entering. Without giving up their home, rendered doubly dear to both by their first struggles and John's apprenticeship for his present profession, Eliza resolved to be with him as much as possible during the fine season. She wrote to him daily, sometimes twice a day, cheering him and encouraging him especially to be more than ever faithful to those solid and soul-nourishing practices of piety, which maintain the union of our spirit with the Spirit Creator, and give us the confidence to undertake and the power to accomplish every thing planned for his glory and in accordance with the duties of our avocation.

You are impatient to know the end, gentle reader. It shall soon be told. Just as John was carrying out the most important of all his constructions, an accident in his workshop (for he would persist in designing himself all decorations in woodwork, and in carving what was most difficult and delicate) maimed his right hand for life. Thenceforward he could never handle the chisel or the pencil. And hitherto he had not had any assistants or cared to form pupils.

The blow was a heavy one to him, and all his prospects seemed to him blighted forever. His wife was soon by his side, however, to comfort and reassure him. She could draw, she said, if he could not, and he could direct her in filling up any design demanded of him. As his studies in

architecture had been carried on in her company and with her guidance and co-operation, she was more competent than he thought in all that pertained to his profession ; indeed it was to her sure and excellent taste that he owed, without being aware of it, the originality and purity of his architectural designs.

So the young wife and mother, acting under the inspiration of her love, and responding to his unbounded belief in her capacity, not only studied architectural drawing under her husband's eye, but induced him to advertise for assistants and apprentices, and soon found herself with no less than six remarkable young men studying her husband's noble profession in his house and under their joint superintendence.

Alas, the season of unhoped-for prosperity which ensued was but of too brief a duration. Eliza had been, at the time to which our narrative has brought us, twelve years in America—twelve years of unmixed happiness springing from a love which increased with each successive year, because each year revealed in the wife some new perfection her husband had not discovered, some treasure of goodness more precious than any possessed till then. Five children surrounded the board of the proud fond mother ; and every one of them she was herself educating. After the birth of her sixth child her health failed ; no scientific skill availed to stay the progress of the insidious disease which had declared itself.

Her death was indeed a spectacle for angels and men to admire. To the last she would have her husband by her side, comforting him, instructing and strengthening him with a sweet and glowing eloquence which borrowed its light and warmth from the near vision of eternity.

He was not crushed, because she seemed to have breathed into him in dying her own heavenly spirit of resignation. He understood that he must now take up her work, and be to his six orphans both father and mother. He was rich enough to give up his profession ; and devoted himself entirely to the education of his dear ones.

There was one service—greater than all the others—for which the widowed husband never ceased to thank her who had been to him companion, helpmate, and friend; she had saved him from his own weakness. During his frequent absences he had by degrees contracted convivial habits, which filled her with unspeakable alarm. She eventually proved his savior; but it is only consummate tact and a love full of tender and most patient reverence for the diseased soul that can render the intemperate *willing to be saved.* Eliza's ascendency over the heart which had never known any other love than hers, was that of the mother over a sick babe, which yields itself absolutely to the loved voice, the tender hand, and the encircling arms.

Would that every wife who reads this book may thus learn to be to her husband a friend and a savior! She would thus be most truly the Angel of the Home, keeping the steps of all within it from straying to the right or the left, and guiding them through life toward the blissful goal of their pilgrimage. Speaking, as we do throughout this book, not of the monastic life of spiritual perfection, self-crucifixion, and apostolic labor, but of the home-life which is the nursery of true men and women, both for the common paths of worldly toil and duty, and for that other higher and more perfect road, we can safely say of the results of a Christian wife or mother's training: "No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."

Looking to the influence for all good and honor and greatness that a wife, in God's design, is capable of exercising over her husband, and to the implicit obedience that every true-hearted husband yields through life to her he has made queen of his home,—we cannot but place here the beautiful words of a living author:* "Chivalry, to the original purity and power of which we owe the defense alike of faith, of law, and of love, . . . assumes that in this rapturous obedience (of the husband) to the single love of

* Ruskin.

his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes.

"You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

The poor man and the rich man, the man destined to labor all his life as well as the man fitted to fill every public trust, needs more than at any period in the past to have his wife arm him for the daily battle against temptation; against the terrible corruption and dishonesty which rule over every class of public men; against the contempt cast by modern public opinion on all that the Past held sacred, reverence for the home, for the church; faith in God and in all that is most capable to make man God-like; against Christianity itself, and the civilization and manifold sanctities it created. Let every true wife daily brace more and more tightly round her husband's heart the armor of the old principles which made our fathers invincible in their long battle against error and wrong.

Thus "the honor of manhood" will not fail among us, so long as every wife and mother aims at being the Angel of the Home.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DUTIES OF THE WIFE AS THE DISPENSER OF THE HOME TREASURES.

Who shall find a valiant (brave-hearted) woman? . . The heart of her husband trusteth in her. . . She hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. . . She hath tasted and seen that her traffic is good: her lamp shall not be put out in the night. . . She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor. She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow.—*Proverbs* xxxi.

NOTHING so animates the head of a family to honorable exertion as the certainty, that his wife bestows her utmost care in providing for the comfort of his home, in dispensing wisely the store which he places at her disposal; making it her rule to be just to him by never exceeding his means when she cannot increase them by her industry, in being just to her children by supplying them with becoming raiment, food, and instruction, just to her servants, whom she treats with a motherly tenderness which never condescends to familiarity;—and just to God's poor, whose claims she holds to be most sacred.

But let us proceed understandingly. The first care of the wife is to establish discipline and order;—discipline, without which there may be much noise and agitation, but no work done;—and order, because where there is confusion every thing is out of place, or done out of its proper time. To have discipline,—where there are children and servants,—the mistress must have authority, and she must assert and establish her authority by being both firm and calm, and giving every one to understand that she means what she says, and that what she says must be done.

Order means that every work must be done in its proper time, and every thing in the house be put in its proper place. Order means economy both of time and of labor. For where every occupation has its own appointed time, the household duties are sure to be attended to and to be fulfilled with singular ease and pleasure.

If this order and economy of time are necessary in large households, it is still more so in the home of the poor man, where every thing has to be done single-handed by the wife. There are poor households,—those of the daily laborer, the poor tradesman,—where the wife, with a large family of children to care for, will quietly get through an amount of work of different kinds that would seem to require the joint energy of several persons. Go into these bright and orderly homes, where the housewife rests not from early dawn till long after sunset of the longest day, and see the cleanliness, the tidiness, the calm and the contentment that fill the place like an atmosphere!

Of course there will be comfort for all where there is such order. For there can be comfort with poverty, or at least with little, though never with want. There will be comfort for the husband when he returns to that bright, warm, pleasant hearth, where the deep love of his companion fills the house with a spiritual fragrance more pleasant than all the flowers of spring; there will be comfort at the simple meal set on the board shining with cleanliness; and there will be comfort in the sweet conversation in which the outside world is forgotten, in the joy of being all in all to each other; and there will be bliss in the night's rest won by hard and hearty toil, and undisturbed by peevish ambition or by the dreams of a spirit at war with God or the neighbor.

There will be loveliness, too, in the home where true love causes order and comfort to reign. For the poorest room can be made lovely by a woman's cunning hand. She can have flowers at her window, and flowers on her mantel and her table. And the curtains of windows and beds may be beautified by some simple ornament devised by a woman's

taste and executed in spare moments by the hand of even the busiest.

There is not one among the readers of this book but has seen such homes—albeit lowly, narrow, and poor in the literal sense—in which this order, comfort, and loveliness gave the beholder the evidence of a womanly spirit that might have graced a palace. This remark, however, is only preliminary to what pertains to the wife's stewardship in her home.

## MAN, IN EVERY CONDITION, RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS STEWARDSHIP.

We must not, especially in an age which tends daily more and more to deny that man owes any account to God for the use of the wealth he chances to possess—whether that be inherited from his ancestors, or obtained by his own thrift and industry—be carried away by the torrent of error. No matter whence derived, all that man has as well as all that he is belongs to God—his Creator and Lord and Judge; and to Him must he return to give an account of the use which he will have made of his being, his life, his time, his property. Reason, even without the light of supernatural revelation, teaches this truth as fundamental and unquestionable.

The great and the rich will have to account for their stewardship,—for the uses to which they have put their time, their riches, their power, their influence, their opportunities, just as the laboring poor will have to account for their thrift, and the awful uses to which one may see, day by day, our hard-working heads of families put their earnings in drunkenness, gambling, and all manner of vice.

But, as we have said, it is the province of the housewife to be at home a wise steward in the use of her husband's means, while his chief business is, outside of the home, to procure these means by honorable industry. Both are responsible to God. The wife's immediate responsibility however is toward her husband. She is his minister, his eye,

his hand, his head and heart, in applying his wealth or the produce of his industry to the ends for which God wills it to be employed.

### THE STEWARDSHIP OF THE WEALTHY WIFE.

Of persons of royal, princely, or noble rank, we do not think it necessary to treat in this place. We speak of wealth wheresoever it exists, and of the duties and responsibilities of the wife in its home-uses.

Hers should be a wise economy. Wisdom consists in a clear perception of the ends or uses for which money is to serve, and in the careful adaptation of one's means to one's expenditure. You have so much and no more to spend each week, or each month, or each year; you have so many wants to provide for: let your wisdom be proved by always restraining your outlay so as to have a little balance left in your favor.

We know of a wife,—a young wife too,—who after her bridals was made the mistress of a luxurious home, in which her fond husband allowed her unlimited control. They were more than wealthy, and his business relations and prospects were such as to promise certain and steady increase for the future. Still the young wife did not allow herself to be lavish or extravagant. She provided generously for the comforts of her home, for the happiness of her servants, for the duties of a generous hospitality; she had an open hand for all charities and good works. But she was also, young as she was, mindful of the future; and this wise forethought is eminently the characteristic of women. Without ever whispering a word of her purpose to her husband, she resolved from the beginning of their housekeeping that she would lay by in a safe bank her weekly economies. The husband, in all likelihood, would have deemed this saving an ill omen, pointing to future calamity. It was, however, only the prophetic instinct of the wise woman, who, in the heat of summer and the overflowing plenty of autumn, looked forward to "the cold of snow," and made

store for the need and warmth and comfort of her household.

The "calamity" came after a good many years; it came by a fatal chain of circumstances in which the misfortunes or dishonesty of others brought ruin on the upright and prudent and undeserving. One day the husband came home with heavy heart, and tried in vain to hide his care from the penetrating eyes of love. He had to break to his wife the dreadful news of their utter ruin. She listened unmoved to his story: "All is not lost, my dear husband," she said; "I have been long preparing for this. If you will go to such a bank, you will find enough laid up there to secure us either against want or poverty."

In order to secure this wise and provident economy, even in the midst of wealth, two extremes must be avoided, parsimony, which destroys domestic comfort and makes the mistress of the proudest house despicable in the eyes of her cook, her butcher, and her grocer,—and waste or extravagance, which is ruinous to the largest fortunes and most criminal in the sight of God. "Waste not—want not," used to be inscribed on the huge bread-platters of our fathers, both in the servants' hall and the family dining-room. "Waste not—want not," ought to be the rule of every housewife in all departments of household economy. Waste is always a sin against God, against your husband and children, as well as against the poor, who have a right to what is thus thrown away: and, forget it not,—waste never fails to lead to want, as surely as stripping a tree of its bark is followed by its pining away and withering.

Another rule, which a wise woman will never violate, is to tell her husband when she exceeds her means or allowance. It is fatal concealment to allow debts to accumulate without one's husband's knowledge; it tempts the woman weak enough to do so to have recourse to most unworthy and most dangerous expedients, which are sure to be known in the end, and to lower the culprit or ruin her for ever in her husband's esteem. The equivocations and the downright falsehoods which are often used as means of concealment,

cannot but be considered by every right-minded man as a greater calamity than the accumulation of the largest debt or the loss of an entire fortune.

In this respect, as indeed in every other, no concealment will be found to be the wife's only true policy; and to secure this policy of no concealment let her make it the study of her life to have nothing to conceal.

### THE WIFE THE DISPENSER OF HOSPITALITY.

To the wife's stewardship belongs also the discharge of a most important, not to say most sacred duty—that of hospitality. It is one of the chief functions of the divine virtue of charity. Of its nature, its necessity, and its importance we do not wish to discourse here. Few are the homes and the hearts to which hospitality is a stranger. Those to which this book may reach will easily understand what the word means without either definition or description. We can, therefore, convey our instruction by the simplest method.

Whoever is received into your home as a guest—precisely because he is your guest—forget every thing else to make his stay delightful. It matters little whether persons thus hospitably received may or may not appreciate your generosity, your cordiality, and that true warmth of a welcome like yours, inspired by Christian motives much more than by worldly reasons; it matters much for you that none should ever enter your home without finding it a true Christian home, or should leave it without taking away with them the pleasant memory of their stay and a grateful recollection of you and yours. Doubtless some will be found whom no courtesy, no kindness, no warmth of hospitality can change from what they are,—little-minded, narrow-hearted, selfish, cold, and unable to judge the conduct of others by any other standard than their own low thoughts and sentiments. They are only like bats entering a banquet-hall by one window and passing out at the opposite, after having fluttered blindly about the lights, or clung for a few in-

stants to the walls or the ceiling. Let them come and let them go. The social and spiritual atmosphere of the place is not for them.

Nor must you complain of the number. It is wonderful how much place a large-hearted woman can find for her company, even in a very small house! A hospitable spirit can do wonders in its way: it can make the water on the board more delicious than the wines of Portugal, Spain, or France or Italy; it can make the bread which it places before stranger or friend as sweet as the food of the gods; it can multiply its own scanty stores—as the Master did with the loaves in the wilderness. For God's blessing is with the hospitable soul to increase, to multiply, and to sweeten; to fill all who sit at her board with plenty, with joy, with thanksgiving.

"There is," says Digby, "a castle on the Loire held by a lady of ascetic piety and of noble fame, in the latest pages of French heroic annals. There one of my friends, received to hospitality, finding many guests, supposed himself surrounded by men of illustrious condition, till he was informed that they were all persons reduced to poverty, whose title to familiarity under that roof was founded precisely on their indigence and misfortunes." *

Ah, noble France, how many other homes along the Loire, the Mayenne, the Sarthe, and the Somme do we not know which are always open to the stranger and the pilgrim from other lands, while their generous masters and mistresses deem every sacrifice a blessing, because performed for Christ present in the guest of one day, or one week, or one month!

## LÉON DU COUDRAY'S WIDOWED MOTHER.

More than one eye will read this page and share the feelings of the writer in recalling that hospitable home near Laval, where the widowed mother of an only son gave, yearly, hospitality for two whole weeks to fifty or more of the

* *Compitum*, book i., chapter vi., p. 177.

student-sons of St. Ignatius—young men from Canada and the United States and New Granada, as well as from Spain and Italy, from Great Britain and Ireland, from France and Germany—nay, even from Russia's old Moscovite capital. How the son—not a priest yet, but one who had renounced a brilliant career in the world for the poverty and humility of a Jesuit's life—would daily invent new forms of amusement and recreation with which to make the mother's lavish hospitality the more graceful and the more charming! How each evening found that band of apostolic youths (reminding one of the "Schools of the Prophets" in the days of old) engaged in some new pastime on the green sward, blending needful recreation after hard study with some beautiful literary enjoyment! We still hear the glorious tenor voice of that thrice-blessed son, Léon du Coudray, rising above the loud chorus of song and hymn; we remember the pleasant open countenance, the ever sweet smile, the gracious words of heartfelt affection, as natural to the true-hearted youth as its native notes are to the nightingale. And then we bethink us, as we just read the latest accounts of his heroic death,* of this young man, become the Superior of the noblest Christian school in France, seized with several of his brethren as a hostage by the Commune, and turning to them as they were led to prison through the streets of Paris amid curses and insults, and saying aloud in the old joyous tones: "*Ibant gaudentes* . . . 'They went, . . . rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer'—is it not so?" He went as joyously to prison, that only son of the widowed mother, as ever bridegroom to his bridals; and when the fatal 24th of May, 1871, had come, it was on his strong arm that the Archbishop of Paris leaned, as they were hurried forth to be obscurely butchered; it was by his side that the prelate stood facing their bloodthirsty executioners; and when the first volley had been fired, only wounding the archbishop, who fell to the ground, and leav-

* See Maxime du Camp, *Prisons de Paris sous la Commune*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st September, 1877.

ing his companion almost unhurt, it was Léon du Coudray's strong arm that lifted him up, and on his brave heart that his sinking head was laid, when a second volley mingled their blood and freed both their souls at once. Ah, brave heart, true heart! Was the widowed mother still living to learn of her martyr's death, and to receive in the bitter-sweet of that so glorious ending the reward of her profuse hospitality and of all her Christian virtues? With Léon perished and was buried another young priest dear to the writer of these lines, Father Alexis Clercq, once a navy officer, and, at the time of his arrestation, a professor in the College S. Geneviève, *Rue des Postes*. The writer had prepared him for his first mass, and assisted him at the altar during its celebration. May they both from near the throne of the Lamb beseech a blessing on these pages, and obtain for every mother who reads them the grace of being not all unlike that hospitable widow, and of rearing, like her, sons ready to sacrifice life itself rather than betray Christ and the faith of their baptism!

There are, however, examples nearer home, which if not connected with such tragic scenes as this, have also their touching record of heroic devotion crowned by the death of the saints.

## HOW A NOBLE HUSBAND WAS SUSTAINED BY A DEVOTED WIFE WHILE PASSING THROUGH FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

One family in particular will help to teach the reader that womanly excellence is no rare or recent flower on the soil of the New World: A young wife, born among our Western valleys, and wedded to the man of her choice, had encouraged him in a chivalrous literary enterprise which promised precious and plentiful fruit for the highest purposes of patriotism as well as religion. Their home had been blessed by six beautiful children, reared by the accomplished mother with inconceivable tenderness and care. It had been the delight of the grandparents to fill that home with every article of furniture and object of art which

could make it what it was in reality—a paradise for its inmates as well as for a large and devoted circle of friends.

But the mind, the heart, and the hand of the happy young wife it was which gave to that home its bright look of refinement, of goodness, of perfect happiness.

One day, while she and her eldest daughter were wreathing some flowers round the frame of a favorite picture, the husband and father came in, and received from both the usual rapturous welcome. "Look, my dear," the proud little housewife exclaimed, after the first greeting, "look and see if any thing can be more beautiful than this room! Had we our choice from the richest stores and the rarest collections of art, what could we add to all this! What dear object could we part with for a better?" The fond husband's eyes glanced rapidly round the room; but they did not shine with the enthusiasm which fired his companion's. A cloud of a sudden settled on his brow as if the question caused a pang in spite of the strong effort he made to repress his emotion. To his wife's enthusiastic queries he only answered by bending over her and kissing her in silence.

She divined that some misfortune had befallen or was impending. And he, who had ever, since their wedding-day, found in her a trusty friend and most wise counselor,—now told her that the enterprise which had promised to be a most profitable as well as a most beneficial investment, had proved a most ruinous failure!

His friends, he said, had generously offered to come to his assistance and lend him all the money needed to meet his engagements. To cumber himself with this debt or to sell his home and its costly furniture, was the only alternative left to them. He had not had courage to mention to her till the last moment the strait to which he was reduced; for he feared, and their friends feared, lest the parting with her beautiful home and the loss of so many precious things should crush her.

"You cannot hesitate, dearest," was the quick reply;—"we must part with every thing rather than become depen-

dent on others by being their debtors. You shall see how easy it will be to me to part with these treasures, provided I have a little home for you and our darlings, into which no creditor may intrude or pry. Am I not too rich and too happy with the wealth of love you and my children bring to me?"

There was not a moment lost; a little cottage was rented in another part of the city, and only the most needful articles of furniture were provided for parents, children, and servants; the busy hands of the young wife were never idle for several days beautifying the new home for the dear ones, who were kept, as well as friends and neighbors, in ignorance of the approaching change; and the little ones soon found themselves all of a sudden transported to the new nest!

Then, to the astonishment of all in the neighborhood, and the regret of many, the auctioneer came, and piece after piece of the beautiful furniture—some of it made by the best upholsterers from the timber grown on the paternal estates far away—the objects of art and *virtù*, with which the young mother was wont to illustrate her lessons on the beautiful given to the oldest children, and the dear piano—the gift of a fond mother—all were unhesitatingly sacrificed.

But what was the astonishment of friends and relatives, when, after a few days of pity or wonderment, they called on the brave little woman in her new home, to find it so fair, so bright, so beautiful! The carpets were plain, it is true, and the furniture was of the commonest kind; but chairs and sofas and ottomans had been covered with a chintz so pretty that no one stopped to inquire what was beneath the covering. There were white curtains to the windows, looped up with garlands of artificial flowers, and there were fragrant flowers on mantels and tables; and the little mistress was there with her face all aglow with happiness, with her sunny smile and merry laugh, and the warm hospitable welcome for every friend and acquaintance;—and there, too, were the rosy children, as unconscious of any change of fortune as the happy guests of Aladdin's fairy

palaces, who found in one suite of apartments objects so ravishing that they quite forgot what they had seen before. The little ones saw no change around them, save that the light of their mother's smile was even more sunny than ever, that she loaded their dear father with fonder caresses and called forth from his big heart louder bursts of joy and mirth,—and that she had been busier than ever with her active hands and restless needle in transforming and beautifying the face of things in every room with the smallest possible expense.

The change of residence, as well as the circumstances which occasioned it, only served to raise both husband and wife in the esteem of the community and to inspire their intimate friends with a warm admiration for their magnanimity. And so the happy nestful increased, and the husband rose higher in public confidence and in his noble profession,—while his wife bestowed her whole care on the lovely children, whom she educated herself in every branch of learning and in every accomplishment necessary or suitable to their position. It was no small labor; but she found it light,—such was the order which she had established in her household, so sure was she of the devoted zeal of every one of her servants, and so delightful did she know how to make to her worshiping pupils every step in the most arid pathways of learning.

And yet the house was ever full of visitors. The numerous relatives belonging to both families were always expected to make their home with these good young people while in town; and there were friends who could not resist the attraction they felt for a family which seemed to them the ideal of human felicity. Limited as was their income, neither the husband nor the wife ever bestowed a thought on the expenditure consequent upon such an unbounded and uninterrupted hospitality. The little wife managed to have a bountiful table at all times, never an extravagant one; and thus she never once allowed her household expenses to go beyond her means. What made her table, her drawing-room, the whole atmosphere of her

home so full of an undefinable charm, was the love, the innocence, the paradisaical purity and charity which parents and children shed around them.

The dinners were true feasts of love and joyousness, and the evenings in the drawing-room were festivals of song, in which mother and children had the chief part, but in which all guests who could play or sing were impelled to join by some powerful spell.

Those who had been privileged to share once or twice in this genuine hospitality, or who had been during one or two evenings under the charm of that blissful family circle, would yearn to return.

And now, it will be asked, does this blessed home still exist? Alas, no! The nest is empty, cold, and songless. Like many a sainted mother in the past, the brave-hearted little woman could truly sing:

"I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!"*

## THE WIFE AS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

We should have told how dear to the hearts of the poor, to the hearts indeed of all who were acquainted with misfortune and suffering in any shape, was the home into whose privacy we have been just glancing,—for every heart and every hand within it were ever open to the needy. We may intersperse through these pages many gracious acts of goodness and true charity originating with the queen of

* Jean Ingelow, "Songs of Seven."

that blessed home,—just as the silversmiths of old would detach pearls and other gems from an over-rich crown to adorn the vesture of royalty or religion. So pass we now to that dear function of home-life in the good old Catholic times.

And connecting here hospitality toward the poor with almsgiving, let us see what was in that respect the spirit of the ages of faith. "Padua," Digby informs us, "had forty-five houses for the entertainment of poor strangers; in Venice all comers were entertained by many Doges; and, above all, say the old Italians, Vicenza was distinguished for its munificence toward needy strangers. At Venice, the senators who presided over the public administration were so hospitable that the whole city resembled a hotel for guests, and a common home for all strangers coming to it. At Cesena every one used to dispute for the honor of receiving the stranger, till, to obviate such quarrels, the pillar was erected, having a ring for each noble family, so that to whichever the stranger on arriving fastened his horse, to that family was he to repair. '*Receive kindly whoever comes*,' says St. Francis in his rule,—the spirit of which ruled many castles as well as cloisters—'*all, whether friend or foe, thief or robber.*' We read, indeed, of one proud castle standing near the road, over the portal of which the knight who built it, through the sole motive of vanity, caused lines to be inscribed . . . intending to signify that no one should be received but knights, philosophers, or clerks, or noble ladies. But the ancient legend states that by a terrible vision this knight was converted, and so delivered from his former error that he resolved thenceforth to entertain rather the poor, effacing that inscription and substituting for it words which signified that the naked and poor, the sick and infirm, and the exile and the pilgrim, would be thenceforth his guests." *

In Brittany a most beautiful custom still exists, in spite of modern legislation, which tends to forbid almsgiving of

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* *Compitum*, b. i., c. vi.

every kind, and to prevent the poor, even when they have a hovel of their own, from leaving it and making their dire need known to their neighbors. The day following marriage is "the day of the poor." They troop from every side to the door of the happy pair, and find tables spread for them in the vast hall of the nobleman, when the bridegroom is such, or on the greensward when he is of inferior degree. The tables for the men are set on one side, those for the women on the other, the bridegroom waiting on the former, and the bride attending to the comfort of those of her own sex. When they have had their fill, all dance together, and then take their leave, pouring blessings on their kind entertainers. Surely such blessings and the heartfelt wishes and prayers of the poor must be more profitable to young people entering on the married state and its doubtful fortunes, than the idle congratulations of a fashionable throng, and the selfish modern custom of hastening from the foot of the altar to the railway train or steamboat, in order to escape from the irksome duty of receiving friends or feasting the poor.

If from Brittany you cross in imagination the broad expanse of sea which separates the westernmost shores of France from Spain, you will find among another proud and ancient race, the Basques, with a faith by no means less deep than that of the Bretons, Catholic notions about poverty and almsgiving which are full of eloquent meaning. Land at any point of that rock-bound shore, in any one of the fishing towns and villages so famous all through Christian history, and you will see how the few native poor, in a country where nobody is ever seen idle, are treated with a sovereign respect and tenderness. A recent traveler* landing at the little town of Elanchove—which clings with its one street to the almost perpendicular face of a mountain two thousand feet high—saw, as he toiled up that ladder-like street, "a poor old woman all bent double with age standing at a door and asking for alms. A charming young

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* L. Louis-Lande, *Trois Mois de voyage dans le Pays Basque.*

married woman, her mouth all wreathed with smiles, hastened to come out. I saw her take from her pocket a small brass coin, kiss it, and then give it to the old woman. The latter took the alms, made with it very devoutly the sign of the cross on herself, and then kissed it in her turn. Such is the custom throughout the Basque country, and does it not add a touching grace to charity?"

Such noble and touching customs as this are not, however, confined to Biscay or to Northern Spain; they are everywhere characteristic of the Spanish Catholic. The lofty spirit of self-respect which is the soul of the Spaniard, is shown in the reverence with which he treats the poor, whom word or look of his will never humble; but as his faith teaches him to consider Christ himself present in the person of the beggar or of the sick man, his respect for them becomes downright and heartfelt veneration.

It will cheer and enlighten us to gather some of these choice pearls of Spanish custom to deck our own crown of merit withal. "Cheating and extortion seem incompatible with the Spanish character. Even the poorest peasant who has shown us our way, and who has walked a considerable distance to do so, has invariably refused to receive any thing for his services; yet all are most willing and anxious to help strangers. The same liberal spirit seems to breathe through every thing, and was equally shown at our little posada (inn) at Elche, . . . where a number of maimed, blind, and halt collected daily to receive the broken viands from the table-d'hôte, which the mistress distributed to them, and in the delicate blacksmith's wife opposite, who keeps two lamps burning nightly at her own expense before the little shrine of 'Our Lady of the Unprotected' in her balcony. The temporal works of mercy—to give bread to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, to take care of the sick, to visit prisoners, and to bury the dead, these are the common duties which none shrink from.

"As I write, a handsome, dark-eyed brown boy in rags, who looks as if he had stepped out of one of Murillo's pictures, is leaning against the opposite wall in the moonlight,

watching a shrine of the Virgin. It is a picture typical of Spain, ruined and superstitious, but still most beautiful—and so is the cry of the watchman which is ringing through the silent air, '*Ave, Maria Santissima!* it is a quarter to twelve o'clock!'" *

Ah, give us back this superstition,—this living faith rather, which built up Spain and Portugal till they were the wonder of Christendom. The ruin of the Peninsula is coeval, step by step, with the decline of that glorious spirit of "superstition." But we can pardon this perversion of judgment in a Protestant who has the eye to see and the heart to appreciate so much that is beautiful in Catholic customs.

It is well known that from time immemorial the sovereigns of Spain visit the hospitals nearest to the royal residence once at least every year. The rule is to go there with the entire court. On entering the sick ward royalty at once goes to the nearest bed and humbly kisses the hand of the poor patient. Then sovereigns and courtiers wait on the sick, performing in their behalf the most menial services, and addressing the sufferers with as much reverence as if they beheld the God of Calvary or the Divine Babe of Bethlehem visibly present in every sick-bed.

## THE LEPROUS INFANT CARED FOR BY ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

Is not this the significance of a most beautiful legend from the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary? Her mother-in-law, Sophia, was, at the time of the occurrence about to be related, bitterly prejudiced against the saintly wife. "She neither shared nor approved Elizabeth's charities and merciful ministrations. In her son, however, she found no sympathy. Yet one account shows how even his kind heart was overtasked. One day a child afflicted with leprosy was brought to the hospital in the Wartburg; but his state was such that even the most courageous attendants

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* Hare, "Wanderings in Spain," v., pp. 83, 84.

in the institution would neither touch him nor admit him. Elizabeth, coming at her usual hour, no sooner beheld the little sufferer lying helpless and forsaken at the gate, than she took him up in her arms, carried him to the castle, and placed him in her own bed.

"Sophia, indignant, flew to the landgrave. 'My son,' she burst forth, 'come with me instantly, and see with whom your wife shares your bed;' and she led him to his chamber, relating in exaggerated language the extraordinary occurrence that seemed to crown all the mad acts of his wife's charity. The landgrave, though he said not one word, could scarcely conceal his irritation and loathing. He snatched the coverlet from the bed, *and lo! instead of the leper, there lay an infant, surrounded with a halo of light, and bearing the features of the new-born babe of Bethlehem!*"*

This example is, however, more admirable than imitable. It is a rare thing to have to perform heroic acts of any virtue,—even that of charity. Where a miracle occurs, as here, Providence means to inculcate a lesson. The teaching, to the Catholic mind, is a plain one: it is only the repetition, under a different form, of the Master's doctrine, that he is represented by the persons of the poor and the suffering.

So, with this conviction firmly seated in the soul of the Christian mistress of a household, it will be easy for her to see with what reverence and generosity she must treat the poor. We say "reverence." For if her womanly heart has schooled itself to behold Christ present in every one of the needy who come to her door, she will not have to be reminded to show to all, without exception, kindness. Kindness is something far beneath reverence; yet let us insist upon the absolute necessity of kind looks and kind words. No one better than a woman knows how far kindness goes, or how much and how long a kind word or a look of tender sympathy will be treasured up by those on

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* "Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church," c. xxxiii., pp. 349, 350.

whom they are bestowed. If you have nothing else to give,—if your purse is empty, and your bread has failed,—open the spring of kindness in your heart and let it pour out on the hearts of the poor sweet words of compassion, often more needed and more rarely bestowed than food on the famishing or cold water on the faint and weary.

Follow the rule of the great St. Francis, therefore: *Be invariably and unfailingly kind to the poor.* And this precious quality in the temper and bearing of man or woman can only be secured by the habitual practice of that "reverence" just mentioned. It is more needful than ever that in every Catholic home mothers should cultivate that ancient respect for husband and children which was inspired by a lively faith, and made every member of the Christian community view in his fellow-Christians the children of God, the person of Christ himself. This feeling inspired the father of the great Origen,—a father found soon afterward worthy to die the death of the martyrs,—with a reverence for his infant son so deep and so sincere, that he was wont as he passed his cradle to uncover the child's breast and to kiss it, kneeling,—knowing, as he said, that the babe was the living temple of the Holy Ghost.

Surely Catholic fathers and mothers ought to find an exquisite pleasure in such elevating thoughts and sentiments as this; surely they should so consider each other and respect each other as if they too were chosen vessels, vessels of grace, bearing about in their bosoms the Creator Spirit; and most surely ought it to be the mother's chief delight to reverence in every child of hers a something far more holy, more precious than the chalice used in the Holy Sacrifice, or the sacred vessel shut up in the Tabernacle and inclosing Christ's divinest gift to our souls.

Can we school and accustom ourselves so to reverence the poor as to see in them the Person of Him who is represented as evermore standing in the night, wet by the dew or the rainstorm, at the door of every one of us, and gently knocking for admission to the light and warmth of our fireside?

This said, it is not our design to say either to the wealthy

or to the needy housewife what measure she is to follow in relieving the wants of the poor.

Let our spirit be the royal spirit of the ancient Catholic charity of our fathers. To the rich let this suffice. "A modern author relates that a merchant in Spain once said to him: *A rich Spanish tradesman would laugh at you if you talked to him of keeping his carriage; but ask him for alms, and he will think nothing of giving you a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand dollars.*" *

### THE CHARITABLE PEASANT-GIRL.

In our own days we find in Catholic countries most illustrious examples of unbounded charity among the poorest classes of laborers. At St. Etienne-la-Varenne, in the south-east of France, lived a country girl named Magdalen Saulnier. "Pious from her cradle, she used to distribute every day to the neighboring poor part of the provision that she received for herself to take into the fields; though of a weak constitution, she used to walk long distances to visit other poor and give them alms, which she had begged from the rich. During fifteen years she supported in this manner a poor blind man and his idiot daughter, daily visiting them, though they lived a league and a half from her home. A poor woman afflicted with leprosy in the hamlet of Grandes-Bruyères had no one, during eighteen months, to come near her but Magdalen, in whose arms she breathed her last. In 1840, during the inundations of the Rhone, she narrowly escaped being drowned while conveying her daily provision to another poor woman in the Grange-Maçon; and, when reproached for her imprudence, she replied, 'Why, what would you have me to do? I had not seen her the day before.' In the depth of winter, in 1835, she had discovered a poor woman, named Mancel, living far away in a hut, more like a wild beast's den than a human habitation. This poor creature was ill, and Magdalen

* *Compitum*, b. iii., c. vii.

would not leave her alone. Toward the close of a long night, a thick snow covering the ground, she lighted some sticks, which caused so great a smoke that she opened the door to let in fresh air, when a wolf stood ready to dispute with Death its prey. It required all her efforts, aided only with a large stone, to keep the door closed against the furious animal, which howled and struggled for entrance till the dawn. Some hours after, the woman expired. Then Magdalen, fearing that the wolf would return, took up the body on her shoulders, and carried it to the house of the nearest peasant, who received it till the burial took place." *

What an example is here—in this poor girl whose whole life was consumed in the incredible hardships of a field-laborer—for the wives and daughters of our laboring classes in town and country. There is not a narrow street, crowded with tenement-houses, in any one of our large cities,—nor a manufacturing population in any of our great industrial centers,—in which every woman who reads these pages cannot find some poor mother burdened with a family who is always busied in doing good around her to those poorer and more burdened than herself; some factory-girl, sparely clad and poorly fed, who is an angel of good counsel, comfort, and all manner of help to her companions. Travelers over a sandy and treeless waste often chance upon green and shady spots rising like islands of the blessed in the midst of an ocean of death and desolation. When they come to examine what has made these fairy spots so beautiful, they find a spring of living water gushing up from the bosom of the earth, overflowing its native spot, causing the grass to grow, and the shrub to flower, and the tree to take root and thrive, and thus the green carpet spreads round about that cool spring, and bird and beast and man himself hasten gratefully to enjoy the shade, the refreshing waters, the loveliness and repose of the spot. Examine well, in these moral wastes so frequent and so hideous amid our civiliza-

* *Ibidem*, pp. 265, 266.

tion and our Christianity, what is the source of the sweet and sanctifying influences you discover in certain neighborhoods: you will be sure to trace it to some womanly heart, in the poorest of hovels frequently, and not seldom in the coldest and most naked of garrets.

## FRENCH-CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE IRISH ORPHANS OF 1847.

But let us point out, nearer home, some heroic examples, which we may hold up as a mirror to American womanhood.

And first must be recorded here, by one who was an eye-witness of what he relates, and before the generation which beheld it has passed away, one of the sublimest instances of Christian charity known to ancient or modern times. New York and Quebec have not yet forgotten the Irish famine of 1846–47 and its terrible consequences. But 'tis with the latter city in particular that this narrative has to deal. Fearful as had been all through the fall and winter of 1846 the tidings borne to America about the privations endured by a whole famishing people, and the mortality caused by fever and other attendant diseases, but little apprehension was felt in Canada when navigation opened with the early spring. Consequently nothing like adequate preparation was made by the local authorities either at the quarantine station below Quebec, or at any of the usual landing-places along the St. Lawrence.

The result of this want of forethought was terrible both for the thousands of wretched immigrants cast all of a sudden on our shores, and for the populations among whom the poor fevered victims carried, whithersoever they went, the seeds of pestilence. The quarantine station on Grosse Isle, below Quebec, became a hot-bed of the most virulent typhus fever, and almost all the priests who were called in turn to minister to the spiritual wants of the crowded sick on ship and shore, caught the disease, many of them dying, and the others carrying disease, death, and dismay back with them

to their parishes. In the city of Quebec itself but comparatively few ravages were committed by this dreaded "ship-fever:" the steamers which conveyed the healthier immigrants to Montreal and the upper St. Lawrence not being permitted to land. In Montreal, however, and in Kingston and Toronto their arrival and passage were marked by a fearful mortality. In the first-named city Bishop Bourget, his coadjutor, Bishop Prince, his vicar-general, and some thirty priests were stricken down by the plague. The seminary of St. Sulpice alone lost eight of its members. Bishop Power of Toronto fell a victim to it, and its ravages were such, during the early summer, that they far outstripped those of the cholera.

Of course thousands upon thousands of orphans were left behind, and that, too, at a time when to give them a refuge in any home in town and country, appeared to be bringing certain death into the family. Yet,—and this is what must redound to the eternal honor of the French Canadian population of the present province of Quebec,—not only was there no hesitation manifested in adopting these little castaways, but at the voice of their bishops and priests the people of the country parishes vied with each other in their zeal to share their homes with them.

The author remembers returning from quarantine, in the second week of July, with the Rev. John Harper, rector of St. Grégoire, opposite Three Rivers. They had spent a fortnight among the fever-sheds, and had, at the urgent request of their parishioners, brought home with them a large number of orphans. The parishioners of St. Grégoire (the descendants of the noble Acadians eulogized by the author of "Evangeline") had chartered a little steamer to convey us and our orphans across the river. We had been delayed perforce on our way upward, and on our arrival about midnight at Three Rivers, we found a crowd of eager and excited women, mothers of families all of them, waiting and watching for us. Mr. Harper was among his parishioners, and on the spot these noble mothers were allowed to satisfy the yearning of their Christian hearts, and to take

each her little orphan to her embrace. It was a spectacle worthy of the admiration of angels, which was beheld on that wharf at that sultry midnight in July, these farmers' wives, weeping every one of them with that holy emotion which sweetest charity creates, pressing around their pastor and choosing, when they could, in the uncertain light, the child that pleased them best, or accepting joyously and folding in a motherly embrace the little orphan allotted to them. The ladies of Three Rivers were also there, jealous of the happiness of their sisters and neighbors, and employing in the darkness some pious stratagem to decoy to their homes some of the weary, wasted, or fevered little creatures.

The author was a hundred miles distant from his own parish of Sherbrooke, and had only dared to select a few orphans to take with him all the way. So, after an hour of confusion and excitement we were all content to rest till the approaching daylight. When the dawn came, and we left our resting-places for the ferry, all Three Rivers and its neighborhood were abroad to see the priests, their orphans, and the happy mothers to whom God had given the prize of an orphan, wending their way in a procession to the steamer and the ferry-boat. The heat of the preceding days, and the sultry night with its excitement, had told on more than one of the bewildered little strangers: there were several cases of declared fever. But no one seemed to mind. The charity of Jesus Christ was abroad, like a river overflowing its banks. Two children who had fallen to the author's charge were especially ill; one, a little boy, clung to his cassock as we set out from the hotel; the other, a little girl of four, he had to carry in his arms, as she was too sick to walk.

The scene has remained indelibly impressed upon heart and memory. We were wending our way through the crowd of weeping or pitying spectators, when the wife of a distinguished lawyer of Three Rivers, childless herself, as we were told, approached the author to caress the little motherless one who clung to him in apparent insensibility.

As she kissed the child again and again, addressing it in the sweetest tones of womanly tenderness, the little sufferer looked into those appealing, tearful eyes, and stretched out her arms to that hungry heart which would not be refused. They were only separated by death thereafter.

But when we reached the other shore we found the Rev. J. C. Marquis, with the entire population of St. Grégoire, and every available mode of conveyance waiting for us; and so we proceeded some two or three miles to the beautiful parish church, where priests and people knelt in devout thanksgiving,—the priests grateful for their preservation from the plague, the people thanking God for the precious boon charity had bestowed on them. They did not rest contented with this, however: hundreds of other orphans were sought after subsequently and added to the happiness, and—let us hope—the prosperity of this excellent people. Not one of these stranger-children but became in every sense the child of the home into which it was received.

All through the remaining months of summer, the autumn, and the early winter, this generous flame of charity spread and burned among the French Canadian parishes along both shores of the St. Lawrence; and, strange to say, the good souls who thus vied with each other in opening their homes and hearts to the orphans of Ireland's exiles, were wont to say that while the plague spared the families into which the strangers were admitted, it swept away pitilessly such as gave them a passing or a mercenary refuge. Ah, generous people of New France, may the Saints of Ireland obtain for you length of days, with the richest blessings of true freedom, a constant increase in the noblest gifts of soul, and all the rewards of true piety!

## THE WIFE OF A SHIP-CARPENTER A MINISTERING ANGEL OF MERCY.

One crowning instance must be selected, ere we close this chapter, to demonstrate what womanly hearts can and will effect for the suffering and the needy. It is November in

Quebec, in that same memorable year 1847, and November had set in with nnusual severity. The country parishes all round had each received its colony of Irish orphans or young girls, who were adopted by the excellent farmers, Still the temporary asylums in Quebec attached to St. Patrick's church remained overcrowded; no provision had been made for their sustenance during the long winter which was setting in so fiercely; and local charity, it was feared, had been exhausted by the extraordinary drain of the preceding six months.

At a meeting of ladies it was resolved that the most zealous would go by sub-committees of twos and threes into all the neighboring parishes, and knock at every door to exhort every family to adopt one of the many hundreds of homeless waifs left behind by the retiring tide of disease and wretchedness. Women's tongues are eloquent when fired by such a cause; they were welcomed everywhere, and a day was fixed when the orphans should be brought to St. Patrick's church, and all who wished to add one more stranger to their family circle were to go there and make their choice.

So, on the day appointed, the ferries from Point Levi and the Island of Orleans were early crowded with farmers' wives and daughters, while along the roads from St. Foye and Beauport, Charlebourg and Lorette, the vehicles of the country people streamed into the city as to some great public festival.

It was near noon, and in the house of a French Canadian ship-carpenter, out near the banks of the St. Charles River, at the extremity of the St. Roch suburb, the cheerful, active mother of six children was just concluding her morning's labor, sending off her oldest girl with the father's dinner to the ship-yard, leaving her infant nursling with a kind neighbor, and then hurrying away,—a distance of full two miles, to Patrick's church. She had been delayed in spite of her utmost exertions, and her only feeling, as she almost ran along the road, was one of fear lest she should be too late at the church and miss the prize which she had

promised her husband to bring home to himself and their dear ones.

The silent empty streets through which she passed on nearing the church made her heart sink within her; and as she entered St. Patrick's there was no one there but a few good old souls telling their beads before the altar, and some soldiers of the garrison performing "the Way of the Cross." The tears filled her eyes as she knelt a moment in adoration; and then she hastened to explore the two large sacristies behind the church. They were empty! As she passed through the lower one, what she deemed a stifled sob struck her ear; but the distant corner whence it seemed to issue was very dark, and her eyes were still half-blinded by the brilliant sun outside and the glare of the snow. So, in her excitement, she heeded not the sound, but crossed the court-yard to the rectory and knocked timidly at the door. The servant, on opening, saw this good woman in tears, and scarcely able to articulate one word. At length she gasped out, "The orphans?"—"The orphans, ma'am?" replied the other; "there are none here!"—"Where are they?" —"All gone—all taken away by the ladies."—"Have you kept none that you might let me have?"—"No, indeed," was the answer; and with this the poor woman turned away with a heavy heart. As she re-entered the lower sacristy on her way to the church, her ear was again struck with the sound of sobbing, and coming, this time, more audibly from the distant dark corner. She was there in a moment; and bending, or rather kneeling down, she distinguished a female child, with its head between its hands, sobbing and moaning piteously.

It was a little girl, some five years old, who on the voyage out had lost father and mother, brothers, sisters—all! The little thing, naturally a very beautiful child, had had in succession fever, dysentery, and small-pox; and beneath this complication she had almost sunk. She had partially lost the use of her lower limbs, and had been frightfully disfigured. In the church, whither she had been brought early in the morning with the other orphans, the charitable

women had invariably passed her by, choosing, as was natural, the most comely children for their adopted ones,—and the sensitive slighted little thing sobbed so piteously that she was taken to the sacristy in order not to disturb the proceedings in the church. There she had sat in the corner, sobbing herself to sleep, and had been forgotten when the crowd left the church. So, as the opening of the sacristy door, a moment ago, had roused the forlorn one from her somnolency, she had looked up at the stranger coming in with a revival of hope, and a sob escaped her as the latter passed out by the opposite door. Once more hiding her face in her hands, she wept and sobbed with increased bitterness, as if the little wounded heart within would burst her chest.

And thus the good carpenter's wife found her, as she knelt in the gloom by her side. "What is the matter, dear child?" she said, with infinite tenderness in her tone. "Who has left you here?—Speak to me, my dear!" she went on, as she removed the hands from her face. The child looked up through her scalding tears at the sweet sound of that motherly voice, and all was plain to the speaker. The face thus revealed was so disfigured that the woman drew back involuntarily. But recovering herself instantly, and,—as she expressed it,—indignant at her own cowardice, she extended both arms lovingly to the weeper: "Kiss me, darling," she said, as her own tears flowed fast, "kiss me, come to my heart; don't be afraid, I am your mother now." And she folded her in her embrace, covering her face and head with tears and kisses. The ship-carpenter's family possessed a blessed treasure that night.

No, this is not extraordinary charity: great hearts, like that of that noble woman, abound everywhere among our laboring people. O women, who read these lines, remember, that your charity, your generosity will find in your every-day ordinary life rich opportunities for their exercise. Never neglect any occasion God sends you of doing the good you can. Great charity, like every other great virtue,

does not consist in doing extraordinary things, or waiting for extraordinary circumstances; it depends on our doing with all our heart the good we have the chance of doing at every moment within our own homes and outside of them.

"I have known a word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away." *

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* Adelaide Anne Procter.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## THE WIFE'S CROWNING DUTY—FIDELITY.

*Ut nos junxit amor, nostro sic parta labore*
*Unanimes animos operit una domus.*

As us love joined, so by our toil acquired,
One-minded souls one mansion covereth.

—*Ancient inscription on a French house.*

Do you know where you are? Do you know that this is the house of a man rich in virtue? . . . Do you know that these marbles, these stones, these paternal ceilings, represent the ancient honor and the venerated virtue of the family? The house of my father is the center of loyalty, and the sanctuary of honor.—ALARION.

THE home is the nursery of the nation, and the deep and sacred love that binds into one existence the hearts and lives of husband and wife, is the soul of the home life. Every thing which tends to lessen, to divide, to sully that sacred union of hearts, strikes at the very life of the family and aims at upsetting the foundations of the moral world.

The sacred virtue, the immaculate honor of every family, is inseparable from the purity and perpetuity of the love pledged to each other by both parents; more especially, in universal estimation, is the family honor dependent on the inviolable fidelity of the mother toward him to whom she gave her early love.

Hence the deep significance of the prayer of the church in the solemn ceremony of marriage. She who had proposed to the imitation of all wives the undivided and unalterable love which she ever bears to Christ, her Spouse,—who gives

them in her inviolable and eternal fidelity to him, to his honor and interests, the model of the true woman's unwavering, sustained, and devoted fidelity to her husband,—makes of this notion the central point in her magnificent marriage ritual.

Throughout all ages known to history, the most refined peoples have looked upon the ring as the symbol of eternity —as the proper emblem, therefore, of the union of souls underlying the matrimonial contract.

## THE RING SYMBOLIC OF ETERNAL FIDELITY.

When the Church has witnessed and sanctioned by her blessing the mutual and solemn pledge given by bride and bridegroom, she proceeds to bless a ring, which is given to the bride as a symbol and seal of the union into which she has entered, and of the enduring fidelity with which she is to feed the sacred fire of mutual affection and to watch over the honor of her hearth-stone.

"Bless, O Lord, this ring," such is the prayer, "which we bless in thy name, in order that she who wears it, by preserving unbroken fidelity to her husband, may continue in peace and the accomplishment of thy will, and also ever live in mutual charity."

Where the beautiful ceremonial is carried out in its intended fullness, the nuptial benediction is followed by the offering of the adorable sacrifice. Christ comes down on the altar, who so loved the Church, his Bride, that he "delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

There, at that altar and in that presence, kneel the two for whom the Saviour God comes down, his hands filled with blessing for these his children beginning life together, and his heart overflowing with untold treasures of grace,—so needful to them on their pathway of pain and labor.

But there is more than this ; the Church breaks in on the most solemn portion of the liturgy,—that between the consecration and communion,—to pronounce a further blessing on the bride. Turning toward the newly-married, the priest, as if his hands were laden with the blessings brought from on high, and his lips touched with the hallowed fire to prophesy good things to the suppliants prostrate there, thus prays :

"O God, who by thy might didst create all things out of nothingness ; who, having ordered the first stages of this universe, and made man to the image of God, didst make man's substance the principle of woman's being, that she should thus be his inseparable companion, teaching us thereby that a union originating in such unity may never be broken without crime ; O God, who didst hallow this conjugal union by so surpassing a grace as to make the primitive nuptial alliance the prophetic figure of the mysterious union of Christ with the Church ; God, by whom woman is thus united to man, and the primordial society thus formed is endowed with a blessing which alone survived the punishment of original sin and the judgment executed through the deluge ; look down propitiously on this thy handmaiden, who, about to begin her companionship with her husband, beseeches Thee to grant her Thy protection : in her may the yoke of love and peace ever abide ; faithful and chaste, may she wed in Christ, and be evermore the imitator of holy women : may she prove lovely to her husband, like Rachel ; wise, like Rebecca ; long-lived and faithful, like Sara ; may the fell Author of (Eve's) prevarication find no trace in her of the actions which he counsels ; may she be immovably attached to thy faith and law : the spouse of one man, may no other love ever touch her ; may she school and shield her own weakness by home-discipline : may she be modest and dignified, chaste and venerable, enlightened by wisdom from on high ; . . . may she win approval by her stainless life, and thus attain to the rest of the blessed and the heavenly kingdom." *

* The Roman Missal in the "Nuptial Mass."

## THE WIFE'S HONOR THE FOUNT OF ALL HONOR.

Pagans, in ancient times, were wont to attribute the origin of each mighty river to a peculiar deity; so they built a temple at its head-waters, and there offered frequent sacrifice in order that the stream throughout its course to the ocean might be pure and healthful, and fraught with all manner of blessings to the lands it watered.

This, like many other customs, was only the perversion of a deep religious truth. God has committed this earth and all therein that is most beneficial to man to the custody of those blessed spirits, who, destined to be in eternity the fellow-citizens of men made perfect in glory, take delight in watching over their welfare and being their companions in this life of trial.

But if a perverse sentiment induced the heathen of old to consider as a something holy and divine the well-spring of mighty rivers, what must not a Religion which comes from the true God think of the home which he destines to be the source of a race of men and women designed to be his own adopted children? What solemnity must the Church not employ to hallow that union, on the permanence and sacredness of which depend the honor, the unspotted name, the greatness and happiness of a family throughout all succeeding generations?

Hence the inconceivable care with which the Church has, ever since the days of Christ,—the second and truest Parent of mankind,—watched over the unity and sacredness of that bond which makes of father and mother the one, sole, loving and beloved well-spring of the family existence, pride, and honor.

## HOW THE CHURCH HAS GUARDED THE HONOR OF FAMILIES.

During nineteen centuries, as the history of Christendom attests, the Church has endured, in the East as well as in the West, many bitter persecutions at the hand of empe-

rors, kings, and other sovereign princes, because she would not permit them to put away their lawful wives, become distasteful to them, or sanction their unhallowed union with others, while the former were still living. Thus did she, who is here below the mother of the true life and of beautiful and chaste love, protect the weakness of the woman and wife against the unholy passions of all-powerful husbands; surely, being such as she is, she has a right, as she has a charge, to save woman sometimes from the tyranny of her own headlong inclinations.

At no period in Christian history, however, has there existed such a blind and general conspiracy of governments and peoples to ruin the sacred institution of matrimony as in the present age. So long as Christendom was governed in things spiritual by the judicial decisions of the Roman Pontiff, no State dared pass a law contrary to the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie; no individual, whether sovereign or subject, prince or peasant, could violate with impunity the law which guarded the honor of every family. The sword of excommunication was as sure to reach the transgressor,—whether he sat on the throne, or lived in a palace, or dwelt in a shepherd's cot,—as when Paul first drew it against the incestuous Corinthian in the first days of Christianity.

### MODERN LEGISLATION DESTRUCTIVE OF THE FAMILY HONOR.

Now States, legislatures, sovereigns, and governments, abetted or unresisted by their respective peoples, have dechristianized and unhallowed the marriage contract and all its solemnities, and made it a civil act, deriving its value, sanction, and binding power from the civil authority. Non-Catholic sects and ministers have neither the power, nor, seemingly, the will to assert the sacredness of Christ's institution. Luther,—as he set out on his downward path as a reformer,—declared against the unity of the marriage tie, and further desecrated the solemn rite of matrimony by taking to wife a nun, both being previously bound by sol-

emn vow never to marry, and thereby incapacitated from contracting valid nuptials. The Mormons of Utah have only pushed to its legitimate limits the liberty of Biblical interpretation invoked by Luther and the Reformation; and European governments and legislatures, like the several States of the American Union, are only consistent with the universal teaching of Protestantism,—denying to marriage among Christians any sacramental or supernatural character.

Christian families still find in the teaching of the Catholic Church and the far-reaching authority of her Pontiffs, the only divine safeguard on earth against the invasion of their homes and their honor by Mormonism or State secularism.

It is that same teaching, that same fatherly voice which, while protecting you, O wives and mothers, against the passions that would sanction the unfaithfulness of your husbands, ever bids and exhorts you to unwearied devotion and fidelity above reproach or suspicion.

## IN WHAT THE WIFE'S FIDELITY CONSISTS.

In the two preceding chapters we have insisted much on the qualities which enable a wife to be, in the fullest sense, the most delightful companion, the most efficient helpmate, the most trusted friend and confidante of her husband. All this she cannot be, without being at the same time most truly devoted to him in thought and affection,—so that he alone, after God, fills her mind and her heart.

We have touching examples of this inviolable fidelity,—springing, in the first instance, from that single-hearted and absorbing love of a good husband which leaves no thought of any other love being possible; and, in the second, from a wife's own high principle and fear of God, which keeps her true to the love she pledged, even when its object has become most unworthy, or, possibly, most hateful.

## FIDELITY ILLUSTRATED.

In the patriarchal ages before Abraham,—in the age of Noe and those preceding the flood,—there was no question

among the families of the blessed line of Seth of admitting a second wife into the family. That was characteristic of the evil brood of Cain,—his son, Lamech, being mentioned as the first who had departed from the unity of the institution of marriage as it came from the hands of the Creator. But Seth himself, and every one of the blessed descendants who kept alive on earth the primitive faith in Jehovah and the belief in the promised Redeemer, also maintained in their households the faith they had pledged to the wife of their youth. Though these men lived five hundred, six hundred, or even nine hundred years and more, their hearts were content with the love, and their lives filled with the fidelity, of that one woman: it was a sacred fire in these august patriarchal homes, burning undimmed century after century on the hearth-stone,—an example, even at this distance of time, deserving of the wonder and veneration of their degenerate descendants.

### REBECCA'S FIDELITY PREFIGURES THAT OF THE CHURCH.

The violation of that unity by Abraham, even at the solicitation of his faithful Sara, was a manifest imperfection in him, who should have known better, and a want of faith and error of judgment in her, who had been brought up among the licentiousness of the Mesopotamian idolatry. But Abraham's son and successor, Isaac, and his bride, Rebecca, departed not from the great primitive law. For Isaac, who bore the wood of his sacrifice up the mountain-side was the figure of Christ; just like Isaac's early and only love, Rebecca, brought to him so wondrously from afar,—was the type of the Church.

It is the love of both Rebecca and the Church that forms a model and a rule for every Christian wife.

### JUDITH'S EXAMPLE.

We have nearer to us in the Old Testament history other touching examples of fidelity in wives to the husband of

their youth. Judith the Deliverer, "the Joy of Israel," the glory and honor of her people, was widowed young, and, though surpassingly beautiful, and most wealthy, she remained true to the memory of her husband, inviolably faithful to the love she had plighted to him. The sudden inspiration which came to her to offer herself to the admiring eyes of the Assyrian general, was no deviation from the law of fidelity which she had so scupulously followed till then. She trusted to God's angel to keep her honor safe in the Assyrian camp, and, as she afterward declared, he had watched over her coming and going till she had struck the blow which freed her country. The victory once won, and the national thanksgiving over, she put off her rich robes, resumed her sober widow's weeds, buried herself once more in the solitude of her own house, and gave up the half-century of life which remained to her to prayer, fasting, alms-deeds, and the cherished worship of her husband's memory.

## ANNA THE PROPHETESS.

So is it with that remarkable woman whom we meet with in the temple at our Lord's presentation therein,—Anna the Prophetess. She, too, had been left a widow after seven years of companionship with her husband; and "she was a widow till fourscore and four years; who departed not from the temple, by fasting and prayers, serving night and day."

She was rewarded by beholding in the flesh the Redeemer promised to Adam and Eve in the garden, and whose glory, like the first fires of sunrise above the eastern hills, patriarchs and prophets had only looked on "from afar." She was also privileged to see in the temple the Mother most blessed who was prefigured by Eve as well as by Judith.

These are only landmarks on the glorious pathway of true womanhood, pointing out in the inspired writings the honor paid to fidelity and the reward bestowed on it even in this life.

### IDEAL UNITY AND ETERNITY OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

They teach this lesson, at all events: That the purest and greatest of women considered the love which they had given to the husband of their youth as a something so sacred, a gift so divine, that they could allow no other love to intrude upon it; they had meant it to last for all time and for all eternity, and as such they cherished it, even when their loved companion had been taken early away from them.

There is no doubt that this ideal eternity and unity of conjugal love is that upheld and blessed by the Church.

But what is of the deepest practical importance, is

### FIDELITY TO THE LIVING.

Of this we have most touching examples all through the pages of Christian history. Nor is it necessary to insist at length upon this, where matrimonial unions are well assorted, and where, on both sides, there is the fear of God, a love blessed of Him, and all the charities of the home-life ever fed by the reception of the sacraments. It is where a union is ill-assorted, unhappy, and where, particularly, the husband happens to be any thing or every thing save what the wife in her innocent dreams of goodness and manliness conceived as the real character of her lover.

It is in the home where these dreams have been succeeded by a sad awakening, where the ideal sought after and loved turns out to be a hideous specter, and where the idol the bride worshiped so sincerely has been dashed to pieces on the hearth-stone,—that the young wife needs to look up to God, to call on his Name, to seek for his grace in order to be true to him and to herself,—in spite of the terrible deception of which she is the victim.

Let us give, first, a few pregnant rules, which may serve for all, whether happy or otherwise;—we shall afterward point out to the unhappy and sorely tried the only road on which they can find salvation.

### RULES.

A cardinal principle in home-life is, never to allow one's self to suspect or to distrust one's dear ones, save only when the evidence of guilt or unworthiness is irresistible. Even then, the terrible truth must be kept secret from every living soul; it is only when absolutely necessary and in an extremity that a wife should mention it,—though never so guardedly,—to an experienced and holy guide. From one's relatives on both sides,—from father or mother, brother or sister,—the secret should be strictly and sacredly kept, so long as the reformation and salvation of the guilty one or the protection of one's children, or some such weighty consideration, does not compel one to speak so much of the truth as is needful.

### KEEP YOUR FAMILY TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.

It is impossible for a wife to be too reserved on this point: it would be fatal to seek confidants even in one's nearest and dearest. Where conscience is concerned extreme care should be taken both in choosing the person to be consulted and in the manner in which the communication is to be made. Even a father, if he be a man of wisdom, experience, and high principle, will rarely encourage a married daughter to make him her confidant in her secret troubles. If he has been a good husband, blessed with a good wife, his own heart will have taught him how jealous a husband is of seeing any man made his wife's confidant.

There must be extreme necessity, then, to justify a wife in revealing her troubles to priest or to father,—even with all the reservations made above. To make a confidant even of a brother, is most unwise under any but very extraordinary circumstances; but to go with one's troubles to a stranger, be he what he may, is to court danger, and to go more than halfway to meet ruin.

If confidence given to persons of the opposite sex is fraught with such certain peril, how much more so is friendship?

### THE FRIENDSHIPS BANEFUL TO FIDELITY.

Lady friends and lady confidantes unwisely chosen, and kept in spite of a husband's remonstrances, have destroyed the peace of many a home where there was, otherwise, every element of happiness,—sincere mutual affection, companionship, and faith in each other's virtue. But gentlemen friends—where a wife is so bereft of sense, of discernment, of womanly tact, as to permit such a monstrosity to come into her life—*gentlemen friends* are the worst enemies of her honor, her home, and the happiness of all belonging to her.

If a wife be already happy in possessing a husband who fulfills her ideal of manliness, who is all in all to her, she does him the foulest wrong and her own honor irreparable injury in transferring to any man living any part of her affections. If, as we suppose, she loves her husband with her whole heart, how jealous would she feel of any woman on whom her husband would bestow any thing like friendship! Would she not resent it—and most justly—as a grievous wrong done to herself? But she is not to forget, that, in a family, a husband's friendships do not tend to bring dishonor on the children, like the aberrations of a mother's heart.

We cannot affirm it too strongly, the honor of families depends chiefly on a father's reputation and achievements; the dishonor of families on the unhallowed friendships of mothers.

### WHEN DANGER BEGINS.

The greatest danger for the heart of the wife, till then blameless, unconscious, and unsuspicious of evil, arises in those seasons of deep domestic trouble, discord, and unhappiness. It is in these seasons of trial that a wife should go to the heart of the Crucified for sympathy, light, and strength. Oh! if women whose hearts are sore and whose troubled spirit yearns for consolation and counsel, only knew what

light and sweetness and energy of soul can be found in one quarter of an hour's secret converse with the Crucifix,—that most eloquent of books and most enlightened of all counselors and consolers! If they could turn aside from the hollow and dangerous sympathies of human friendship —even when least perilous—and betake them to the Divine Comforter, who evermore dwells on our altars, what a heart they would find there! And how they would rise from before the Vail and the Mercy-Seat refreshed, strengthened, and resolved to take up their cross and follow Him!

How many of our purest, bravest, best cannot put away from them the cross which is to be a life-long burden! Bear it they must. If they refuse to carry it, the weight crushes them; if they take it up willingly, joyously, as He did, it bears them forward, imparting to them an energy all divine, and heavenly joys amid all the bitterness of earthly trials!

## CARRY YOUR CROSS AND IT WILL CARRY YOU.

We know such mourners,—whose young lives have been blighted by a union with guilt, secret vice, and falsehood; but who have taken up the cross with unflinching courage, determined to make of the ever-recurring trials and humiliations of each day a mine of merit with which to purchase the eternal joys. The pleasant and loved companionship about which their maiden dreams had been busy, had turned out, when viewed with carnal eyes and judged in the light of this world's wisdom, naught else but being hopelessly tied to a loathsome leper. The love of suffering, to which, under the divine inspiration, the wife, on awakening from her dream, opened every avenue of her soul, is a divine companionship,—it is treading with our thorn-crowned King the bitter but glorious road of crucifixion.

## THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN IS BOUND TO BE SUPERNATURAL.

This lesson addresses itself to Christian wives,—to women bound to be *Supernatural*,—who are supposed to have

entered on their matrimonial engagements with supernatural motives (and the not doing so is the source of untold and inconceivable miseries), who profess to lead a supernatural life amid all the joys, the cares, the trials, and disappointments of their subsequent condition. Woe to them, if they are not supernatural and lovers of the cross and the Crucified, when the fair and fond visions of earthly love requited vanish from their early path like the golden clouds of morning!

There is one book out of which every young wife, from her bridal day, would do well to read a daily chapter to her companion—"The Imitation of Christ:" it is brimful of the Spirit of God. Would that the wife on whose life the shadow of the dreadful heart-trials hinted at here falls for the first time, would take up this almost divine book, and read such passages as the following:

"O Lord God, holy Father, be thou now and forever blessed! For, as Thou wilt, even so hath it been done to me; and what Thou dost is good.

"Let thy servant take joy in Thee, not in herself nor in any other being. For, Thou alone art true joy,—Thou art my hope and my crown,—Thou, O Lord, art my bliss and my honor!

"O Father, just, holy, and ever to be praised, the hour of trial is come for thy servant.

"Father ever to be loved, it is right that in this hour thy servant should suffer somewhat for thy sake.

"Father to be perpetually reverenced, the hour hath come which from all eternity Thou didst foresee as about to be sent to me;—that thy servant should be outwardly borne down, but should, interiorly, still live unto Thee; that she should be for a little time held of no account, humiliated, and disappear from the sight of man,—that she should be crushed beneath the weight of suffering and helplessness; in order that so she may rise as from the grave in the dawn of a new light, and be glorified in Heaven.

"Holy Father, so Thou hast appointed, and so willed, and this hath come to pass which Thou hast ordained.

"For this is a favor to Thy friend, that she should suffer and be afflicted in this world for the love of Thee, how often soever, by whom soever, and in what manner soever Thou permittest it to befall her." *

### THE CRUCIFIX AND "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST."

What soul will not rise from the foot of the crucifix, after such a prayer as this, with the consciousness, the deep-seated conviction, that God with her and in her will enable her to face and overcome the trials before her?

It is time that in every Christian household mothers should inculcate the lesson—morning, noon, and night—that their children—both sons and daughters—never will be or can be any thing, unless they study before and above all things else to be Supernatural men and women.

They must be that, or they will become worse than pagans.

But let us look into the mirror of a life tried by humiliations and sufferings such as no one of our readers (we may safely predict it) will ever be called on to endure;—and we shall see therein how a brave womanly heart can find courage to be the light and benefactress of a whole country, while that same heart is riven by the most terrible domestic griefs.

### GLORIOUS EXAMPLES OF FIDELITY—THE CHILD-WIFE.

We shall not give the names of the persons or the countries till our glorious tale be told, and the lesson hath sunk deep into the mind of the attentive reader.

A child of thirteen, reared with the most extraordinary care, and responding by every excellence and grace of mind and heart to this most careful culture, our heroine was given in marriage to one much her elder, and who to extraordinary qualities added passions and vices which threatened to make him the scourge of all who depended on him.

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* "The Imitation of Christ," b. iii., c. 50.

In his heart, sullied and wasted by lawless affections, there was no room for any thing like pure and true love for the beautiful, innocent, and artless child which policy had made his wife; nor could an intellect dulled and clouded by unbridled sensuality even begin to understand a soul which was as unconscious of evil in herself or in others as the babe newly born.

So this child-wife was allowed to indulge amid her servants, in the beautiful home to which she had been brought far away from her native country, all her tastes for piety and beneficence under every form,—while her husband spent, during months and years, the leisure which should have been devoted to her in the most scandalous indulgence and the most unworthy companionship.

The light only dawned on the forsaken and outraged one by degrees. Hers was a most loving nature; for a pure love is the deepest of all. But, as she had been reared in childhood under the especial care of a grandfather, whom three kingdoms venerated as a living saint, she had been made to look upon offenses toward the Divine Majesty as the supreme of evils, and the hideousness of sin as a something surpassingly loathsome.

### HOW THE CHILD-WIFE BORE HER TRIAL.

Though the knowledge of her husband's infidelity inflicted a wound so deep that her life was feared for, she never allowed one word of complaint or blame to escape her lips; but she moaned unceasingly over the outrage done to God and the scandal given to the people. She undertook, with the thought of turning away the divine anger from him and from those subject to him, to expiate his guilt by protracted prayer, by austerities which her counselors could not prevail on her to mitigate, and by all manner of alms-deeds and works of mercy.

The hoary sinners who had encouraged or tolerated her husband's early wickedness, at first laughed at the young wife's innocence, simplicity, and evident ignorance of all

moral evil. But they were touched by the greatness of soul which knew not how to utter one word in blame of the guilt that dishonored her home and her husband; and they were awed into veneration and love by the courage which resented so openly the injury done to the Divine honor, and the splendid munificence that sought to make of the poor and the suffering intercessors between her offended God and her offending husband.

## PATIENCE AND SAINTLINESS OF LIFE ALL-POWERFUL TO WIN BACK A HEART.

He, too, was touched by the sweet and uncomplaining sorrow of the injured wife. The sense of wrong had suddenly transformed her, and, in a day, she passed from the guilelessness of the child to the majesty of a woman sensible to her wrongs. Yet, not a word or a look betrayed the terrible grief which was gnawing away her heart's core.

The peerless flower of beauty and spotless purity which had been laid upon his bosom was drooping before his eyes; the atmosphere of evil which surrounded him had blighted its freshness. He was conscience-stricken, and filled with reverence, if not yet with love, for the angelic creature of whom he deemed himself unworthy.

His remorse gave her the hope that his heart was not dead. With the instinct of the true woman and the saint, which she was, she resolved to win that soul to God by patience, and by the irresistible power of prayer and charity. Of winning his love to herself she thought not. Thenceforward no opportunity was lost of doing on every side all the good she could in favor of the sick, the poor, and the erring. The false friends and companions who pandered to her husband's vices and shared in his criminal pleasures, were to her but a portion of the great host of the Evil One leagued together to destroy men's souls and blight all that was fairest on earth: she was fain to enlist all she could under the banners of Goodness, which delighteth not so much in doing good as in making others good. And she was blessed.

### THE ARMIES OF THE POOR AND SICK LIFTING UP THEIR HANDS IN PRAYER.

The hosts of the poor, the suffering, and the reclaimed who daily and nightly lifted up their prayers in union with hers, prevailed with heaven; and heaven's grace, aided by the growing splendor of the young wife's spiritual beauty, at length won the husband's heart. The conquest was, however, only a slow one. The habits of evil had cast roots too deep and too wide into that rich nature to permit them to be plucked up in a day, or to prevent their often cropping out at the surface in spite of the prudent wife's constant though gentle culture, and despite his own generous efforts at thorough amendment. The supernatural wisdom which sanctity bestowed on one so young as she was, taught her a patient husbandry both in eradicating inveterate evil and in waiting for the growth of virtuous fruits. This, she knew, was the law in the natural world around her, and she also knew that a similar law regulated the supernatural life of souls.

### THE HUSBAND'S HEART WON TO GOD AND HIS WIFE.

The day came, ere she had passed out of her early womanhood, when she was blessed with the certainty that her husband's heart was all God's and her own. From that hour her happiness was unspeakable, and her gratitude to the Author of all heavenly gifts showed itself in her increased fervor and joyousness, and in her unmeasured generosity toward the poor. From that hour also her husband lost no opportunity of proving to the world that he had determined to be in God's hand a docile and faithful instrument for every blessed purpose which his own conscience and the wisdom of his wife might counsel.

Of all the men who ever wielded power in that ancient Catholic land, none achieved what he and his angel-wife thenceforward planned and accomplished. He died with

the title of "Father of his Country," given to him by the gratitude of his contemporaries and confirmed by the admiration of after-ages. And she, his savior, his better self, the prompter of every heroic and patriotic enterprise? She needed not to be called the mother of her country; she became its patron-saint and protectress, and the memory of her perfect life still helps to keep alive the light of faith and the flame of charity among the sad ruins of national greatness.

## THE WIFE'S HEART TRIED BY CALUMNY.

Sorely tried as had been the fidelity of that young heart, it was not spared,—even when happier days had begun to dawn for her,—the most cruel pain that a faithful and sorely tried wife can endure. She was calumniated by her servants, and rashly suspected by her husband, but too prone to see the motives and actions of others in the light of his own guilty conscience. One most painful trial, in particular, is recorded by historians. A page,—perhaps a relative, or the young son of some most noble family, who had commended himself to his mistress by uncommon piety and tenderness toward the sick and poor,—was frequently employed on errands of mercy. This excited the envy or the malignity of some of his companions, men accustomed, in all likelihood, to serve their master's worst vices, and who felt themselves ill at ease in the chaste atmosphere that surrounded his lady.

## THE CALUMNIATOR MIRACULOUSLY PUNISHED.

However the calumny was insinuated, it was but too readily believed, and the instant death of the supposed culprit was resolved upon. It was an age of violence,—when might made law. But Providence interfered to save the innocent and punish the guilty. The calumniator perished by the hand of the assassin, and through the very device invented to take the life of his victim. The hand of

God was visible. Other and more touching instances of miraculous interposition are also recorded of the long period of heart-trial through which the young wife had to pass. One and the same truth shines forth from all: she had placed her trust in God, and God is bound not to deceive those who trust in him.

### THE MORAL CONCLUSION.

And thus we come back to the moral purpose of our illustration. Let the wife whose eyes rest on these words, if Providence should ever permit her soul to be thus tried in the furnace, take well to heart these other words from the divine book already quoted:

### A DIVINE PRAYER.

"Without Thy counsel and providence, and without cause, nothing happeneth on earth. *It is good for me, O Lord, that thou hast humbled me; that I may learn thy justifications* (Ps. cxviii. 71); that I may cast away all pride of heart and presumption. It is for my profit that shame hath covered my face, that I may take Thee for my consoler rather than men. . . . There is not one among all who are beneath the heavens that is able to console me but thyself, O Lord God, the heavenly physician of souls, who strikest and healest, 'who bringest down to Hell and leadest back again.' *Thy discipline is upon me, and thy rod itself shall instruct me* (Ps. xvii. 36). . . .

"Behold, O beloved Father, I am in thy hands; I bow myself down under the rod of thy correction. . . . Myself and all that are mine I commit to thee for chastening; it is better to be chastised here than hereafter. . . . Grant me, O Lord, to know what I ought to know; to love what I ought to love; to praise that which is most pleasing to thee, to esteem that highly which to thee is precious; and to reject and despise what thou deemest vile and worthless." *

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* "Imitation of Christ," iii., c. 1.

Such sentiments as these are like the fragrant air of the heavenly hills to one who has just passed through the valley of the shadow of death, like the sudden brightness and warmth of sunlight to one long imprisoned amid the snows and darkness of an arctic region. But He, who guided the pen and warmed the heart of the man who wrote them, will know, when you come to him in your sore need, how to whisper far sweeter words than man can write,—for he made the heart, and knoweth where lie the springs of its weakness as well as of its power.

### LOVE TRIED IN THE FLAME.

But if glowing words from the well-tried heart of the sweetest of Catholic singers in our tongue have virtue to warm and comfort, then read:

"Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light:
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

. . . . . .

"I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!" *

### THE VANITY WHICH LEADS TO DISHONOR.

Would it not be a most ungracious act to darken these pages with a description, though never so brief and lightly shaded, of the home, whether of rich or poor, ruined or

* Adelaide Anne Procter, "Legends and Lyrics."

made desolate by infidelity? Better far, so our readers will think with us, to paint the heroic constancy and preternatural joys of the faithful wife,—faithful even while "the hungry fire with its caverns of burning light" was trying and searching every corner of her heart.

Only let a priestly hand add, before concluding this most important chapter; a brief warning and as brief an exhortation.

If it be most true, and the voice of experience attests that it is, that the danger for the womanly heart tried to its utmost by marital unworthiness, lies in the need of sympathy; so, in happy homes, where there exists perfect love and neither unsuitability nor disappointment, ruin comes from vanity and from the appetite for display and enjoyment.

## THE HOME-PLEASURES WHICH ARE A SAFEGUARD TO HONOR.

Against this vanity there is no remedy, apart always from the grace of the sacraments and these aids which God may vouchsafe to some souls; there is no remedy, we say, but in a wife's never seeking to please any other eye than that of her husband, or valuing any praise on dress, personal appearance, and accomplishment of any kind, but what falls from his dear lips, or caring for any amusement that is not shared by him, or in wishing to have any theater for the display of any gift natural or acquired, how transcendent soever, save the bosom of one's own family.

We have heard of women, most gifted and most accomplished, who, blessed with a large family, and burdened with the care of a numerous household, made it a point of conscience to dress every day of their lives, even in extreme old age, with the greatest care, in order to please their husbands, and give them thereby an outward proof of undiminished love; and to please their children, by ever setting them an example worthy of imitation. With these admirable wives and mothers it had been a life-long study how

to make their own gifts and accomplishments contribute daily to the delight of the family circle. Intellectual and artistic culture, music and song, and the charming illusions of private dramatic entertainments, all was made to serve the one great purpose of rendering home the sweetest, brightest, dearest spot of earth.

## THE LOVE OF DISPLAY WHICH KNOWS NOT PERIL.

One need not fear to display to the utmost within the home sanctuary and for the delights of one's own dearest, every best gift of God; the praise which comes from these dear lips is not that which intoxicates dangerously; the vanity which such praise may create is not that which is to be dreaded by mother or by daughter; and the delicious satisfaction enjoyed both by the delight a wife and mother gives, and by that which she receives in return, is not one which the good angels may look on with displeasure.

On the contrary, the love of praise and display, which is so common and so natural in a certain measure, will find its lawful and most healthful satisfaction in these home-pleasures and celebrations; in these lie the antidote or preservative against the vanity fraught with peril.

Home-life, home-pleasures, home-virtues, in this respect, as in so many others, are the great means Providence employs, and religion counsels, to prevent or to counteract the tendencies toward finding one's only or chief distractions and enjoyments outside of home and the family circle. There are men who only sleep at home, and spend the remainder of their time outside of it. They cannot be said to have a home, or to have any conception of what a home is or could be. If they are blessed with wives able and anxious to make their homes a paradise for them, what shall we say of their folly or their guilt? And who will pity them, if the home thus forsaken and absolutely neglected by its appointed guardian should become a prey to the Tempter?

But of the women who only make their homes a brief breathing or resting-place in their unbroken and eternal

round of vanity and dissipation, we need only say what every body sees,—that the curse is upon them, and that shame is ever flitting round their homes,—like these legendary evil spirits that haunt the precincts of families doomed to perdition.

To the nobility of true womanly natures we need not recommend to be watchful over the sanctity of the homes in which they are the priestesses of the family religion, the jealous guardians and loving teachers of the Ancestral Faith, and the custodians of that treasure,—dearer and more precious to every home where God is feared and men's good opinion is valued than royal power or fabulous wealth,—the peerless jewel, Honor.

### HONOR, THE TREE OF LIFE OF THE HOME PARADISE.

When our first parents were thrust forth from Paradise, they might have seen, as they turned to have one last look at what they had lost forever,—cherubim set there to guard its entrance, "and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." To you, O faithful women, who read this, be this truth welcome: Your Paradise is your home, the tree of life is your honor, and from beneath its shade, from the sweet and safe center of your bliss you can look to the gate of your Eden, and see with the eyes of faith, as certainly as you see your own right hand, God's angels set to guard your home, and the "flaming sword, turning every way" to defend you and yours from evil.

So, when evil, overleaping the walls of your sanctuary, would threaten to desecrate its holiness and steal away its priceless treasures, remember the noble rebuke of the Spanish maiden to the invaders of her father's home: "Do you know where you are? Do you know that this is the house of a man rich in virtue? . . . The house of my father is the center of loyalty and the sanctuary of honor!"

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE MOTHER.

When at some holy festival or eve the church at nightfall begins to be filled with confused steps and lighted tapers ; when, amidst the chant of men and children and women, a figure can be distinguished among all these, in a far recess, half obscured, having grouped around her near the sombre wall four young heads, on which she casts at times a look more sweet than solemn,—oh ! whoever you may be, bless her ! It is she—the sister, visible to the eyes of my immortal soul : my pride, my hope, my shelter ; the joy of my young years : the hoped-for treasure of my age ;—it is she—the wife who has no joy but my happiness ; who, if my children or myself ever seem to totter on the brink, without a severe word or a reproachful look supports them with the hand, and me with the heart ; she to whom I have said always, and who has said to me : "THROUGH ALL !" It is she, in a word, a flower of beauty, which goodness has perfumed : the flower is of earth, and the fragrancy of Heaven.—*Quoted by* DIGBY in *Compitum.*

THE above poetic picture presents the true woman in the twofold aspect of wife and mother,—young still and in the active discharge of her duties as such,—and hence this quotation serves as an apt transition to the all-important subject which now solicits our deepest interest. The faithful love which clings to husband, home, and honor, "through all," through the storm, the flame, and the sea of bitterness, will not be apt to omit one sweet duty of motherhood. Even when all her womanly virtues are powerless to exorcise the demon of evil from her household, there remains to her, in the discharge of her maternal office, an unfailing source of deepest consolation as well as of merit before God and man.

And here it is, most especially, that it behooves woman to be supernatural, so that the result of her motherly labors shall be to make of her dear ones men and women truly deserving the name of children of God.

## MEANING OF THE TERM "SUPERNATURAL," AS APPLIED HERE.

When the word supernatural is used, the entire non-Catholic world, as well as a great many Catholics—even educated Catholics—are but too apt to entirely misapprehend its meaning. There is in the modern mind, particularly where the masses are not Catholic, a disposition to look upon whatever is supernatural as contrary to nature, and therefore absurd, or as miraculous, and therefore outside of the common laws of action and beyond our ordinary reach.

There is a general tendency to reject the supernatural order altogether, and to admit nothing as existing or possible but what is strictly in accordance with nature.

This is not the place for a philosophical or theological disquisition. But every mother will be glad to find here clear and simple notions enabling her to seize at a glance what the supernatural order is, and so to convey the light in her own mind to that of her children all through her training.

Looking upon the human race as one great family composed of the descendants of the one father and the one mother, and considering them in their relation to God's government over them in this life and the life to come,—we conceive that He who created them, could reward them after death in accordance with their degree of fidelity to the law of nature written equally on the heart of the savage and on that of the civilized man. This would be the "natural order" in which God would impose upon men no duties beyond those of love, obedience, reverence and worship to Himself,—of the reciprocal obligations and duties which bind together husband and wife, parents and children,—family to family, and toward the authorities lawfully acknowledged in civil society. The virtues of truthfulness, honor, honesty, and of the gen-

eral brotherly charity which should make every man look upon all other men as his brothers,—the reverence for justice in all one's dealings,—and so many other virtues that need not be named, belong to the "natural order," and are, inseparable from man's condition under God's providence.

But the supernatural order, without doing away with a single one of these natural virtues, obligations, duties, and charities, considers man as belonging to a higher condition, to which, with all his natural powers and virtues and duties, he has been raised by the gratuitous love of his Creator. Man never could, in any supposition, have been created without being bound to his Maker by service in this life, by charity and justice toward his fellow-men, and by the retribution of the immortality following after such service and fellowship. But God was not content to leave man in this essential condition of mere natural service, fellowship, and charity;—He raised him to the rank of His own adopted child, imparted to his mind a distinct knowledge of this glorious destiny, to his heart sentiments and energies enabling him to live up to it, added to man's natural duties, obligations, and virtues, new aims, new obligations, a higher charity,—a new ideal of goodness and greatness, and generosity, all looking forward to an eternal fellowship with God in his own inner life in the world to come.

Thus the supernatural order is that in which God stands in the relation of Father to us, in which we hold the rank of his real adopted children, with all the sentiments, obligations, rights, honors, and graces attendant on this sublime elevation, all tending to the possession of that glory of the life to come,—the beatific vision, the seeing God face to face, the being taken into society with the Three Infinite Persons of the Godhead, and into fellow-citizenship with his angels.

This adoption, this divine rank, these graces given in this life to mind and heart, and this unspeakably glorious and blissful fellowship of eternity, is a something so far above nature, so undue to it, so entirely beyond its requirements and capacities, that it is deservedly called "supernatural," that is—above and beyond nature.

## HOW THE CHILD MUST BE MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE SUPERNATURAL ORDER.

To inculcate on her children, as soon as their reason begins to dawn, that God is not only their Maker as he is that of the heavens above them and the earth around them, but also to them a true Father, who cares for them and gives them a right to the most magnificent of all inheritances, must be one of the Christian mother's early cares. Her own sense of piety, her womanly wit and instinctive knowledge of child-nature will teach her the best methods to be employed in order to let in by degrees, and one after the other, the beautiful and divine realities of the supernatural order,—of that kingdom of God, whose sovereign is true Father to us,—of that glorious world in which Christ and his Blessed Mother are central figures.

There are few households so poor but they can afford to have one or two sweet prints representing the mysteries of our Lord's infancy and childhood, as well as a handsome crucifix, or, at least, a good print of the crucifixion. It is well to reject the abominable daubs published in our large cities and "misrepresenting" every subject they profess to set before the devout mind. The sweet pictures of the Blessed Mother and her Babe by Luini, or Fra Bartolomeo, and Crucifixions by such religious painters as Velasquez, cannot fail to produce a powerful impression. There are good engravings of them, for which it would be well to pay a little more;—good chromos, like those published in London by the Arundel Society, are, unfortunately, beyond the reach of poor families. Would that we had both in city and country parishes some sodality interested in seeing that the homes of the laboring classes were provided with such objects of religious art as would inspire reverence and piety in the beholder. Nor must mothers forget to have a little statue or a print of the Angel Guardian; he is a friend to be known and loved early.

It must be the part of the judicious mother to explain in

due time to her little ones, when they are able to inquire about that heavenly Woman and her Babe, what relation they both bear to us. Some mothers, we know, have in their nurseries "The Flight into Egypt" or the "Adoration of the Magi," subjects which will naturally oblige the children to inquire about the birth of the Divine Babe, and the whole story of his birth.

When, precisely, parents can draw the affection of the child-mind to the story of the Passion, and the Crucifix, they alone can determine. Some are averse to doing so before children are a little more advanced in years. Certain it is that they should be made acquainted with the sufferings of our Divine Benefactor before they emerge from childhood. This point of time being left to the judgment of mothers, let us be firmly convinced that of all the vehicles of supernatural instruction and solid piety there is no one more efficacious than

## THE CRUCIFIX.

The Crucifix in Catholic households is not only the most eloquent and instructive of books for youth and old age; but it can also be made to speak divinely to the sense of childhood. Children are all athirst for knowledge once they begin to speak and to be capable of instruction by word of mouth. Their mind and imagination are forcibly impressed by the figure of the Man of Sorrows nailed to the bitter tree. They are quick to seize the reverence, the love, the worship with which a mother or a nurse looks upon this pregnant story of Love Crucified. Who is He? What brought Him there? What He is to us; what we owe Him, hope, and fear from Him, are lessons which a child may soon learn,—for they are questions which arise in his own mind, and to which he is impelled to seek an answer by a Prompter within him.

For Christian mothers should not forget that in the infant soul dwells the Divine Spirit, communicated in baptism, and never expelled thence save by voluntary mortal

sin. In the soul of every mother, too, who is in a state of grace, dwells the same Divine Instructor, prompting her to do her duty by her child, and pledged to aid her in her work.

### THE DIVINE SPIRIT'S SHARE IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

Surely it must be a consolation and an encouragement to the mother to know that in this laborious but sweet work of forming each mind and heart under her care, she is doing God's own most blessed work, in which she has a right to count on his most effective and continual co-operation.

In imparting instruction, in forming the minds and hearts of her dear ones, the mother only does one part of God's work; He takes on himself to do the other and the most important part. This she must rely on with undoubting certainty; but this, unhappily, is what so many Christian mothers never think of.

Let them,—such, at least, as are desirous of profiting by the directions here given,—only look at the work of the husbandman. He clears away the ground in which he purposes to grow his crop; plows it, prepares and examines his seed, casts it in the furrows, and covers it over. The rest is the work of all-bountiful nature,—of Him, rather, who is the all-wise and provident author of nature. He gives the warmth, the rain, and the dew. His hand unfolds the rich germ in the soil, till it grows up and fructifies and ripens for the harvest.

So is it with your culture, O mothers: the precious seeds of truth which you cast into the minds of your children, just when the spring-tide of their souls begins to dawn, are far more the care of God than the crops of the husbandman,—dear as these surely are to His fatherly providence. Fear not then but his Holy Spirit dwelling in the dear souls you are cultivating, will shed on the germs you deposit the warmth of his sunlight, the late and the early rain. Do your best,—and trust to the Divine Husbandman for the certain increase and the rich harvest in his own good season.

### THE CROSS IS THE ALPHABET OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

The all-important thing for you is, that, above and before all things, your children should understand that they are "children of God," that Christ is their Elder Brother, who has purchased them with his blood the right to co-heirship with him. The mystery of the Cross and the Crucified, once understood by them, will be a central light in which they can read all history before and after his death.

It is impossible for children to get a true knowledge of that great love, without feeling their hearts overflowing with love for Him, as well as for that dear Mother who stood in sorrow beneath the tree on which her adored One hung in the death agony. Friendships formed in childhood, in the lovely years of innocence and youth, are friendships that last forever. Make your dear ones love that Friend well,—and He will take care that no lapse of time or change of mind and heart, that no perversity of men, or experience of false-heartedness through life, shall disturb the image of that august and early affection in the soul's inmost sanctuary.

Make the Crucified and the Mother of Sorrows the first friends of every child of yours; and fear not but they will befriend them in life and death.

What has just been said will suggest how a true mother's teaching and formation may be supernatural in all other respects. Particular stress has been laid here on early devotion to our crucified Lord, both because it is the foundation of all the rest, and because in our eagerness to read all the trash daily poured forth by the modern press, we seem not to bestow one thought on that Book of books—the Crucifix.

### EARLY LOVE OF CHILDREN FOR THE CRUCIFIED.

Even Catholics, nowadays, read with astonishment or half-incredulity what is related of the early love for our dear Lord and his Blessed Mother of St. Stanislas, St. Aloysius, St. Rose of Lima, or St. Teresa and her little brother Ro-

drigo,—without mentioning instances taken from the writers of the middle ages. Children, almost before the ordinary dawn of reason, become enamored of Him whose unspeakable love is sculptured in such divine characters in that ever open and most simple book of the Crucifix. A sacred thirst of voluntary suffering takes such possession of their souls that they long to suffer martyrdom,—as we read of Teresa and her favorite brother. St. Francis Borgia, when quite a child lost his mother, the Princess Joanna, of Aragon; but her teaching and example had so familiarized the child with the supernatural love of suffering, that, after her death, he could not be prevented from fasting for her and inflicting pain on himself.

There can be no mystery, no cause for wonder in this when we remember that the domestic piety of our fathers was grounded on an intimate knowledge of our Lord and his mysteries. The birth in the stable, the sudden flight across the wilderness to Egypt, the hidden and laborious life at Nazareth, and, above all, the history of his passion, were to childhood itself living realities,—so was the divine story with all its impressive circumstances brought home to them by what they heard and what they saw! They could not enter one of the beautiful churches of olden time, without finding these scenes of suffering appealing to their young souls from the sculptured doors and porticoes outside and from the painted walls and windows within;—while in that great book of the Lamb,—such as every Christian church aimed at being,—they saw, grouped around Christ and his Mother the apostles and saints who had most closely imitated them by their suffering life and death.

Faith was the very principle and breath of life in the old Catholic homes,—and the great central mystery of faith, the Crucifixion, and its memorial sacrifice, the Eucharist and the Mass, were to the youngest children, as to their parents, teachings brought home to mind and heart, not for mere sterile admiration, but for practical gratitude and imitation.

From this living spring of faith in the young heart flowed the piety which gave a color to the entire after-life. And to this we beg the earnest attention of the mothers who read our pages. With this supernatural tendency imparted to thoughts and aims and actions from the very beginning of childhood, the fundamental natural virtues which we shall enumerate further on are sure to be practiced with the supernatural view of pleasing the Divine Master and Model.

## OTHER QUALITIES IN THE MOTHER'S CHARACTER AND GOVERNMENT.

This supernatural spirit animating both a mother's life and her teaching, will only be successful in its purpose and labors when she shows herself careful to cultivate the qualities without which piety would be barren or be mistaken for unreasoning superstition or absurd inconsistency.

Every mother must be consistent in her maxims and rules of government. Let her, in her moments of leisure and solitude, weigh well what rules she is to lay down for her children,—so that in her government of them she may not be exposed to either promulgate a law rashly and then have to withdraw it, or to contradict at night what she has said in the morning with all seriousness, or to undo to-morrow what she is doing to-day.

Children,—very young children especially,—are exceedingly serious-minded. They mean exactly what they say,—and they think, of course, that their elders, superiors, and, above all, their parents, mean what they say. You shake their confidence in you when they discover—which they do with amazing quickness—that you did not mean what you said. This discovery is most fatal in another respect;—it lays the foundation for the child's untruthfulness.

Perfect truthfulness is not only truth in our words when they are the exact expression of our knowledge and meaning, giving to our hearers a perfect picture of our mind; it

is also consistency in our actions when these are in literal conformity with our professions and our promises. A child's mind is perfectly and pitilessly logical; its open, candid, watchful eye has the virtue of Ithuriel's spear to unmask falsehood and deception. And, as children are imitative, naturally disposed to copy the example of their parents, if they find these untruthful, or equivocating, or artful,—they will acquire their vices as speedily as they would their virtues.

Hence a mother must be cautious and deliberate,

### CONSISTENT AND TRUTHFUL.

It is on this latter quality alone that we insist here. The whole career of a child, its fortune or misfortune, its honor, happiness, misery, or disgrace,—all will depend largely, perhaps mainly, perhaps altogether, on this one great moral virtue of *Truthfulness.*

It is absolutely necessary to this (ordinarily speaking), that a mother should never, in any one instance, be known to utter an untruth. Hence the horror which she ought to have herself of every species of falsehood, if she would inspire her dear ones with a like horror, and fill them with a sincere love of the truth.

We know, at this moment, a man placed at the head of one of the most flourishing and widely-trusted establishments in America, who owes his rise from the most extreme poverty to his present eminent position to the strict love of truth inculcated by his mother,—a poor washerwoman. As virtues, like vices, always travel in companies,—the boy's truthfulness was only one of the many noble qualities which adorned him from childhood upward. His open, ingenuous, handsome face, when attending Sunday-school and preparing for his first communion, struck the priest who taught him. His threadbare and patched, but strictly neat garments, told their own tale of home-struggles and of a poor mother's careful training. His compa-

nions all respected him, although by no means the eldest among them. A visit to the mother's home, where an asthmatic husband and four young children, beside our little hero, depended on her labor, enlisted in their favor the sympathies of the Christian Doctrine Society attached to the parish church. The family were provided with work which both parents could attend to at home,—for the mother's anger was roused at the very thought of aid from charity. The oldest, after his first communion, was sent to an excellent commercial school, where he soon outstripped all his companions, but won the esteem of all by his manliness and inflexible truthfulness and honesty.

From an humble position as errand-boy in a merchant's office he became clerk, and rose steadily in the confidence of his employer till he became his partner and right-hand man. During all this time every penny he earned was brought to his mother, every hour he could spare from business was spent with her and the family. She rose with him to comfort and then to affluence, and to this day he will have it said, although surrounded by a large family of his own, "that he is living with his mother." Her daughter-in-law has long learned to revere the true nobility of soul of the modest, quiet, unassuming little woman, who, at the age of seventy, is still, without seeming to be so, the teacher and idol of her grandchildren, no one of whom has ever been known to tell an untruth.

## THE TRUE MOTHER MUST BE JUST, KIND, AND GENTLE.

A quality akin to this sterling quality of truthfulness, is justice in the mother. Not only must she never exaggerate the faults or imperfections of her children, but she must also impress them with the conviction that she is absolutely impartial, never preferring one to the other,—at least she must so control herself that neither by word or action must she manifest any unjust preference, or, indeed, any preference at all.

There is only one kind of preference tolerated in families,

and that is in favor of the suffering or infirm. It will be the duty of the good mother to teach herself and every one of her dear ones to lavish on the sick, the suffering, the infirm, their most constant, affectionate, and delicate attentions. This is one of the "true charities" of home-life.

But what is destructive of all the "home charities," of peace and concord and happiness in every home cursed with such preferences, are the unenviable beings known as "Father's Pet" and "Mother's Pet."

### JUSTICE IN REWARDING AND PUNISHING.

Let the mother be also just in rewarding and punishing, as well as kind and gentle when she has to reprove and correct. It is wonderful how some women can magnetize children, command their attention and submission, make them listen, obey, work, and do most willingly things apparently the most opposite to their inclinations.

We have seen a room full of children in the wildest uproar, defying the authority and combined efforts of mother and nursery-maids, hushed suddenly into silence, order, and quiet work, by the appearance of "Grandmama,"—the very rustle of her garments seeming to quell the noise, while the bright, pleasant look, and a few words in a subdued tone, would still the tempest as if by some magic spell.

What is the spell? Firmness, gentleness, kindness,—all combining to form that wonderful thing in man or woman which we call AUTHORITY. We do not mean, of course, thereby authority of place or office,—but that authority which attaches to "character." And into this character —so irresistible in governing children or grown-up people, a household, a nursery, a school-room, or a multitude—the above qualities must enter. Add another,—self-control,—and you have a perfect mother and mistress of a household.

### SELF-CONTROL—HOW INDISPENSABLE.

We do not mean by this term that social self-possession or that perfect command of the muscles of one's countenance

which our savages have learned to perfection. The self-control which is here recommended is only one degree,—and that an inferior one,—of the Christian virtue of meekness beatified by our Lord. It is the result, in persons naturally hot-tempered and passionate, of habitual victory over self and of habitual watchfulness to secure the fruits of victory. This victory must be impressed on the tender minds of youth as most meritorious in the sight of God,—as one of the many characteristics which make the Christian man or woman most like to Christ himself.

But it will be in vain for a mother to preach it to her children if she is not herself in possession of it. Besides,—and this is the important point,—no mother ever yet controlled her children, or taught them successfully the practice of self-control, who did not know how to control herself; no mistress of a household ever governed children and servants, so as to maintain order, discipline, obedience, and industry,—who did not show that she could govern her own words and temper,—who was not perfect mistress in the house of her own soul.

It is God's will and wish that every mother should study this self-control, which is only the outward manifestation of that meekness and gentleness of spirit, so lovely in the sight of God and angels. Ay, and most lovely is it also in the sight of men, in the estimation, particularly, of children and servants, and all persons dependent on us. And most blessed is it, as well as the source of manifold blessedness to all around us!

Children and servants never ought to see their mother and mistress angry, or with the slightest sign of anger or impatience. We once heard servants at the death of an honored master affirm, with tears in their eyes, that they had never heard from his lips an angry or a loud word. This was also the unanimous testimony of his children. But on this admirable parent and master, what was the influence of his wife? He was by nature hot and fiery, proud and imperious and resentful. And so was by native disposition his young wife, whom he wedded while yet in

her teens. But she had been trained in a model home, and by the hand of a mother to whom gentleness was the fruit of many an early struggle with self.

The young wife, all enthusiasm and fire in her own disposition, was yet so gentle in her every word and act, so thoroughly devoted to her husband, that she soon made him as gentle as herself; and after a union of more than thirty years, when death separated them, it was attested by servants, relatives, and acquaintances,—by the numberless visitors who loved to partake of the hospitalities of that home,—that not one angry word was ever heard from parents to children, or from one child to another.

This was the fruit of self-control,—the blessing bestowed on gentleness and meekness.

### GENTLENESS NEED NOT BE WEAKNESS.

There is a natural softness which is often mistaken for the gentleness we have been describing. The former is the flexibility of lead, which permits itself to be bent in any direction you please; the latter is the elasticity of steel which has passed again and again through the furnace, and has been beaten beneath the hammer till it unites a proper degree of flexibility with its well-known firmness.

There are weak persons who persuade themselves that firmness consists in unbending stiffness, in a cold, harsh, cruel inflexibility, which never knows how to yield. But this is not what we mean, when we say that the mother ought in her dealings with her children, in admonishing, correcting, or punishing them, to be at once firm and gentle.

We shall never forget the passionate tears of a young mother, when she detected her boy in a first falsehood. "Oh! my child, what have you done?" she gasped out, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. "Told me a lie! And don't you know I *must* punish you?" The punishment was inflicted by the gentle-hearted mother, who wept the while; and it was firmly and severely administered.

And then the boy, worthy of such a mother, seeing her inconsolable, flew to her arms, forgetful of his own pain, to weep on her neck, as he said: "Oh, mama, I am only sorry I pained you! Don't cry, dear mama, and I promise never to do so again." And the promise was kept.

## NEVER CORRECT OR PUNISH IN A PASSION.

One golden rule should be ever kept in mind by mothers,—indeed by all persons charged with the training or correction of others,—never to administer reproof, correction, or punishment when under the influence of passion or emotion.

If you would not lose the respect of your children, your authority and influence over them,—wait till you are perfectly calm to speak to them or to chastise them. Of course, the heartfelt grief of the young mother just mentioned went still further, and made a far deeper impression on her child.

## WIN THE HEARTS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

It is a capital mistake made by parents,—and a fatal mistake, when one looks at its dreadful consequences,—to think that they can rely on the natural affection which their children bear them, and thus make no effort and use no industry to win their love.

To be sure, nature has laid up in the heart of the child a deep store of affection, gratitude, and reverence for the dear authors of its earthly being. And it may take many years of neglect, or harshness, or even downright cruelty, to exhaust that store, to kill that deep and strong root of filial love in the soul. But experience daily shows that the store is not exhaustless, and that the most robust root of love and reverence can be killed.

There are mothers to whom their children are a burden, who bestow on them only a few rare moments of the time they devote to vanity or dissipation, who grudge them the few crumbs of affection with which they fondly imagine

they can feed the hungry hearts of their babes, who leave the little unfortunates to the chance tenderness of strangers; and yet these mothers will expect love from their grown-up sons and daughters! These are unnatural mothers, however, who are a curse to their children, and to whom, in turn, by an inevitable retribution, their children will prove a curse. It is not with them we are concerned: they will not be taught or reformed; so, they will go down the steep and slippery slope on which the heartless move to perdition! We are addressing ourselves to parents who think they love their offspring, or who do really love them, but who err most fatally in their way of showing it, and who may be still open to instruction.

There are parents,—all too numerous in every class of society,—who never seem to think that they need gentleness, kindness, loving words and ways, in dealing with children. It is not only fathers among the laboring and hardworked classes, who usually address both girls and boys with loud and angry words, with a curse, or an oath, or a vile epithet, or a blow; this is but two frequently the treatment which mothers have recourse to.

Can such unchristian parents expect either affection or reverence from these boys and girls, even before they have grown up to manhood and womanhood? We touch here upon one of the inveterate sores of domestic education among our laboring population, and would fain say more on the visible fruits of such training. But, for the present at least, we must content us with sketching the portrait of a motherly love indefatigable in its endeavors and admirable in its methods of securing and increasing continually the grateful love of children.

Of the importance and necessity of binding her children to herself by the ties of the strongest affection, surely every true mother must be convinced. Not only her own happiness through life, but the temporal and eternal welfare of her children, depends chiefly, generally, not to say almost universally, on the influence which a noble mother can wield

over the mind and heart and the whole conduct of her dear ones. And there is not one woman who reads this page, but can and ought to be such a noble mother!

It is her duty and her interest. But how is this to be done? Women can teach themselves these methods far better than any man can teach them. They know how contagious love is,—how resistless it is where it is ardently and constantly shown to those who may and ought to return it. The wisest and strongest are made foolish and weak by the show of a sincere, ardent, but unlawful affection. But, where God commands us to love, and to love tenderly, constantly, and unweariedly, and where—as we have seen above—He co-operates with us in our labor of love, how can we not make sure of a certain and a rich return? Your love, O mothers, is as natural, as necessary, to the life of your children's souls, and to the health of their lives, as the sun's light and warmth are to the growth of the grass on the meadow or to the ripening of the corn in the field. And your children are as certain to grow and ripen in perfect and lasting love for you,—the dearest and best objects ever given man to love,—as the grass and the corn to prosper in the sunlight and the warm air.

You have flowers in your garden, in your greenhouse, or in your room. There are among them some favorites which you wish no hand but your own to tend. You have studied their nature, their habits, what can help them or what can hurt and kill them. You know the kind of soil which suits them, and the quantity of moisture and warmth each needs. There is a sort of love in the care which one bestows on beautiful plants and flowers. And to this care, this intelligent and loving culture, these beautiful creatures respond by healthful growth and a more brilliant bloom.

Would that many mothers would bestow on cultivating the hearts of their dear ones the care, the study, the intelligence, the tenderness,—we had almost said the love,—which they devoted to the favorites of greenhouse or garden! A mother's loving eye is, daily and hourly, more to the growth and health of the noblest affections in the dear

souls committed to her, than the great sun in the heavens is to the life of forest or field; her sweet words of praise, of encouragement, of correction, descend, like the rain and the dew, into the inmost sources of life in the heart, stirring up therein and fostering into bloom the germs of every manly virtue and noble womanly affection. See how each tree in the great virgin forest will send its trunk straight upward toward the sunlight and the warmth, and how its branches stretch upward toward the sky to catch the raindrops by day and the dews of night!

Are you not, in the midst of your dear ones, the sunlight and warmth of their home and their souls? And do not these souls continually open their bosoms and reach out to you with unceasing hunger and thirst for the rain of your instruction and the cool, refreshing dew of your love? Why are you so sparing of what does not impoverish you, and what is sure to bring you a harvest of immortal gratitude and happiness?

But, leave we to the next chapter the many other most interesting things which yet remain to be said about the mother's duties, as well as the magnificent examples which illustrate woman's husbandry in cultivating the souls of her children.

# CHAPTER X.

## THE MOTHER'S OFFICE TOWARD CHILDHOOD.

Oh! the joy
Of young ideas, painted upon the mind
In the warm glowing colors fancy spreads
On objects not yet known; when all is new
And all is lovely: he looks around, and lo!
As if returned to Eden bowers, every thing
Is very good.

You know the manners of boys, the characteristics of children—that these are innocence, simplicity, purity, truth, and humility. They have no passion they need blush for, no ambition, no care for riches, no anxious solicitudes, neither malice, nor fraud, nor suspicion, nor hatred. . . . All is pure, so that the very word boy, or *puer* (in Latin), is derived from purity. O happy state of boys! O golden age of children! Add intelligence, and what will be wanting to make them angels? For in both are the same beauty, the same countenance, the same native joyousness. O how often, when I see them passing by, do I wish that they might grow in intelligence and not in stature! Truly it would be good for them to continue thus until Christ shall come.—ST. THOMAS VILLANOVA.

ASSUREDLY if Christian mothers make it the chief purpose of their life to be supernatural in their own interior, and in all their motives, actions, and methods,—they will only have to labor with the divine assistance, "to add intelligence" to all the treasures of mind and heart bestowed upon their babes by nature, increased and hallowed in such a wondrous way by Baptism,—and nothing "will be wanting to make them angels." Nay, if they cultivate in them the "gifts of the Holy Ghost," bestowed in an inferior degree in Baptism and in their fullness in Confirmation, they will grow in that understanding which is all divine in its objects

and the light it pours on all things, without ceasing to grow "in stature." Such mothers, by the careful and loving culture of the pure souls confided to them, will omit nothing that is "wanting to make them angels;" and as the result of such training many will continue angels "until Christ shall come."

We have some of these angelic men and women before our mind's eye now,—watched over in childhood, as if they were incarnate spirits intrusted to the mother's care, to be trained in all the perfection of manhood and womanhood while preserving all the glorious characteristics of their angel-nature; they grew up in the spiritual beauty and spotless innocence of their baptism, unfolding in mind and heart these priceless "gifts" of the Holy Spirit, just as they developed all the exterior graces and loveliness of their human character; and so they continued till Christ came to summon them away,—all too early, the world thought,—from the society which so much needed the light of their examples.

## THE DIVINE REALITY IN CHILDHOOD.

Once more, let us see in the baptized babe of the Christian mother what God sees in it: let the same sublime conception of the child's position and destinies which is in the Divine Mind be also in the mind of the parent. Just as a savage, ignorant of the value of gems or the precious metals, will prefer brilliant-colored glass beads to the diamonds of Brazil, the emeralds of New Grenada, or the pearls of Coromandel, even so will it be with the mother who forgets or ignores what is the divine destiny of her babe, what price Christ has paid on the cross to lift it up to his own level, and what capacities are in that young soul for the most godlike virtues and goodness.

In the child brought back from the baptismal font to the mother's arms, there is the human being with the fallen nature inherited from Adam, but redeemed and restored in Christ, and there is also the godlike being created anew in

baptism in the likeness of its Divine Parent. In spite of the sacrament of the second birth and the grace of elevation with all its attendant gifts and aids,—there remains in the child the wound left by the primeval transgression : our inclinations are downward, and they have to be resisted, to be overcome, mortified and deadened, if we would rise to the glorious heights of Christian heroism and godliness, which belong to the angelic and heavenly nature we have put on in Christ.

Thus, the mother has to watch over the manifestation of the evil dispositions which early peep out in the child, and tend to drag it down, because they are the inclinations of flesh and blood, and are of earth, earthly. These have to be combated, counteracted, immediately and unceasingly, from their first appearance in infancy and childhood, if the mother would not see them shoot up in boyhood and girlhood, overtopping and choking the growth of every supernatural, or even natural, virtue.

It would be a fatal neglect,—one, in all likelihood, irreparable,—to allow the babe to have its own way in every thing. Wise mothers are careful to check the temper of their youngest infants, and they do succeed in making them acquire even then habits which ever after grow with their growth.

Even pagans looked upon the soul of the child as a something so mysterious, so deep, and so holy,—as if a divine being tenanted the little helpless body,—that they would have their babes treated with infinite reverence. We Christians know clearly what mighty spirit dwells within that regenerated soul; and we may divine somewhat of the workings and promptings of the Paraclete in His living tabernacle. Who of us, who has roamed in boyhood or early manhood through the solitudes of our great virgin forests, but has come unexpectedly upon a lovely little lake,—the parent spring of some lordly river,—nestling in a secluded valley, with the great trees along its margin sending their roots down to drink of the pure waters, that margin itself fringed all around with wild flowers,—while

the calm mirror-like bosom reflected the blue skies above, with their white or golden clouds, and the mighty hills which stood sentinels around to protect from intrusion or profanation all the sanctities of the place?

It is not a mere reflection of the heavens, or an image of the eternal hills that the attentive and wondering mind can see within the pure passionless depths of the soul of infancy or childhood. We know that the God of that great temple we call the universe, the Spirit Creator and Sanctifier, is there himself in person. What is the nature of his working within these mysterious depths of the child-soul? What foundations of mighty things to come is his hand laying beneath the untroubled surface of that life in its well-spring?

Mothers,—the educated, the wealthy, the God-fearing,—would do wisely to ask themselves such questions as these,—when they gaze into the upturned face of their babe, and look down into these deep and fearless eyes, through which a glimpse is had of the mysterious infant world of thought and feeling within.

"Children in their tabernacle know the secrets, not of cities, not of human society, not of history, but of God—their fair eyes are full of infinite sweetness—their little hands, joyous and blessed, have not committed evil—their young feet have never touched our defilement—their sacred heads wear an aureole of light—their smile, their voice, proclaim their twofold purity. O the paradisaical ignorance, coveted, perhaps, by angels, of all the errors which heresy has sown in later times! What cruelty to intercept the view of children by suffering their feet to get entangled in such briers, and their minds to be thus cankered, as is the bud bit with an envious worm, ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, or dedicate his beauty to the sun! Later they will not thank you; far happier had it sufficed them to have known good by itself, and evil not at all! As terns and other birds from arctic solitudes, when found flapping their long, silver, tapering wings over our rivers that wind through woodlands and rich yellow meadows,

show no fear of man, but keep close hovering over the clowns who with stones and staves assail them, so these innocent souls, coming first amid the crowded haunts of life, are ignorant of evil, and of all dangers unsuspicious." *

## THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.

What seeds of salutary truth should the mother sow in this virgin soil, in order that its first vital vigor be given to the growth of immortal and divine fruits? What was said, in the preceding chapter, to illustrate the supernatural teaching of a Christian parent, has, in a great measure, anticipated our answer to this question. Here, however, we have to descend to particulars.

"I remember," says Marina de Escobar, "that when I was a little girl, and did not know what was meant by mental prayer, I used to consider with great emotion the mysteries of the life of Christ."

A young mother—we have the story from her own lips, of the blessed result of her early husbandry, others as well have been the witnesses—a very young mother, reared in her own honored home in the paradisaical innocence described above, once reasoned with herself as she looked down on the face of her infant daughter, her first child, lying on the rapt parent's knees: "Here I have in this sweet soul more than a precious piece of marble to fashion into some glorious shape. What form can I give it now, which shall last for all time? With what sentiments can I imbue my darling which can best insure her happiness and everlasting worth? What should I have wished my mother to implant in my own soul as the principle of a goodness and a felicity superior to all that mind can think of or heart desire?" And like a sudden flash of lightning amid the darkness, or a distinctly audible voice in a vast solitude, an interior answer came, *The Love of God!* Convinced that this was the response to the deepest wish of her heart, the young mother thenceforward set about watching for every

* *Compitum*, b. i., c. 2, p. 31.

sign of dawning intelligence in her babe, in order to make the notion of him the first light which should enter there, and his name the first word uttered by the infant lips. Thus, from the first month after the birth of that heaven-sent child, its fond parent would hang over it murmuring into its ears the fond wish that God should be first and last in its mind and heart, and that his love should be the light of its life evermore.

The Adorable Name, so far as mother's skill could effect it, was indeed stamped upon the child's soul. She was taught to thank Him for the motherly love which surrounded her with an enchanted world, as well as for the father's doting fondness and all the comforts of home. There was not a beautiful thing,—and the child's home was filled with such,—in house, or in garden and field, that she was not made to look upon as a gift from that Love which never wearies in giving, but whose lavish hand ever makes of the treasures poured out to-day the sure pledge of to-morrow's surpassing magnificence.

And thus was implanted in her little heart the early idea of

### GENEROSITY.

For childhood is open to the notion of a Goodness which only measures its own gifts on the gratitude with which the receiver acknowledges them, and the generosity with which the fitting return is made. And so the generous love of the Divine Benefactor waxed stronger and stronger in the child, in the girl, in the accomplished maiden who was the soul of every great and good work gotten up around her in favor of the poor and the suffering, till the close of her brief life of unsparing and self-sacrificing goodness.

At the age of three, necessity compelled a temporary separation from her mother and her home. But so firmly had the little heart been molded to generous self-control and abnegation even then, that she feigned joyousness as she bade farewell to father and mother on the deck of the steamer, and once they were out of sight burst into an

agony of tears. To her uncle's remonstrances the child could only reply, "Oh! I did not want to distress dear mama!" It was the same generosity which impelled her, when a wife and mother, to tear herself away from her worshiped parents, and cast her lot with her husband in a God-forsaken land. Though her young heart was breaking, she would cheer all her dear ones as they clung around her at parting. In her new home, she felt called on to stir up in every soul brought within reach of her influence the zeal for God's name dishonored and for religion betrayed and desecrated and trampled upon,—filling every home far and wide with the piety which burned so brightly in her own. And, crushed down by the death of her father, and prostrate on a bed of sickness, she no sooner learned that yellow fever had attacked her servants, than she found strength to rise and tend herself the plague-stricken,—giving her life to the God of charity, and commending with her dying breath to his fatherly care her babes, her disconsolate husband, and the doting and thrice-afflicted mother thousands of miles away.

While the public was praising all the nobleness of a life thus sacrificed, the poor mother at home bethought her suddenly of the early inspiration to fill that soul with the love of God and to make of the existence of her child one continuous act of generosity. In looking back upon the past she saw clearly the divine purpose,—and like the Mother of Sorrows on Calvary, she sought comfort and strength in taking to her heart the Crucified.

And so was fulfilled in one near our doors what a noble Spanish author said of himself long ago when commenting the following text of Proverbs: *I love them that love me: and they that in the morning early watch for me shall find me.* (Proverbs viii. 17.) "In the house of all other princes," Guevara says, "it is the custom never to open to early visitors, but persons must come after noon; whereas this passage shows us that those who would transact business with Christ, should repair to him at the dawn of their existence, and seek him from their birth. O my God, my God, I confess it is true. 'I do not watch for thee from the

dawn;' but on the other hand, Lord, thou wilt not deny that I have been from my birth a Christian, and that ever since I have had any memory, I have named myself always thine." *

Yes,—we all love what is freshest and earliest in nature; we love the first flowers of the spring and the first tender bloom of spring itself as it spreads over forest and field; and there are those,—the souls most sensitive to what is lovely and beautiful,—who are filled with rapture by the first glories of dawn, the awakening of the great heart of nature to renewed life and joy at the approach of the glorious sun, and the first fragrance of the dewy meads and gardens as they scent the air with their first fresh odors, and the first voices of the grove as they burst into a full concert when Light, God's great representative in the firmaments, begins to shine above the eastern hills. Pious souls love to give to God the first and freshest of all things, the first hours of the day, as well as the first dawn of their affections.

And does He, who made the human soul, set no store on what is most lovely and precious in our own existence,—the first thoughts of the infant mind at its dawn, the first love of the sweet and innocent heart of childhood? O mothers! make sure that these are consecrated to Him,—and be certain, on your part, that what God can bestow of choicest graces shall be given you and yours in return.

We only pray that every mother who, while she reads these lines, has such a little daughter as the one dedicated so early to divine love, may teach her child to emulate herself in the early paths of piety and generosity. How sweet will it be to be able to say in after life:

"She was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of seven years old—so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wandered with mine."

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* Antonio de Guevara, *Epist.*, l. ii.

## JOYOUSNESS AND LOVE OF ENJOYMENT.

Most important is it not to check in childhood the manifestations of its joyous spirit which is ever ready to break forth as naturally as the brook runs sparkling in the sunlight and singing down its pebbly bed. This joyousness comes from the unconsciousness of wrong, the freedom from all care, and the perfect delight the little innocents find in all that is good and beautiful around them. To their sinless eyes all is bright and sunny, all is new and lovely, and as the garden of Paradise appeared to Adam and Eve innocent, so to these "every thing is very good."

Even when a little boisterous, it is well to let the current flow. Do not restrain it or dam it up so near its source. Alas, the sweet years through which it lasts will have passed away all too soon. We have only to look back to the interval between our own happy and headlong childhood, and the cares and sorrows which settled so darkly on our early youth, and we shall be convinced that our too brief early happiness or joyousness of spirit was but too like the crystal stream from the sierra, rushing down from its source in the uplands, with the early dawn, filling its bed with the clear, bounding waters, and becoming at noontide a fillet of sluggish, muddy water amid a waste of barren sand.

Encourage this bright spirit in your child; let its soul sing with all its strength while it may. Even the song of the nightingale ends long before the summer; and there will be a long, long season when not one note of love or praise will resound through the joyless grove and forest.

The keen zest for enjoyment must also be encouraged and directed. Children only see what is good, beautiful, and lovely in God's blessed world,—that is, the children who are not cooped up between narrow and dark walls, and compelled to experience no necessities or no pleasures, but those of satisfying the craving for food, warmth, and sleep. They are the disinherited in God's rich and pleasant world; and it would be in vain to dwell at length here on the means of

giving light and air and nourishment to these poor little starved buds of humanity.

We are speaking of children within whose reach are the usual sources of enjoyment. It is a blessed privilege for the mother to minister in every way she can to the delight and amusement of her dear ones. And one of the most beneficial industries of motherhood is to provide all manner of sport and recreation for her children at home, and to see to it that they feast their senses on garden and field and park and forest as often as possible.

We are not of those who are enamored with the modern methods of placing primers of natural history in the hands of children as soon as they are able to read words of one or two syllables. The love of nature and of all its exhaustless stores of beauty and grandeur and sublimity does not come to the human soul in this way. And, besides, we know that the new-fangled science which would make nature first and middlemost and last, is not the science that cares to set God before the mind of youth, either last or first or middlemost.

But you who believe that, without God, life would be a bitter road, ending nowhere, and this world a mad-house with a drunken manager, and man himself the most terrible of wild beasts,—you will know how to make the spirit of your children joyous by teaching them that the life of heaven is joy without end, and that all the beautiful things with which their Maker has surrounded them in the firmament above and all over this wondrous earth,—are only faint images of the beauties with which the infinite magnificence has decked out his and our eternal home.

Most true is it,—and how the grateful soul swells in dwelling on it!—that this visible universe, and this most beautiful earth in the midst of it, are, with all their untold and incomprehensible splendors, but the tent set up by the emigrant to shelter himself and his dear ones for the night on their homeward way. There may be in its furniture a few ornaments, one or two beautiful things, faint souvenirs of home; but they are at best but reminders of the wealth

and glory of the resting-place and permanent abode to which the travelers are journeying.

So beware of these new teachers and the bitter fruit of science which they would give you and yours. Teach these early to find all joy and delight in thinking of Him who is the measureless ocean of perfection and beauty and blessedness. The old Catholic feeling is expressed by St. Francis of Assisi in his canticles of divine love :

"Heaven and earth with one accord
Are ever crying out to me :
'With all thy heart, oh love the Lord,
For he created us that we
Might draw thy spirit heavenward,
To love Him who hath so loved thee.'
Lo ! what abundant beams
Of goodness all benign
Flow from that light Divine
In never-failing streams !" *

Or, if you would like a sweet singer nearer to your home and times, the following sentiment will find an echo in many a soul grown old with care and burdened with the regret of graces lost and opportunities thrown away :

"My mother's voice ! how often creep
Its accents on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconcious flowers !
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by.
And years and sin and folly flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The evening hours, the birds, the flowers,
The starlight, moonlight,—all that's meet
For heaven in this lost world of ours,—
Remind me of her teachings sweet.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My thoughtlessness hath drunk up tears ;

* Translation from "The Month and Catholic Review" for October, 1877.

And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few swift and checkered years—
But Nature's book is, even yet,
With all a mother's lessons writ."

Be not afraid of the book of nature, so long as you have your Catholic faith to enable you to read it aright, nor of the voice of poetry, so long as it sings to such a true tone as this.

But, O mother,—whether you live in a palace or in a hovel,—if your chief care be to have God ever live in your heart, his light within you will shed such unearthly beauty on all things that you will make your little ones see a fairy palace in this world, in spite of your own poverty and your life of hard labor. So, keep that light ever full in your child's soul; you both will need to believe in the bright world in which God dwells with his saints and angels, in order to forget the sights you have to behold in this. But even the dingy, dusty, noisome world of a crowded street, or the close workroom, or the long day in the factory, will appear clothed with unearthly charms when you remember the presence of angels with you there, and the splendors visible to the eye of faith, which are ever streaming down on this vale of toil and tears from between the opened gates of our Eternal Home.

Feed your own soul with joy, therefore,—just as the bee gathers honey and treasures it up,—that you may pour it out on your little angels, and keep them angels as long as you can,—joyous, bright-eyed, bright-faced, and bright-tempered. Provided that you firmly believe in the angel-world, and in the presence of guardian angels in your own home, little harm will come of your children reading or learning fairy tales. It will be easy for you to explain to them how the popular fancy wove these graceful stories out of the true history of man's fellowship with these angelic spirits from the beginning,—and of the nearness to him of these other fallen spirits who are ever lying in wait for his ruin.

The chief aim in your sharing all joys and amusements with your dear ones should be to make them feel that your

presence, your love is for them the source of all present happiness, and that they can come to your arms, to your heart at all hours,—just as the weary laborers breaking stones along the highways of France, can turn aside in their thirst at any moment to the nearest cool spring.

## NEVER REPEL YOUR CHILDREN

when they approach you. They are drawn to you at first by the whole weight and bent of their nature; increase that attraction more and more by proving to them, through unruffled patience and a kindness which never varies, that your love, under God, is of all things the most needful to them, the most sweet, and the most unfailing. Child-nature must have been thwarted in some of its holiest inclinations when children fear to come to their mother with their every joy and grief and doubt and care.

This sweet trust in a mother's unbounded and unwearied love is a wise and most necessary provision of nature. See how that great nurse of all visible things (or, rather the all-wise Creator through her) lays up in the acorn the provision for the bud of the young oak during the first stage of its growth, and in the cocoa-nut the sweet and abundant nourishment for the young palm-tree, or in the egg the plentiful food of the young bird till it bursts its shell and can provide for itself or be fed for a time by its parents. But man has to depend through infancy, childhood, and youth on the love and fostering care of a mother's heart; and hence is it that God has filled the mother's heart with a living spring of tenderness and wisdom, which is to be the main reliance of the child, the young man or the young woman,—not through all childhood and youth only, but so long as lasts a mother's life.

And corresponding to this is the need every child has of the incomparable treasure of a mother's heart, and the powerful attraction which draws one to a mother's bosom in one's manifold doubts, trials, and temptations.

A mother violates one of the Creator's most beautiful dis-

pensations, when she repels her child from her and does not make all her dear ones grow up in the blessed experience that their mother's heart belongs at all times as wholly to each of them as if she lived for that one alone.

### THE MYSTERY OF BAPTISMAL INNOCENCE PRESERVED IN SO MANY.

There are families, even in the midst of the most populous cities, and surrounded by an atmosphere of political and moral corruption, whose sons and daughters grow up to manhood and womanhood in absolute unconsciousness of the nature of moral evil, while mixing the while with the world of their own level, and possessing all the talents and accomplishments that can adorn the sphere in which they move. This is no vague or unfounded assertion, thank God! And we believe, moreover, that there are very many more such families and such beautiful souls than good people themselves are aware of.

Now, it may be laid down as a rule that in every such family the mother has been brought up herself in like sinlessness, and that she has been through life the trusted confidante of every one of her boys and girls,—that from childhood upward their souls have been laid bare to her, every secret of their hearts made known to her.

### THE MOTHER THE KEEPER OF HER CHILDREN'S HEARTS.

The true Christian mother will be such by the very force of nature, if she is only true to that great law of which mention has just been made. There will be no need of urging the boy or the girl, the young man or woman, to come to mother for advice or direction. A mother who is prying, or unwisely exacting, or deficient in tact, or lacking herself in spirituality or the supernatural character belonging to Christian motherhood, will not obtain this ascendency over her children, or draw them to her with that spontaneous and irresistible attraction exercised by the pure, the wise, the loving and devoted mother over every child of hers.

Nor will this beautiful and unreserved confidence, begotten of perfect love, interfere with the action of God's minister in the sacrament, as confessor and guide. Such mothers are his most valuable auxiliaries; they prepare chosen souls for the action of the divine graces.

## HOW A SOLID RELIGIOUS CHARACTER IS FORMED.

It is such mothers as these whose enlightened piety will enable them to lay in the souls of their children the foundations of a solid religious character. They are careful to give to each practice of domestic or individual piety the importance which belongs to it. Their mind's eye takes in so clearly and vividly the infinite greatness of that Divine Majesty in whose presence themselves and their dear ones are privileged to do service, that every practice of piety is deemed a thing of infinite importance; such mothers judge, and judge rightly, that nothing is little that is done for One so great, so loving, so magnificent in his generosity.

From the mind and heart of the mother, this sublime and true conception of the divine service and of the piety which should be brought to it, passes into the souls and the lives of her children. Hence there will be, comparatively, but little danger of their neglecting in manhood and womanhood the practices of devotion made so sweet in childhood, or of their failing in that reverential awe in approaching the divine presence which was instilled at their mother's knee.

## PIETY FOUNDED ON PRINCIPLE, HOW LASTING.

Piety grounded like this, by a true mother, on the very substance of a child's intellectual and moral nature, will not be likely to be shaken or overturned in after-life. It is impossible, where all that is most delightful in the knowledge of God and in one's earliest fellowship with him, and with his bright court of angels and saints on high, have been wound up in the pure joys of childhood, and the most

rapturous visions of youth, that the hollow maxims of worldly wisdom, or the sneers of the unbeliever, the voices of one's equals, or the scandal of example within the sanctuary itself, can detach such a soul from its allegiance to God. Where religion has penetrated with the light of its principles the whole of man or woman's intelligence, and made the heart strong and happy by its practice, the inconsistencies of its professors or its ministers cannot have the effect of killing the roots of faith in mind or heart.

So, let mothers who read this be encouraged to make themselves all in all to their dear ones in their practices of piety as in their amusements, in every pursuit, in every enjoyment, in every trial and difficulty, persuading themselves firmly all the while that God is with them doing their work, which is, after all, his own dearest and most glorious work. They are sanctifying their own home, and filling it with God; at the same time he will fill themselves and their children with his light and joy. The day will come when such true mothers, looking back, will remember these beautiful lines of one whose mother was more solicitous about her boy's worldly advancement than about his spiritual welfare:

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere." *

* Thomas Moore.

Yes, in the "chaste obscurity" of a home where a true mother moves, the embodiment of all that religion holds to be most lovely to the interior sense, men of the world will not feel repelled as they might by the austerity of the cloister, but attracted and subdued by all the virtues and graces which they behold shining with such "softened glory" in the lives of parents and children.

## BE INVARIABLY CHEERFUL.

We must have failed to convey our true meaning in what has just been said about the inculcation of early piety, if any shadow of gloom is thought to rest, even for a moment, on the home of the true Christian mother, any more than on her own brow or the brows of her little angels. Oh, no! Piety is ever joyous, sunny, and bright. And, as to the mother,—even when she is suffering or burdened with care, or carrying in her heart a heavy load of grief,—she must put the cloud away from her when in presence of her dear ones. There are generous husbands and fathers who never allow their business cares to cross their threshold; they leave them at the doorstep, and go into their home-sanctuary with unclouded face and warm smiles and words of love for all. They will not have the storm which pelts their own hearts so mercilessly in the outside world make its mutterings heard near the warm nest where wife and children are sheltered. So must it be with respect to the mother and her household cares and difficulties; let them never be known to her children.

## KEEP OUT GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.

Much more careful ought she to be to close her doors against mere idle gossip; and still more so to exclude the echoes of the scandals which are rumored abroad. Hence the necessity of selecting carefully the circle of those who are to be admitted to the intimacy of the home. Not all who call on the mother are fit persons to converse with the

children. Not all who consider themselves to be on a footing of friendship with either parent, are safe friends for children, who have never yet beheld evil, or heard the sound of its voice. The acquaintance with it must always come too soon: it is the inevitable misfortune which a watchful mother will stave off as long as possible.

We once remember a stranger who had been warmly recommended to an admirable family, and who had been welcomed to all the hospitalities of the home: it was soon apparent, however, that he was not what he pretended to be, or his outside friends had represented him. The evening had passed, and all honor had been done to the guest, when some one, in presence of the younger children, made a remark unfavorable to the stranger. This called forth an indignant rebuke from the mistress of the house, who reminded the offender that, as she never intended to invite the stranger again, such censure was needless; and that, moreover, it was unpardonable, as she never allowed any one admitted to the family circle, even for the once, to be spoken of unkindly.

And this naturally brings us to say how scrupulous mothers ought to be to discountenance every thing approaching or leading to

UNCHARITABLENESS.

On this point the true mother must be inflexible. We suppose her to be thoroughly enlightened with regard to the transcendent excellence of charity,—that divine virtue practiced after the manner of the Master who gave himself to us, who shields from every eye our own unworthiness, and treats our guilty souls with such infinite reverence in his merciful methods of reconciliation: we suppose that the true Christian woman, with that deep sense, characteristic of her sex, of all that is most divine in humility as well as in charity, ever keeps before her mind the knowledge of God's infinite liberality toward her soul and of her own very inadequate return. This conviction of the infinitude of that love so unsparing of itself and its graces, and of her own indebt-

edness to the divine benefactor, will prevent her from looking down on others, from judging, or, still less, despising, even the most guilty.

It is one thing for Christian parents to keep away from the innocent souls intrusted to them all persons known to be not edifying or open to serious suspicion, and quite another thing to allow such persons to be spoken of in their home. Such persons should not be admitted to the intimacy of the home-circle; that is a matter of prudence, most frequently of absolute necessity; but no less imperative is it that the faults, the failings, or the conduct of others should never, under any pretext, be made the subject of conversation in the family.

The mother is queen there; her will, in all that pertains to the proprieties and the charities of life, no one, not even her husband, should be permitted to question. Indeed, we suppose, in what we say here, that both parents have long ago resolved to be of one mind on this as on all such matters. Whosoever, therefore, should dare to trespass by word or bearing against the cardinal virtues of the home, should be rebuked by the mother and mistress.

It is a mistake to allow the fear of offending or making an enemy to prevent one from doing one's duty. The person ungenerous enough to take offense at a remonstrance gently, delicately, but firmly administered, would be got rid of very cheaply. The generous-minded,—who are often led to gossip inadvertently by custom or the desire to please, will only conceive a higher respect for that home and a deeper esteem for its mistress.

We know of more than one person who has been radically cured of uncharitableness by the firm but gentle rebuke of a mother at her own table.

As to making enemies,—when a mother has used tact, courtesy, and a gentle firmness in repressing scandalous gossip or uncharitable conversations,—she must trust to the innate sense of right and duty in the persons rebuked, as well as to God's good care of her home and its welfare.

A person in authority having been persuaded by some

gossips who had his ear, that a lady visiting in a family very dear to him was unworthy of such intimacy, thought himself bound to warn the mistress of the home. She listened without answering one word, perfectly certain that her informant had been imposed upon by mischief-makers. Six months afterward he came back with a conscience very much troubled, and begged to know how far the information he had given—and which deeply affected the moral character of the person aspersed—had been communicated to others, determined, as he said, to repair the injury done, no matter how widely it might have spread. "Have no fear," the prudent and charitable lady replied; "I have not even mentioned the subject to my husband. Indeed, I could not in conscience do so, knowing that the report you heard was pure calumny."

This is the rule of the saints, never to mention what is or may be detrimental to another, except when it is necessary to do so for the welfare of that other, or to shield the innocent from the imminent danger of contagion. It is related in the life of St. Ignatius Loyola, that, in the discharge of his office of superior-general of the great society he had founded, he received serious charges against one of his subordinates. He immediately laid the subject of complaint before his council. At his nightly examination of conscience it occurred to him that he might have brought about an effective amendment in the other's misconduct by a reproof privately administered and without discussing the matter with anybody;—at any rate, his conscience seemed to tell him that it had been, at the utmost, quite enough to consult one or two persons, without exposing a brother's infirmity to a larger number.

In his grief he scourged himself most severely for what he considered a serious want of discretion, if not of charity, and then lay down. But he could find no rest, and had to rise and awaken his confessor,—though it was past midnight,—before whom he laid his fault with many tears and bitter self-accusation.

We must not be tempted to accuse these great and holy

souls of excessive rigor toward themselves, or of unduly exaggerating faults comparatively slight, and committed, as in this last instance, through a little precipitancy at most. When we reflect how much mischief,—fatal and irreparable mischief,—may be done by judging hastily and speaking rashly, we shall be slow to condemn St. Ignatius, and feel disposed to judge ourselves rather, and call ourselves to account for making light of matters in which the neighbor's good name is concerned. It is, some may think, but a trifling imprudence, while passing through a field of ripe corn, to cast away thoughtlessly the end of a lighted cigar. Perhaps he who did so never bestows a further thought on the matter till he hears on the morrow that the poor farmer's crop has been ruthlessly swept away by fire, that his little home shared a like fate, while he and his family barely escaped with their lives.

Alas, we know by the experience of all time that slander, beginning in a thoughtless word, spreads as rapidly as fire in the ripe corn ; and that while the field thus ravaged may bear a richer crop next year, and while the burned cottage may rise from its ruins, nothing can adequately repair the ravages of uncharitableness, or build up anew a reputation ruined by an evil, an idle, or a foolish tongue !

So let the mothers for whom we write add the horror of uncharitableness and impropriety of every kind to the joyous and bright spirit with which they train their children during this first stage,—and what a preparation will be made for the thorough education of the noble boys and noble girls, who are soon to develop into the full perfection of manhood and womanhood !

## BAPTISMAL NAMES.

We should be untrue to our own most cherished convictions, as well as to our duty to Christian families, if we did not, before concluding what concerns childhood, state what is the mind of the Church, and the uninterrupted custom of nineteen centuries of Christian civilization, with regard

to the names given in baptism to each child newly born. Let no reader judge hastily of what he fancies we are about to say. Rather, let our words be read attentively and our reasons carefully weighed; then, if we mistake not, but few who have done so will differ from us in opinion.

The whole history of revealed religion, both before and after Christ, brings before the believer an immortal society existing simultaneously on earth and in heaven, into which enter with the three adorable Persons of the Trinity and the faithful and glorified angels, the saints already resting in eternity from their trials here below, and the body of believers scattered over the earth and following the divine law handed down to them. This, of course, is not an adequate definition of the Church. It is only an imperfect description sufficient for our purpose and satisfactory to all who have present to their minds the correct idea of the Church as it embraces earth and heaven.

From the earliest dawn of historic times there is apparent in that portion of the race to which God had intrusted the primitive revelation and the promises attached to it, a deep veneration both for the great patriarchs or ancestors who had, from age to age, been faithful to the truth in the midst of infidelity and corruption, and a no less veneration for the glorious spirits who from the beginning held intercourse with men, and were the messengers of the Divine Goodness in their behalf.

Hence a very natural tendency to bestow on newly born children the name of some one of these glorious ancestors or of the mighty spirits who had been sent on some memorable errand of deliverance or mercy. This tendency, though much less remarkable among the Hebrew people before the Christian era, became very speedily a common custom among the followers of Christ; and to the names most popular and venerated in the Old Testament period, were substituted or added those of the men and women most conspicuous in Christian story,—the names of the Blessed Mother, of the apostles and disciples, of the most illustrious of the early martyrs and teachers of the gospel, and, from

age to age, of the persons instrumental in propagating Christianity in different countries, as well as of those who had been most venerated in life, and after death, for their holiness and eminent services to the flock of Christ.

The ancient Hebrews incorporated the name of God in their language with most of the names which they bestowed on their babes, both for the purpose of placing them thereby in a special manner under the protection of Jehovah, and for that of stimulating them when grown up to be worthy of the name they bore. Such, in a certain measure, was also their aim in bestowing on their children the names of men or angels.

Nor was the object of the early Christians substantially different, when they showed a predilection for the names of Mary, Martha, Peter, Paul, John,—or in later ages when they called their sons Augustine, Cyprian, Basil, Gregory, Patricius or Patrick, and their daughters Monica, Agnes, Cecilia, or Scholastica. The babe who was incorporated with the Church of earth under the good omen of such a name, was held to have a claim on the protection of the great saint in heaven who first illustrated it by godlike virtues, and an obligation to emulate the sanctity of the patron thus given in baptism. Indeed, among the ancient Irish, the custom was common of adding the word *Gilla*, "servant," to the saint-name, to declare positively this profession of honoring and serving the saint given to one as patron.

While, therefore, the family or clan name, whether glorious or obscure, continued to be borne by all the members as a common appellation, the individual was distinguished by some sweet saint-name from every other among the kindred. Thus in every Christian land the entire population was connected in fellowship and spiritual intercourse with all that was most glorious in the past, all that was greatest and highest in the divine society of heaven: thus the earthly Jerusalem, by the very names born by its members, was the image of the city of God on high.

There is in this venerable and time-honored custom of giving saint-names in baptism to every new child of the

Christian family, a something so beautiful, so deserving of all reverence, so deeply rooted in the holiest and far-reaching affections of the race, that it is unaccountable how any family calling itself Christian should overlook it, and sacrilegious in a Catholic family to violate it by bestowing on their babes some name of modern notoriety, and, not seldom, of very doubtful fame.

The Reformers of the sixteenth century set aside the beautiful Christian customs of the preceding ages, rejected the saints, and substituted for them Biblical names. The Independents and Puritans went further, and showed an almost exclusive predilection for Old Testament heroes and heroines, and for many names which were those of any thing but heroines or heroes. From this extreme there has been a reaction among the descendants of the Puritans in America, and now the rage is for the names of modern distinguished men and women, or for every name of man and woman which may tickle the ear or please the fancy of fathers and mothers who delight in "Dime Novels," and worship the names they find therein.

It is the custom of the universal Church, and a positive ecclesiastical law in many countries, that one at least of the surnames given in baptism, should be that of a saint.

We are writing in a country where, unhappily, with some of the objectionable customs of the sturdy old Puritans, other most laudable customs, having their roots far back in the past, are fast dying out. Catholic families who have come hither to cast their lot with the posterity of their bitterest foes of old, are—and it is a pity—forgetting not a few of the traditions of their fathers,—traditions dear to the "Old Land," and blessed of God and man. Their children in this liberty and novelty loving generation would blush to bear the name of Patrick, so nobly borne by the soldier-President of France; they disdain the name of John, or James, or Paul; while young girls are ashamed of being called Bridget, or Winifred, or Margaret, or Monica,—names which shall eternally remain in human history as some of the most glorious ever borne by woman. We say nothing of

the ever-blessed name of Mary,—or only mention it to protest against seeing it disfigured by the abominably vulgar rage for "pet names," which has seized on all classes of American women. Let the sweet and hallowed name of her who is the Mother of our Life, the true "Mother of all the Living," remain unchanged and unvailed in our Catholic households. Blessed be the mothers who bear it nobly, and who teach their daughters to honor it with all the virtues and graces of true womanhood!

# CHAPTER XI.

## A DIGRESSION, WHICH MAY SERVE AS A REST, AND A PREPARATION FOR WHAT FOLLOWS.

*Felix qui propriis ævum transegit in arvis,*
*Ipsa domus puerum quem videt ipsa senem.*

Blessed who in his own fields his life hath passed,
Whom the same house both boy and old man sees.

CLAUDIAN.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

IF to any it should seem that the instructions given in the preceding chapter were more fitted to the intelligence and leisure of wealthy homes than to mothers overburdened with toil and pinched with the care of the morrow,—we shall not deny that we had principally in view therein parents left free by affluence, or at least, by competence, to devote themselves to the sacred duties of motherhood. We also supposed that the father, in every such household, gave his most hearty support to the mother's plan of government.

Nevertheless, the general principles we have laid down and illustrated, apply to all homes and all mothers, as it will be easy to convince one's self by an attentive perusal of the chapter. Lest, however, a single mother dwelling amid

the necessities of hard daily toil, if not the pressing needs of poverty, should deem herself to have been overlooked in these pages, or reproach us justly with passing her by and not uttering either a word to cheer her at her task or a word to point out the better road, we shall address ourselves to the wives of laboring men in what we are about to say.

Only, anxious as we are to make the general reader understand some of the greatest obstacles which mothers who are not wealthy have to overcome in the performance of their motherly duties, we crave permission to turn aside one moment from our direct path, in order to explain in what consists one great difference between the homes of the majority of our English-speaking Catholics in the Eastern and Middle States and the homes in which they were born and reared "in the Old Country."

## HOME CULTURE IN CATHOLIC LANDS.

Be it said here, once for all, it is an error but too general among a certain educated public, to think that the peasantry and the laboring classes, in what were once called Catholic countries, are devoid of all culture, all refinement, all the courtesies and graces of life,—and that, too, in consequence of their not being able to read! There is indeed a very marked difference between the country people and the townsfolk nowadays, and the difference is not in favor of the town. But,—and we speak of what was or what is in places and among populations where religion has had her full legitimate influence, and where civil intolerance has not tied the tongue as well as the hands of the Church,—we say it most emphatically, there always is in the most modest farmer's cottage, or the poorest laborer's dwelling, refinement, intelligence, courtesy, chastity, truth and honesty, dignity of manners, in one word, all traceable to religious teaching.

Let readers, whoever they may be, allow the writer to pour out his full heart here, to tell what he has seen and what he knows by life-long experience of the homes of the

laboring classes, whether in town or country ;—the description will enable him, and the reader with him, to grasp the true reality of education during boyhood and girlhood in the lowly homes where God is still feared, and father and mother reverenced. Let us go back to these homes, in which ancestral faith and piety, with their sweet train of domestic graces and customs have never ceased to reign. The memory of childhood, with its golden sunlight lending to all things a glory and enchantment, brings back

> "The house where I was born,
> The little window where the sun
> Came peeping in at morn ;"

or with one who was himself born on that dear soil, and who, early and late, had tasted of the bitter as of the sweet of poverty :

> "Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
> To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
> Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
> And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
> Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
> Where all the ruddy family around
> Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
> Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
> Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
> And learn the luxury of doing good."

## HOMES IN IRELAND.

The secluded cottage, set in its wealth of green fields and flowering hedges, is now distinctly before the eye of our soul, with the calm little lake near at hand, and the hills rising beyond and sloping away to where one gigantic form towered in mid-air, its top crowned with some ruin of far-off ages, and at its foot a cluster of villages nestling, as if the generations which once peopled them had found protection in the now ruined stronghold. There was, just where the lake ended, and a young brook ran wildly out, like a school-boy from school, an ancient mill, which still did

service to farmers for many a mile around; while at the opposite end the ivy-covered walls of the ancient abbey or parish church lifted itself above the silver mirror of the lake, and around the ruin slept untold generations of men and women who had "kept the faith," and whose descendants still wished to rest by the side of their parents till the final wakening. There, too,—God knows,—he who pens these lines would fain repose, near the ruined altars of his ancestral faith and by the side of her who gave him birth and was taken from him while he was still a child.

## VILLAGES CHANGED INTO PASTURE LANDS.

We know not what change the hand of time has made in the scene thus indelibly stamped on heart and memory. Famine has been busy there also, with fever always following in the train of famine; and many a ship, like that which bore away the writer well-nigh fifty years ago, has sailed from the glorious neighboring bay crowded with the sorrowing but hopeful men and women who followed across the deep in the track of the westering sun! And so the dear homes were made desolate or swept away ruthlessly from the face of the land, as being the too eloquent witnesses to secular misrule and oppression. So be it! We recall their memory not to stir up the bitterness of so many hearts made sore by unmerited wrong, but to celebrate the sanctities and the virtues which bloomed immortal in those lowly homes, and whose roots still cling to the soil as tenaciously as the ivy to apse and chancel-wall in the once beautiful church on yonder lake shore.

There was not a village on the populous plain, or along the shores of its many lakes, or hidden away among its wild mountain tracts, which had not its own traditions of honor, bravery, and honesty, nor a home in these villages which did not possess an inheritance of spotless purity handed down from mother to daughter since the days of St. Bridget and before, which was not surrounded by an atmosphere of ancestral piety and uprightness that was

the life-breath of father and son from age to age. The ancient race had been despoiled of almost every right and franchise; of all property in the soil, even of the freedom to cultivate it; * they had been left without the comforts of a civilized home; and in their squalid huts the ruthless bands of Elizabeth and Cromwell had not even left what is to this day the pride and consolation of the Icelander in his turf cabin, their ancient native literature. How it fared with the churches, the monasteries, the countless schools, the benevolent institutions of every kind which covered the land, and were the well-springs of culture and highest civilization,—even Protestant historians may tell sorrowingly.

### HOME ATMOSPHERE AND VIRTUES.

But, despite all this ruin, and the religious and civil oppression of three hundred years,—every family in the land had its name for fidelity to God, for spotless chastity, for honor unimpeached,—and to that *name* it clung with a worship as unwavering and a watchfulness as sleepless as the ancient Greek or Roman had for his household altar and the sacred fire.

The authority of father and mother was sacred in the eyes of all, and most sacredly obeyed; their will and their word were rarely, if ever, questioned. The father was king within his home,—though it might be in appearance scarcely one degree above the hut of the savage; but, though stripped of all earthly goods, and barely tolerated on the land which had belonged to himself and his ancestors, the father had lost none of his self-respect, no part of the reverence and love which were wont to be paid to him and his in other days, and in a dwelling befitting a freeman and a soldier. It was the patriarchal ideal of home-authority consecrated and elevated by the Christian faith: all who were born amid this home-atmosphere will remember how absolute was the sway of that paternal rule. But superior

* See Hall's "Ireland, Scenery, Character, etc.," vol. iii., p. 361 and foll.

even to that, because founded on equal reverence and arising from a love all unmixed with fear, was the authority, the sway of the mother in those humble but holy households. Who ever thought of rebelling against the father's rule, even when it bore most heavily on its unoffending as well as its offending subjects? Who was ever heard to set aside a mother's will and to be blessed of God or happy among men?

## DOMESTIC EDUCATION IN THESE HOMES.

We can never forget the band of children, often composed of those of several relatives, crowding together into one of these hospitable homes to partake together of the instruction imparted for a season by some itinerant master of repute;—and of the implicit obedience all yielded to the dear mistress of the house. The dominie's rod,—sharp as it was known to be,—had less terrors for any of us than a look of displeasure from auntie's gentle but watchful eye. And even when no dominie was there, she could keep us to our tasks, not all unwillingly, push us forward more rapidly, kindle by her sweet smile and soft, low voice a more intense emulation in the breasts of all. It was like a beehive; all labored silently, unceasingly, under the influence of the queen of the hive: she did not seem to see or hear, and had no monitors or spies about the school-room or the house. But we worked hard from morning till night to have one word of praise from her or one motherly kiss. And then at night there was a chapter read by her from the Life of Christ by St. Bonaventure, illustrated, too, by some delightful tales of her own,—some miracle of protection performed during the evil days of the Commonwealth, or Elizabeth's devastations, or during the atrocious reign of the soldiery of Cornwallis in 1798, which had utterly ruined every one of our families.* We almost beheld with the eyes of the body the angels who kept watch and ward

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* See Hall's "Ireland," *ibidem*, pp. 379, 380, 381.

over the ruined abbey and its church, with the crowded cemetery that hugged its walls; we believed they could be seen upon the lake at Hallowe'en, Christmas, and Eastertide. We knew they watched over us day and night, and through awe of their presence we kept silence after night-prayers and till after morning prayers the next day.

But, oh the happy houseful swayed by that loving heart and that unfailing tenderness, and the bright look of that gentle woman from whom no sound of anger or loud reproof was ever known to come! God rest thee,—who wert a mother to the orphan, and more than mother to thy own! Gratitude cannot inscribe a monument to thee; but let thy work live in these humble pages; if God's good blessing should bestow on them any lasting utility!

### THESE TRADITIONS TO BE CHERISHED IN AMERICA.

What is the purpose of this narration? This: to show that families who boast,—albeit only the families of the laboring poor,—their descent from this ancient stock of believers, must not allow the most precious and venerable traditions of their former home, the home of their fathers far away, to be lost in the homes they create for their dear ones in another land. On the contrary, amid the civil and religious freedom enjoyed in their adopted country, it behooves them to give to these traditions, home virtues, and home education, which are or ought to be the jewels of their heart, a fairer, a more magnificent setting than they could have had in the homes left behind.

This, then, is what we would impress upon the minds and hearts of our readers, that the new home in America, in Australia, in Africa, in Asia,—wheresoever the dividing wave may have cast the exiles,—should be (for it *can* be) more Christian, more supernatural, more lovely, than the homes on the banks of the Shannon or the Moy, on the shores of Loch Corrib or Loch Neagh.

The question is, whether or not the home of the Catholic farmer throughout the length and breadth of North Amer-

ica, or that of the laborer in city or manufacturing center, or of the merchant and tradesman anywhere among us,—has preserved the traditions of reverence for parental authority, of that simplicity and unsuspecting innocence in boyhood and girlhood, of sensitiveness in guarding the honor of mother and daughter, and the incorruptible honesty of father and sons,—so characteristic of the former family life.

### EACH HOME HAD ITS ANCESTRAL HONOR TO GUARD.

We all know,—and it is a most blissful recollection,—that the jealous watchfulness with which each family in the old land guarded its unstained reputation,—was, under God's providence, the main preserver of family honor and happiness. Where each family was known to its neighbors throughout a wide and populous circle, and was far more careful of the unstained honor of its members than of life itself,—far more ambitious of having the good opinion and good word of every man, woman, and child for many miles around,—any act entailing dishonor or shame must have been of very unfrequent occurrence. Indeed, the infamy attached to any such stain was such, and the disgrace so intolerable, that the individual had to go into voluntary and perpetual banishment, and very often the entire family had to disappear.

### THE BASQUES AND THEIR ANCESTRAL COATS OF ARMS.

In a former chapter we mentioned a beautiful custom of the Basques relating to their manner of bestowing alms. Let us,—before we go further in this most important matter,—compare in another respect this most ancient Catholic race with the Celts, their brothers in religion, and, not improbably, their associates in flood and field in the far-off period when both migrated westward from Mesopotamia.

In Biscay every family is noble. Nor is this an idle or unfounded boast of a warlike and liberty-loving race. Their right to have armorial bearings is one admitted from time

immemorial. Hence every house has its coat of arms; and some houses of peasants, mechanics, or fishermen along the coast have on their shield more quarters than the proudest escutcheons of England or France. We have heard and read much of late of the obstinacy with which, all through the present century, the Basques have fought against every government for their just and ancient privileges; but we have but little conception of the lofty and indomitable love of freedom with which they have so battled from before the dawn of Christianity, or of the incorruptible spirit of faith with which they defend their Catholic altars.

All honor to that heroic race whose struggle for liberty has been one of two thousand years! Hence the pride,—a noble and a legitimate pride,—with which that vigorous, healthful, comely, and Catholic race looks upon every homestead in the land, and upon the shields,—ancient and venerable, and often numerous,—which adorn the outside of their homes.

### THE BASQUES CANNOT TRANSPLANT THEIR ANCESTRAL HOMES.

Take the Basque away from his native mountains in Guipuzcoa, he will be, wherever he goes, the same energetic, brave, and believing man. Transplant whole villages from among their ancestral hills or their glorious historic strongholds along the coast, and you will have, whithersoever you lead them, some of the noblest specimens of humanity to be found on the earth. But can you transplant with them the homes consecrated by so many unbroken centuries of domestic virtue, and honored by so many recorded deeds of public worth? Can you transfer the interior and exterior atmosphere of these homes?

### WHAT THE IRISH EMIGRANT CANNOT FIND IN HIS NEW HOME.

So is it with that other race of which we are now solicitous. Emigration not only scatters the members of the same village

and neighborhood, even when they chance to migrate together; but it separates widely and forever members of the same family and household, and thereby the wholesome and priceless restraints and safeguards of neighborship are lost to the emigrants in their new home.

The evil thence resulting might be only a half evil could neighbors "at home" continue to be neighbors in their new home. There seems to be a strong current of opinion running or tending in this direction at the present moment. But it only points to future possibilities, and we are dealing here with the realities of the present. The tide of emigration has been toward the great cities, where the facilities of daily labor appeared greatest, and higher wages enabled the new-comers to provide many comforts and luxuries hitherto unknown to them. Thus the wretched agricultural life they had formerly led contrasted unfavorably with the ease of their present condition.

And so,—not unnaturally,—the great mass of emigrants from Ireland settled down in the cities, leaving the rich unoccupied lands of the interior, with their certain prospects of health, longevity, independence, and substantial political power to other races, happier both in the experience of better social conditions and in the wiser direction given to their present aims and energies.

## A CROWDED CITY FATAL TO THE FORMER HOME-LIFE.

But a family transplanted from a quiet country district in Ireland, or from the scarcely less quiet suburb of one of its cities, finds itself utterly lost in a large city in the New World. Their coming only adds one unit more to the vast sum of uncertain labor and certain indigence. Whatever may be their chances of finding employment and forcing their way to independence,—they are, generally, utter strangers; all the ties, affections, and holy influences of the ancient home and neighborhood are gone forever. Their good name, the stainless honor of the family in the past, is a thing of but little account to the hungry, anxious, bustling crowd

which daily pours out from the streets among which the new home lies buried, to seek for work and for bread. In that crowd there are hundreds who are glad to have their past concealed, and who care but little what stain may fall upon their next-door neighbors.

There is in the social atmosphere of this neighborhood a tone of morality far lower than that which reigned in the native village; there are many things in what the newcomers see and hear which shock their sense and alarm their conscience. But who does not know that one gets soon accustomed and indifferent to this sort of atmosphere, just as one becomes gradually acclimated in the bitter cold of the north, or the torrid heat of the tropics and the equator?

Our readers will then admit that very many, if not most of the families whom this book may reach, are laboring under sad disadvantages in the work of rearing and educating their boys and girls.

### THIS IS NO REFLECTION ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not undervaluing in any one respect the many priceless blessings which flow from American liberty and the working of our free institutions. We are not depreciating American manhood and womanhood. Our purpose, well-weighed according to the light of our best judgment, is to aid to our utmost, before we go to our account, in the sacred work of rearing from among the laboring masses armies of true men and women who will build up the glorious America of our dreams.

Those who are apt to take fire at any allusion to the deterioration of races in our country, are, generally, persons born of emigrant parents, and who fancy that any comparison instituted concerning the degree of physical vigor, the level of intellectual culture or moral worth of the first and second generations born on American soil, conveys a personal slight on every one so born.

### PRESERVE YOUR HOME INHERITANCE OF VIRTUE, AND ADD TO IT.

No, no, we are here trying to consider carefully what are the obstacles which are found in the homes of our laborers, of our tradesmen, of our poor, toward the successful education of men and women fitted to be themselves the best of parents in their turn, and to rear children of their own, inheriting, with the qualities and virtues of father and mother, a superadded stock of true manliness and womanliness,—the highest wealth which can be brought to the service of any country.

We are endeavoring to point out to father and mother in every home into which this book may go, how to preserve sacredly every particle of their ancestral inheritance of faith, of morality, of honor, honesty, and that true pride founded on the consciousness of unstained descent, personal integrity, independence, and legitimate ambition. Most anxious are we, moreover,—and in this we believe we are discharging both a priestly and a patriotic duty,—to increase tenfold in every one of these dear homes their precious inheritance of piety, purity, fear of God, self-respect, self-reliance, and incorruptible integrity. Toward this we shall contribute not a little,—if we can convince all minds of the wholesomeness of the teaching here given.

### HOW POOR MOTHERS MIGHT BE AIDED BY THEIR WEALTHY SISTERS.

The *home of the really poor*, in particular, is now present to our mind, as well as the need which the mother, in such a home, has of the efficient co-operation of her more favored sisters in fulfilling the duties of her condition. We remember, during a brief stay at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in August, 1860, of learning, among other admirable good works carried on under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of their calling together on Sunday afternoons the poor mothers

of families who stood most in need of instruction, direction, and special assistance in the management of their homes. The good Sisters used to visit them on week-days, gently teaching the untaught or overworked creatures how to make every thing clean, tidy, and bright about them; helping them to have the children regular in their attendance at school, neatly dressed, with their clothes mended and all marks of degrading poverty removed; watching over the husband's good conduct and his fidelity to his religious obligations; and, especially, aiding every wife and mother to be herself, to husband and children, a model of sobriety, thrift, and gentleness. It was a most admirable good work. Add to the salutary reform thereby effected in so many homes, the influence exercised by the hundreds of children educated in the incomparable schools of that edifying sisterhood, and one sees at a glance what an amount of good can be achieved by true women when obeying the impulse of the Divine Spirit.

The sodalities named after the Holy Family, established in Quebec and throughout Canada by the early Jesuit missionaries, had a purpose not very dissimilar to this. They were chiefly, if not solely, composed of married women, who lent a tender but helpful hand to their poor, sick, or overburdened sisters, and thus secured the children against the evils of neglect, ignorance, and dangerous associations.

Looking abroad over this great and growing city of New York and its adjacent populous cities, and counting the many thousand needy and neglected homes to which some such helpful influences as this would be most timely, or most necessary,—we ask ourselves what could not associations of married ladies in the largest parishes, or in every parish, acting in co-operation with the sisterhoods who minister to the needs of the poor, not effect under God's blessing?

We must endeavor to make the home of the poor laboring man cleanly, comfortable, bright, attractive, and happy, for his own sake as for that of his grown-up sons and daughters. We must exert ourselves to aid every poor mother to make

her home such that her husband and older children will love it and prefer it to any other place on work-days as well as during the repose of the Sunday.

This is a suggestion made with all diffidence in our own judgment, and all due deference to the judgments and sentiments of others. And having thus explained our object in submitting the foregoing remarks to the reader's calm Christian sense, we feel more confident in addressing ourselves to the task of instructing the wives of the mechanic and the laborer in their motherly office toward boyhood and girlhood.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MOTHER'S OFFICE TOWARD BOYHOOD AND GIRLHOOD.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on, through doubts and fears;
  Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
  Am weary thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
  Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book or pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
  Am weary, thinking of your task."

LONGFELLOW.

### THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE LABORER'S HOME.

DEEP as ever must be the sympathy of a priestly heart for both parents and children in the home of the laboring man, and solicitous as every true priest must be of the future of these little ones born to toil and hardship,—it is principally with the much-tried father and mother that his concern lies. Theirs is the hard and often hopeless battle of the present; and worthy of the admiration of men and angels is the struggle they make to keep suffering away from their nestful, or to provide for their dear ones comforts, education, and a position in life from which they had themselves been debarred.

We do not mean in thought and affection to separate such praiseworthy parents in what we have to say; sure

are we, that every father will bless our endeavor to make the burden of the laborious mother lighter, her task more pleasant and easy, and her every-day path of duty less rugged and thorny. It is the feet of such as she is that "must ache and bleed beneath" her load: it is the ever-busy hands of such a mother that, "weak or strong," must work at her unceasing task through "such long years!"

Nor, near as the writer may be "to the wayside inn," shall he yield to any sense of weariness after having "toiled so much with voice and pen," but put his whole heart in his present effort to cheer and enlighten so many mothers who have the long road of life all before them.

## COURAGE AND GENEROSITY OF LABORING WOMEN.

Those only who have gone habitually among the families of our laboring classes, who have their full confidence, and are initiated into all their secrets, can know what treasures of goodness, of generosity, of courage, and patience are concealed by the homely or patched garb of a mother with five or six mouths to feed, and not always a dollar a day to count on for rent, clothing, and other incident expenses in the poorest of homes. While we write these lines, such is the outlook in the households of most laboring men of this great metropolis and the adjacent cities. Such, if we mistake not, is the hard lot of most fathers and mothers in manufacturing centers, and all through our Eastern States.

And this has been the condition of the laboring man among us for years, and such the miserable pittance from out which his wife has had to provide necessaries and comforts for the entire family, with something also for the poor and the church! If persons more favored by fortune and unvisited by such pinching want as is described in this simple statement, ever felt disposed to blame such a mother, or to turn away with loathing from the inevitable squalor in home and dress and countenance of these toilers for our comfort and luxury, let them pause and reflect.

There is more of heroic endurance in the heart of such a parent than in the bosom of the bravest soldier in a beleaguered and famished city. There is in such a life of incessant battling with the wants of the day and the hour, with the fears of what the morrow may bring forth, a fortitude and perseverance far above our sterile admiration. When one has seen much of such homes and such hearts, one begins to understand why the soul of the Master went forth to these toilers, with this sublime exordium of his first recorded discourse: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" This was to point their eyes heavenward to the certain prospect of a rest and a reward which the present could not afford. But He would not have them devoid, amid their long and ever-recurring daily struggle, of the sweetest consolation and most coveted recompense of generous souls. "Come to me, all you that labor, and I will refresh you!"

### DIVINE AID IN DIRE NEED.

In such a family and during a long and severe winter, when labor was scarce, provisions dear, and charity as frozen as the lakes and rivers, a poor father of seven children fell on the ice, while returning home after dark, and broke his leg. His youngest babe was but six weeks old, and the mother was in very feeble health. It was thought, inflammation having set in, that the fractured member would have to be cut off; but the poor sufferer would not consent to the operation till he had made his confession. What a spectacle was that poor home, when the priest, following the oldest child, a boy of eleven, reached the door at midnight during a fierce snow-storm! A loft or garret served as a sleeping-room for the elder children, and the lower part of the wooden shanty contained a little kitchen in front, with a bedroom for father and mother behind it. There were three physicians, one of whom was a surgeon, present and awaiting impatiently the arrival of the priest. The house was a picture of neatness, and the bedroom

especially, in which the poor sufferer lay, was like an oratory curtained with spotless white, with a large and very old engraving of Christ carrying his cross, by Raphael, over the bed, and so placed that the patient might look at it. The wife, overcome with grief, struggled hard, when the priest entered, to keep back her tears. After the usual salutations and a few words of comfort to herself and her husband, the latter, seizing the priest's hand, exclaimed, as he looked toward the picture: "Father, I know that He will be with me and with her, too! That beautiful face has been like a book to me for many a year: I could look on it forever! But, sure I know"—and the speaker's voice trembled with emotion—"that the real face is more beautiful than the sun, and that the heart we were all taught to come to is one that will pity the poor man, . . . and the widow, . . . (here he broke down) . . . and the little orphans." Even the stern face of the surgeon quivered with an emotion he could not suppress, while these sentiments were uttered in a firm, low tone.

During the operation, the children were taken to a neighboring house, all but the infant, which remained with its mother, and she could not be persuaded to leave the house, praying in the outside room with one of the neighboring women. Ether was then in common use, but the sick man would not take it: he held, instead, the priest's crucifix in both hands, which the physicians left free, and with his eyes intently fixed on the thorn-crowned head, while the inner sight seemed to behold somewhat of the divine reality,—the sufferer gave himself up to the surgeon. Not a murmur or sigh escaped the silently moving lips, till toward the end, when the pain wrung one groan from him and his head fell back in a swoon on the priest's shoulder.

A few days afterward a crisis came, and the worst was feared. The last sacraments were administered,—the wife seeming to have gained sudden and preternatural strength from the very extremity to which her brave husband was reduced. "She knew"—she assured the priest ere he left the house—"that God would not try her fur-

ther: something whispered to her heart that her good man would be left to her." He was, as usual, heroic in his calm submission to the Divine Will; only,—such were his words,—he prayed to be left a little longer with his young children. The picture ("The Spasimo" of Raphael) had been taken down from the wall and lay on the white covering of the bed, and the beautiful face of the humiliated Redeemer was the book in which the sick man read night and day.

### WHAT THE HEAVENLY PHYSICIAN DID.

The next morning the priest returned, expecting to hear that all was over. But, to his unspeakable surprise, the wife met him on the threshold with countenance all aglow with rapturous gratitude, and said that her husband was better, "Oh! so much better!" It was wonderful. The patient had slept sweetly,—had even lost consciousness while gazing at his loved picture,—and dreamed that Christ had come to him as he lay sore and weary and faint by the roadside, and had smiled on him, blessed him, and shown him the gap in His own side, and then disappeared.

So, when the burden was heaviest on these stricken ones, He who bade us go to him in our extremity, and who yearns to reward our faith even by miracles when needful, had stretched out his hand and opened his heart to the call of that husband and that wife.

Theirs was a long and a brave battle thenceforward. But every trial seemed light to souls so near to God. The brave man applied himself to learn a trade—he had been hitherto a stevedore—and though there was never surplus of money or of creature-comforts in that home,—there was contentment, and love purified in the furnace, and noble children to gladden the hearts of struggling parents, and that piety which seemed as natural as the very air they breathed.

### TREASURES TO BE FOUND IN THE POOREST HOMES.

Yes,—there are poor homes, laborious homes, where from earliest dawn till night, and often far into the night, the

wife and mother has to work, work, work, without cessation or repose, to do the housework, and, that done, to complete some other task from the outside in order to help the ill-paid husband to keep off or pay off debts, to have decent raiment for the good man and his children, to keep some at least of these at school, to have substantial food for all, and something for the need of the suffering poor who know well her door as well as her heart:—and such mothers *believe* that God's eye is ever on themselves and their dear ones, that his blessed angels are there counting every hour and minute of that loving toil, counting every beat of these generous hearts, every moment so well filled,—and ascending at night to lay the record of such a day before Him who said, "Blessed are the poor! . . . For theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Blood tells, it is said, when noble deeds are to be performed,—that is, perhaps, when the eyes of men watch the performance: but there is inherited piety, which is a something nobler still,—the supernatural piety of Christians. Are we not born, in our second sacramental birth, of the blood of a God-man? Think of this, brave-hearted mothers, and remember it is that blood which is applied to us in every grace we receive, and which strengthens us to do the work before us.

Your boys, your girls must be trained early to be industrious. Not that they must be set to work before their time; God forbid! But it must be your care to give them, from the very beginning, habits of cleanliness, order, industry, self-respect and self-reliance. You must be careful not to allow them to fancy for one moment that there is in your own laborious habits or in their father's occupation or trade, any thing that is not most honorable, praiseworthy, and pleasing to God.

## TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Recall to them frequently that the most glorious names in heaven or on earth were those of men and women whose

daily life was one of toil like your own: how Adam and the great patriarchs who succeeded him were tillers of the soil, husbandmen, and shepherds; that such were the great men and women who founded God's people in the Old Law, Abraham and Sara, Isaac and Rebecca, Israel (or Jacob) and his wife Rachel, Joseph who ruled Egypt after having been like his brothers a farmer and a shepherd, as well as Moses, the figure of our Lord, who kept the flocks of his father-in-law. Labor was most honored always down to the days of our Lord, who himself learned the carpenter's trade and worked at it with his foster-father, Joseph,—a prince of the royal blood of David.

Teach them to look upon idleness as a shame and disgrace, upon sloth as most degrading, and as leading to all manner of evil courses. You can always keep them joyous children, while you make them industrious and laborious children; you can make them and keep them bright, pleasant-faced, and cheerful while coaxing them to learn something new every day and to apply themselves heartily to the tasks you set for them at the appointed hours.

### KNOW HOW TO PRAISE THEM.

We have already seen what good a true wife can do by praising generously and judiciously her husband, and encouraging him thereby to rise every day higher and higher in her esteem and in his own.* Far greater is the good she can do every one of her children by judicious praise. We say "judicious;" for praise bestowed at every moment and for trifles loses its value by becoming common. Praise only when something is done which deserves it, and praise in well-weighed words. Never give praise when it is not well deserved; for then it would be unjust, and you would make your children suspect your truthfulness and your honesty.

### BE GENTLE, LOW-VOICED, AND PATIENT.

Be gentle. That does not mean to be spiritless. It means

* See Chapter VI., pp. 60, 61, 62, and 63; and Chapter X., p. 160

to be the opposite of violent, irascible, ill-tempered, and moody. Study to be so, for your own soul's sake, and as if you lived in God's presence, always keeping down for his holy love every movement of anger, irritability, ill-temper, or moodiness. And be gentle,—precisely because you have much to do, much to bear, many cares to burden you, many things which continually try your temper.

Be low-voiced. It is wonderful what effect a mother's gentle manner and low voice,—when she teaches, or corrects, or praises,—will have on a band of children. Take a school-room filled with very young boys or girls. Let their teacher be nervous, fidgety, and irritable; you will see all these little ones thrown into a ferment and fever and agitation, which is nothing more than a kind of disorder which they catch from the teacher's manner. Let her be loud-voiced, teaching or speaking in loud, quick, nervous tones, and it is ten to one but you will see within a few minutes all these children becoming restless, talkative, inattentive, and ungovernable.

Now, let some quiet, gentle, calm-mannered, and low-voiced person come in, and all these children will become quieted, stop talking, listen, and be ready to give their whole attention to what is said, or to set to work, and work steadily as long as the calm eye is on them and the gentle, low voice is directing them.

You will spare yourselves and your dear ones much trouble and much unhappiness by laying this lesson to heart. You can do what you like with them,—if you are perfectly mistress of yourself. Besides, what a service you do *them;* and how they will bless their mother in after life for having taught them this gentleness!

Be patient. Not only when you are suffering from aching limbs and head and heart, but when you do not succeed in making your dear ones all that you would wish. There are certain dispositions and characters which seem naturally to defy all control, or teaching, or improvement. They will learn more than you think; and they profit much more than you can see by your lessons, and especially by your

example. Even should son or daughter of yours turn out to be every thing but what you trained them to be, the memory of their gentle, patient, loving mother will remain in their souls to their dying day, like a silent voice from the past bidding them return to God and to the paths of their childhood.

Some say that steel beaten into its due form and given a keen edge while cold, is more apt to preserve both form and edge forever. So is it with the temper your patient gentleness will impart to your children's souls. And this firmness, which is only one of the most precious dispositions of true manhood and womanhood, will be both of infinite value to them and of indispensable necessity.

### IN WHAT CONSISTS TRUE INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

To no one more than the child of the hard-working mother is true independence of soul,—that is, true nobility of character,—necessary and useful. Indeed, the all-seeing Author of our nature, who governs all our ways, has made every element of greatness in our souls and conduct necessary because he knew they would be useful; and he made them all the more necessary that he foresaw they would be more useful.

In what does this independence of soul and character consist? In this: that a boy or a girl brought up by a truly God-fearing mother, is so filled with the fear of that Great Majesty, in whose hands we are at every moment, and into whose hands we are sure to fall after death, that they look up to Him in every thing, seek to please him in all they do, and find it impossible to do any thing which is wrong in his sight and contrary to the voice of their own conscience.

Let us understand this well. You rear your boy and your girl, from the very first moment you can make them understand any thing, in the conviction that God's truth, God's word, God's will is to be the sole measure by which they are to weigh and estimate every thing; so that it will be practically impossible for them to do any thing contrary to his truth, his law, or his will. We say every day that

such a man is a noble man, a truly independent man, because he is incapable of doing wrong to any one, of violating truth or honor or honesty, of going in any thing whatever against his conscience and his known duty.

Hence it is—and this is the golden lesson which our forefathers learned so well and practiced so nobly, that they made their moral greatness and independence consist

IN DEPENDING ON GOD ALONE AND THEIR CONSCIENCE.

They were poor in this world's goods,—for they had been stripped of every thing,—they were deprived of civil and religious liberty and honor, and were thus, in the eyes of men, degraded to the level of the serf or the slave. But nothing could shake their dependence on God, or their implicit and invincible obedience to the voice of their conscience and their faith.

Now such are the noble men and women that can in our days,—in this generation as in the next,—go forth from the home of every laboring man among us, as they went forth in past generations; men attached to conscience, to honesty, to honor, to truth, to duty, to righteousness, and to God in all things and above all things, everywhere, in all employments and positions, though never so high or never so lowly.

Let us have men and women incapable of telling a lie, of wronging the neighbor in thought or word or deed, of wronging their employer in the meanest trifles or the weightiest matters, of betraying the trust placed in them, whether in the last place in lowliest office or in the highest that can be given in city, State, or Church; men and women who fear God alone, and, after him, fear only what is contrary to truth, honor, and purity!

Dear mothers who read this, you may never be able to give your boys and girls at your death wherewith to buy a suit of clothes or to pay for their meals on the morrow. But if you labored morning, noon, and night till your dying day—because you would allow no dishonesty to taint

your lives, and for the sole purpose of making of your children such godlike men and women as this,—you have left them a treasure ten thousand times more precious than all the hoarded millions of our wealthiest.

### MAKE THEM CHOOSE THEIR COMPANIONS WELL.

In order to do this, you must be careful about two things: the choice of what your boys and girls read, and that of their companions at home or in the street.

Choose well the books which you put in their hands, or which you permit them to bring home with them. Public libraries are like druggists' shops or public dispensaries; they are like them in this, that they contain all manner of poisons as well as healthful medicines; and they differ from them in this, that, whereas conscientious druggists will give what is healthful to all, they will only deal out what is poisonous in small quantities and to responsible and properly authorized persons;—while libraries and librarians have no conscience, and let the innocent child take away and devour what kills purity, innocence, and conscience forever.

Scarcely less baneful are, taken and read promiscuously, the daily and weekly papers. They are not only dangerous and hurtful to the young mind and heart as mere *newspapers*, because they reveal in their hideousness and obscenity what should never be known to youth, and what were better ignored by age itself; but they are still more hurtful as teachers and dogmatizers on religion and morality, either reducing the doctrines and practices of revealed religion to the same level with infidelity, and thus producing practical indifference toward divine truth; or they affect and profess to have an authority which can judge the Church of Christ herself, and enlighten her as to the way she ought to teach and to govern.

Thereby the mind is imperceptibly but inevitably filled with prejudices or preconceived opinions distrustful of the Church or hostile to her, and which act on the intelligence

as the foul and poisonous air of coal-mines acts on the lungs: they fill the organs with deadly exhalations which prevent the entrance into them of God's pure vital air.

Just as you are careful of what books or papers your children read, even so be watchful over the companionships they form. It is impossible to take kindly to the low-minded, corrupt-hearted, or ill-bred and ill-mannered, without laying aside one's own good manners, good breeding, purity of feeling, and innocence of mind in habitual intercourse with them. There are worse consequences, as you know, which soon follow this familiarity with the low and the unworthy.

Precisely because the great majority of young people around you are without sound moral education,—untruthful, intemperate, and as careless of honor and honesty as they are of decency,—it is your most pressing interest and duty to keep your treasures away from such contact.

### THE TWO NESTS.

Do not seek, while you are struggling against poverty, or even when you have reached a comfortable competency, to expose your home to the eyes of your richer neighbors, or to seek their children as companions for your own. But take well to heart the lesson of the following parable:

"A nest there was in a bonnie May tree,
In the fairest of fairy bowers;
And methought how happy the bird must be,
On her nest amid the flowers.
But the children came, and together they vied
Who should pluck the best branches of May;
And the bird's little nest very quickly they spied,
And they ruthlessly bore it away!

"A nest there was in a dreary tree,
In a dark and dismal holly;
And methought how weary the bird must be
Of her nest so melancholy.
But the children came, and they passed it by
To rifle a fairer tree;
And the bird in the holly I then confess'd
The wiser bird to be.

"In the forest of life two different glades
Are lying before me to tread.
Shall I push my way through the darker shades,
Or follow the flowers instead?
I will think of the bird and her nestlings' doom,
And keep to the lonelier way,—
Lest enemies come where the fair flowers bloom,
And carry my treasures away." *

As you would not go beneath you for the ill-bred and the vicious, so must you avoid allowing your children to choose their companions and friends above them. This would be to show a want of that proper self-respect, self-reliance, and independence which we have just been praising as in themselves a fortune. It would, by giving your children a desire to enter the atmosphere of a wealthy and luxurious home, tempt them to despise their own home, to be dissatisfied with their condition, with their parentage, their education, their labors,—their whole existence. This temptation is a terrible one,—in a country such as ours especially, where birth and hereditary rank do not place between the poor and laboring classes and the wealthy above them, the separation walls existing in European countries. But only think of what misery for you and what ruin for your children the temptation yielded to would be sure to work!

Besides,—and apart from the despising of the old home and the being ashamed of father and mother,—this intimacy and companionship with the children of wealthy parents would beget other temptations and dangers. Companions, like friends, wish to dress alike and to be able to spend alike. Hence the road open to the approach of that Evil One who prompts to steal in order to gratify vanity, or to enjoy the pleasures accessible to one's friends.

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* Claribel.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## HOW MOTHERS SHOULD TRAIN THEIR BOYS AND GIRLS (CONTINUED.)

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine:
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.
She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere
As far as her own gentle heart allowed,
And deemed that fallen worship far more dear
Because 'twas fallen; her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had filled the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bowed
To novel power; and, as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.
She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus silently she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

BYRON.

SUCH, in many respects, will be the ideal form which will be present to the reader's mind in perusing this and the succeeding chapter.

The best preservative against the dangerous ambition described in our last, is found in the supernatural notions and

virtues which a Christian mother is careful to inculcate from the earliest dawn of reason in her children. We insist once more upon it—the royal and rich poverty of Christ, of his Mother, and of his foster-father Joseph, must be made the theme of constant remark and praise in the homes of tradesmen and laboring men. And, next to that, the mother must fill the souls of her little ones with that scorn and loathing of all dishonesty and untruthfulness, which will, with the ever-present aid of grace, render them incapable of telling a lie or wronging any person, no matter how slightly.

### CHILDREN TO BE TAUGHT SIMPLICITY IN DRESS AND SOBRIETY IN FOOD.

This is another golden rule to be enforced early. Nor need we, while the passion for rich attire, showy ornaments, and jewelry is developed so precociously in our girls, and allowed by mothers to grow unrepressed and unrebuked,—point out how timely and needful this rule is.

A venerable lady, who died in November, 1870, in her seventy-second year, and who came of the best blood of England, wrote thus, in her last years, of her early training: "The dress of these days (about 1806) was very different to that which children have now. My white frocks were of lawn or Irish cloth, without any work or ornament; and when I went out, I used to wear a little green-baize coat. My food was also of the simplest kind, consisting principally of buttermilk and potatoes." *

The girlhood trained in these habits of simplicity and wholesome austerity led to a lovely womanhood, to a life of spotless devotion to duty, and to the exercise of these private graces and influences which enable a woman, ever living in the privacy of her home, to win the admiration, the respect, and the veneration of all who approach her. We quote her words and her example to show how women were brought up in the days of our fathers, and how little

* Augustus J. C. Hare, "Memorials of a Quiet Life," vol. i., p. 6.

difference, even in Protestant homes, the deep-seated Christian customs of so many preceding centuries allowed to prevail in the dress, the food, and all the external training of children in all classes.

Mothers in those days, who wished to do their duty conscientiously by their children, did not dream of having for them in the beginning any teachers but themselves. So was it with this lady's mother; although prostrated by paralysis and consumption, she would daily teach her little girl.

"She taught me in all my lessons except French, but her weak health and bad headaches often prevented her hearing me, and many a time I had to stand outside her door waiting till I could be heard, which fretted me a good deal. When the lessons went ill, I was sentenced to sit on the staircase till I was good, and the task perfect. I imagine that though my mother was most gentle, she was firm in her management of me." Some lady-friend having "suggested my doing something because it would be *pleasant,* my mother appealed to me, 'I think my little girl has a better motive for it. What is it, Mia?' and 'Because it is *right,*' was my reply." *

## HOW EARLY THE SENSE OF DUTY—OF RIGHT AND WRONG, IS FOUND IN CHILDREN.

The answer given by the child shows how early what philosophers call "the moral sense" is developed in a child, in little girls especially, whose intelligence is so much more precocious than that of boys, and whose sense of right and wrong is much quicker and keener. The sick, —hopelessly sick and infirm mother, here mentioned, while cultivating her child's memory and understanding by teaching her the usual elementary branches, was careful to form her judgment by making her in all things act for a purpose, and to develop her moral sense by giving her in all she did the notion of duty, as her stimulant in doing both pleasant and unpleasant things.

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* *Ibidem,* p. 4.

### THE MORAL SENSE IS BUT THE SENSE OF DUTY.

Duty is the fulfilling of an obligation toward one's self, or toward another in compliance with His will, who being Creator and Lord has a right to bind our wills to do certain things and to refrain from others.

Duty is always toward God, even when the immediate object of the action performed is only one's self, or one's neighbor. The very duty of cultivating mind and heart, which regards every intelligent being, is a duty imposed by the Divine Will; so is the obligation to keep one's soul and body free from every defilement. We own it to be a duty to learn, to know clearly and fully what concerns our condition, our profession, or the office we may hold in Church or State, and a corresponding duty to live up to this indispensable knowledge. But Christian philosophy teaches us that in acquiring this knowledge, and in acting up to it, we are only doing what is *due* to Him who has an essential right to every thought and aim and act of ours.

Uprightness is the perfect performance of duty;—and uprightness, in its Christian and supernatural meaning, is the perfect discharge of duty in view of Him who is our Lord and Judge and final Beatitude. The firm look of the soul, in every act of duty or in the gratuitous generosity with which the sons of God go beyond what is of obligation —is upward to God.

### CULTIVATE THIS SENSE OF DUTY

in all your children. Make them understand that they are to do certain things most unpleasant, and to abstain from other things most pleasant, because *it is right to do so;* because it is their *duty*, because this is due to their great and good God. Experience has taught that of all characters, in men as well as in women, the most trustworthy, the most honored, the most noble in the estimation of mankind, is the man or woman who always acts according to this sense of duty, and whom no love, no fear, no passion, or

temptation can turn aside to do wrong,—that is, what is contrary to duty and conscience.

If mothers will only accustom their children to act, not according to their inclinations, but in obedience to this sense of duty, pointing out what is right to do and what is wrong not to do,—they will buckle round them a suit of armor which will enable them to come victorious out of the terrible battle of temptation. And never was this noble sense of duty more needed than in our day,—when men think little of right or wrong, and a good deal of the surest and quickest road to success;—and when, in the estimation of our public, success once attained makes the wrong right, while failure makes right itself wrong, and the sacrifice to duty foolish sentimentality.

## CULTIVATE THE HEARTS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

This is more particularly needful in the case of your girls. It is by the right or wrong in their affections that women become so powerful for good or evil. Not that their intelligence is naturally inferior to that of men,—on the contrary, in many respects the female intellect is remarkably superior. Intelligence dawns earlier in girls and ripens at a very precocious age. Hence the wisdom of cultivating the judgment and forming the imagination of girls during their fifth, sixth, and seventh years. One will often be astonished in conversing with a little girl of that age, on questioning her closely, to see (when she has been carefully watched by an intelligent and virtuous mother) how completely she will master the great scheme of the creation, the fall, the redemption and reparation, the necessity of a visible and infallible teaching authority, the beauty of the sacramental system of help toward all the purposes of the supernatural life in the individual soul as well as in the body of the Church. All this can be made so clear and so attractive to the childish intellect, without wearying it with theological terms or definitions.

The idea of God is connatural to the mind, as well as that

of his providence, of moral good and evil, of rewards and punishments. No child but can be made to ascend from the familiar notion of her father's house, well governed by firm laws, by love tempered with justice, to the great family of nations under one almighty ruler and judge. These and a thousand other notions are so quickly taken in by the youngest girl, that one is reminded forcibly of the famous theories about innate ideas.

It is impossible in a really Christian family that the head should be wrong if the heart is right. The teaching of the Church is so complete, embraces in one firm grasp our origin in the past, our duties in the present, and our prospects for all time and eternity; our doctrines are so positive, so clear, so satisfactory, and so comprehensive that they set the mind at rest, and thereby leave the soul free to direct and control its own affections.

Generally speaking, boys and girls in Catholic families have such a clear sense both of what they have to believe and what they have to do, that when they are led astray it is by their affections.

We have explained in the preceding chapter how mothers are to win and to keep the love of their boys and girls. This is one necessary step toward cultivating their hearts and training their affections. You cannot repair or beautify the interior of a house unless you secure an entrance and be in so far the master in it that no one shall disturb you while you are occupied in your labor. The heart has been endowed by its Maker with so mysterious and so great a power,—that even a babe in arms can shut its heart against its own parent, and that a child of seven can form, rightly or wrongly, likings and dislikings which may last a lifetime.

It is for the mother to study from the very beginning the dispositions of her precious charge. We say commonly that some natures are richly endowed, and others but poorly; that some persons are all head and no heart, while others are all heart and no head. That is to say, there are souls in which the intellectual powers seem to predominate and

to absorb into themselves the affective powers; while there are others in whom the affections seem to run away with the understanding and the judgment.

There is some truth and a good deal of exaggeration in these estimates which we pride ourselves in forming of the innate faculties of children as well as of grown-up persons. Doubtless, through some physical accident of formation or birth, the brain may be affected and the reasoning powers partially or almost totally paralyzed;—but there is no instance of this total paralysis of the will or the executive and affective powers in the soul where the mind retains its full vigor unimpaired. Some persons are less sensitive, less affectionate, less imaginative, less passionate than others; but in all persons of sane mind there is imagination and sensibility and affections and passions,—though in very different degrees of intensity.

Now where a faculty or special power in the soul is known to exist, it can be developed, strengthened, increased almost indefinitely by exercise and proper culture; just as a faculty neglected either dies out or lives on in a sort of rudimentary condition for want of proper exercise. The hand and arm of one man becomes as terrible an instrument of destruction as the arm of the tiger, by long muscular training. While another man, though more powerfully built by nature, will have a hand as soft as a babe's, and an arm as feeble as a girl's, from the absolute lack of exercise. Women, above all other persons, are familiar with the success which so often attends the cultivation and development of the voice, and how young persons, seemingly deficient in all aptitude for singing, will exhibit, under careful culture and practice, the most splendid vocal powers.

## "HEARTLESSNESS" THE EFFECT OF A WRONG EDUCATION.

There is no such thing as natural heartlessness. Cold as certain grown-up women, as well as men, seem to be by nature,—we may be certain that neither nature nor its Author is to blame for this lack of genial warmth and affec-

tion. No child is born without the disposition to love and the power of loving warmly: this may be not so apparent at the surface in some children as in others, or exist in the same degree of energy; or, again, this coldness in some may be only such as contrasted with the passionate and impulsive fervor of others. But let mothers rest assured that the heart is there, with its natural and essential powers of returning love for love, and of practicing, not only the virtue of supernatural charity so indispensable to the sanctity and salvation of the adult Christian, but all the other charities of private and public life, with the many virtues which never fail to adorn the soul in which true charity reigns. Indeed were it possible (which is not so) that any human being could be born without natural affection, the Creator Spirit, coming into the soul in baptism, would most surely repair the defect.

But comparatively feeble (and we use this expression most reluctantly) as the power of loving may be supposed to be,—it *is* there in the soul for the mother's tender hand and fostering charity to nurse into fullness of life, into perfect bloom and fruitful maturity. And God's abundant and unfailing help is secured to the mother in this training of her child's heart.

But the real heartlessness which shows itself so offensively in the girl and in the woman is, you may be sure of it, the result of neglect in the parent, or of a training in every way vicious.

For this heartlessness is but undisguised selfishness obtruding itself upon us in all its own repulsive deformity. The mother's eye had failed to detect this weed in her child's soul, or allowed it to grow up during infancy and girlhood, under the delusive hope that the good qualities in her girl's nature would choke out the bad when she grew up to womanhood. But it is the contrary which happens, unless God should interfere and perform a miracle in favor of the neglected or petted child. Selfishness is pretty sure, when continually ministered to and nursed by all around it, to absorb and draw to itself all the vital energies of the soul.

In the tropical forests,—in the West Indies particularly, there is a formidable species of parasite creeper whose power becomes fatal to the mightiest trees in the forest. It first shows itself like a little green plant on a sturdy branch of the forest tree, or a hole in the trunk, whence it sends down thread-like feelers to the ground. There they take root and reascend along the trunk, increasing in number and size, till not one feature of the parent-tree is visible. The whole is now inclosed in a network of serpentine forms so firm, so robust, and so vigorous, that the tiny plant has become a giant, strangling in its embrace the generous trunk which fed and supported it, and hanging high in mid-air, above the topmost branches of its dead benefactor, its brilliant clusters of flowers. Thus does selfishness prosper and flourish!

## EXAMPLES OF HEARTLESSNESS.

In a family noted for high culture, refinement, and deep religious faith, the death of a father brought to his home a near relative, a venerable lady of most exemplary life and unselfish devotion to the good of others. Indeed this noble generosity of soul had prevented her from accepting when young, beautiful, and accomplished, the many offers of marriage made to her, prompting her to give her whole existence to the comfort and happiness of her nephews and nieces.

She had been looked up to by the dead man with that union of respect and love which we call veneration, and his wife shared these sentiments. Their respected relative had come to the widow in her bereavement, to offer consolation which no other could, and to spend, as was the religious custom of her country, the night before the burial in praying beside the dead. Her arrival was greeted with heartfelt gratitude by all the mourners, save one, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, who was busy, when the visitor arrived, in dressing a doll for some little girl of the neighborhood. The presence of death in the house, the grief which overwhelmed her mother and sisters, found this girl perfectly

callous ; the outburst of emotion with which their cherished relative was received did not move her in the least, or only caused her to look up with an air of annoyance from her self-imposed task of sewing. Presently her mother begged her to go and help prepare a room for their aunt. But at this interruption she flew into a rage, and in the hearing of the aged and sensitive lady herself, the selfish vixen burst forth : "What on earth brings this old woman here? I am sure she is not wanted" . . . and other such amenities. The wound which these cruel words caused was a deep one, and was never healed in that most generous heart. They filled it with forebodings which she hardly ventured to breathe into the ear of any member of the family.

They were, however, not to remain unfulfilled. She was the youngest child, petted, indulged, spoiled. Her natural selfishness blighted and overtopped every other quality in her character. When its fearful manifestations alarmed both parents, the weak mother attempted in vain to check what was now utterly beyond her control. The heartless girl became the more heartless woman, without affection for husband or children, without a particle of love for her mother or her sisters. She has divided, darkened, and ruined the home which her too fond father had labored so hard to render happy and bright for all his dear ones.

Were the bitter fruits of heartlessness to be tasted only by the parents through whose criminal neglect and indulgence grew up the evil plant which bore them,—it would be a most just retribution. But the heartless woman proves a bane and a destroyer to others as well as a heart-sore to her parents and nearest relatives.

Where with this most odious form of selfishness in a woman she also possesses the terrible gift of beauty, she becomes a curse to every man who falls under the fatal spell of her fair face. Love she cannot, for, love being the gift of self, is impossible to the heartless and selfish. The vanity begotten of the selfishness which is conscious of the charm of beauty, only yearns for admiration, and gloats on every fresh addition to the number of admirers. The pains endured by

the thrice-foolish men who allow themselves to believe in the warmth of a heartless woman's smiles, or to trust to her promises, are of no account to her. We remember once to have seen a gigantic ivy all in bloom on a part of the ruined walls of Laon. The odor of its flowers is so sweet and the nectar which they distill so intoxicating, that the flowering mass was covered with a cloud of various insects which struggled and fought for a taste of the delicious food, while the earth beneath was covered with the carcasses of countless victims.

### THE PUNISHMENT OF HEARTLESSNESS.

The selfish and heartless make no friends,—for they cannot inspire any one who knows them with that enlightened esteem and solid respect which are the first requisites for true love in any being. Christian theology, when well analyzed, shows that the greatest torment of the damned is not only the loss of God and of the blissful society of heaven, but the being placed eternally face to face with one's self, with that self which is the creation of one's own will, the work of one's own hands. And, while yet on earth, the most terrible torture of the utterly selfish woman (say the same of man), is, when admiration and enjoyment have passed away, to find herself in presence of *herself*,—of her own false and hollow heart. This is the hell of the heartless, even in this life.

But one or two other examples of this monstrous perversity in the moral formation of certain persons may contain an instructive lesson for more classes than one.

### A HEARTLESS WIFE AND A MORE HEARTLESS HUSBAND.

Two young people had married early in their native country, with the understanding that the husband would go forthwith to America and there provide for his young wife the home which the misfortune of the times and the circumstances of the country made it impossible to obtain at home.

A few months after his departure, however, his wife was induced by a neighboring family, who were going to New York, to take passage with them,—thinking in her simple heart that, once in the great city, she could find her husband as easily as in her native village.

The poor little woman's disappointment and dismay on her arrival here can be easily conceived. She was penniless, and no inquiries she could make availed to obtain tidings of her husband. After knocking at many doors she was directed by the clergy of the Nativity, in Second Avenue, to a family up town ever ready to interest themselves in cases of distress. So one morning the mistress of the house found in her waiting-room a plainly but neatly dressed young person of striking beauty of countenance, "like one of these lovely Irish girls whom a painter would select for a Madonna." Her story was soon told. "Her husband had promised to send for her when he had got a little place for both, and she was to wait at home for his letter. But," . . . And here the young creature broke down. She told the kind motherly lady who questioned her most affectionately, that she was soon to become herself a mother, and her impatience to join her husband was very intelligible. She had found a protectress, however: a safe temporary home was provided for her, she was given sewing and other such work to do, and every care was taken of her welfare till her babe was born. "It was a most beautiful child," said our informant, "and the happiness of its young mother would have been complete had the efforts made to discover her husband been successful."

A few weeks after the birth of her child, she called on her kind benefactress and told her that she had been advised to go into some good family as a wet nurse, and had put for that purpose an advertisement in the daily papers. "I am sorry you did so without consulting me, Mary," said her kind friend. "It is a thing I would never advise any mother to do. And, besides, we could have found you plenty of good work to do, while attending to your babe."

It was too late; the persons with whom Mary was stay-

ing had persuaded her to this course, and the poor inexperienced young thing hoped to gain money to help her struggling husband in his efforts to secure a home of their own. And then again, she was assured that her babe would be well cared for in a family a little out of town, which they designated. And so the fatal step was taken.

Mary was accepted as nurse in the family of a minister in Brooklyn, whose name, as well as the denomination to which he belonged, it is needless to mention. After some three weeks had elapsed, this gentleman called one day on Mary's New York benefactress, to inform her that he should have to part with the nurse.

"Part with her?" replied the other; "why so? are you not satisfied with her?" "Oh, she is a very good woman—neat, quiet, respectful, very careful of our child—and our family physician, after examining her, pronounces her a remarkably healthy person. But there are certain things about her we do not like." "When did you make up your mind to part with her?" "The first week she came to us." "And you did not tell her of it then?" "No, because we have not been able to get a suitable person to take her place." "That seems unkind to her. She could have then returned to her own child in good time. But now she will find that it has been weaned. . . . But, pray, what fault in her could have justified a delay which, to say the least, is cruel?" "Oh! she moans in her sleep, and seems unhappy away from her child, and we do not want to have our babe nursed by any one who seems unhappy." The lady gazed at him in utter astonishment, mixed with no little contempt for the heartlessness of both himself and his wife. At length she said indignantly: "Is it possible, sir, that you could expect any woman with a true mother's nature to be able to give up her own child, and give the nourishment she owed it to that of another mother, without feeling her heart breaking, or without moaning in her sleep?" He persisted in saying that he saw nothing to blame in his wife's or his own conduct. The feelings of poor Mary or the fate of her babe never cost either of them

a thought. "At least," said the lady, as he rose to take his leave, "you must promise me to send Mary back to her babe at once. For to keep her longer in your house, or in ignorance of your intention, would be wrong and criminal." A promise was made, but was not kept. Mary was detained a week or ten days longer, and then dismissed with the heartless indifference which characterized the minister and his spouse. At least a full month had then elapsed since Mary had intrusted her beautiful babe to the out-of-town nurse, giving two-thirds of her wages to secure it every possible care and comfort. All this time she had not been permitted to visit it.

Her feeling of joy at the prospect of seeing it overcame every other sentiment in her heart, and without a moment's delay she flew to its side. It was summer-time; she found the woman with whom she had left her treasure dressed in the most slatternly fashion, and a baby, fat and rosy, fast asleep in a cradle. Poor Mary's heart sank within her, and a great faintness came over her as she looked about for her own. She dared not, indeed she could not, inquire. . . . On a wooden washboard she saw a dirty shawl in a bundle, and covered with flies, from which a feeble moan proceeded. And going over she found her babe lying neglected there, so emaciated and so feeble that it had not strength enough to cry for the food it needed.

Of course the unnatural monster with whom she had left it was confounded at the sudden apparition of the young mother. Had she waited a day or two longer it would have been out of pain and soon buried away out of sight, and a story found to cover its slow murder. But poor Mary had no time to waste in explanation or accusations. She must save her child.

Away she flew to her benefactress. She was at first unable to utter a single word, and the former thought the child was dead. But when she heard how the case was, "Go back instantly," she said, "and bring your baby here." While Mary had been in the service of the heartless minister and his unwomanly wife, the home to which Mary was

hastening to bring her dying child had been visited by death, and in the gentle mistress's own bedroom a cradle was empty, which she knelt by more than once each day to ask for strength from on high, and to beseech her little angel boy among the choirs above to protect his mother's home.

That cradle was now prepared and decked for the stranger child. So when it arrived the entire household was interested in helping the mistress to save the little starveling. A bath of spirits and water was ready, and when, with infinite tenderness, the noble-hearted lady had bathed it, she arrayed the little sufferer in her dead boy's most beautiful dress, and laid it in his cradle, while her daughters knelt around to look upon the tiny feeble thing, and to pray that it might live. Who can paint the ecstasy of poor Mary as she too knelt by its side, and believed that in the heavenly atmosphere of that room her babe must soon recover.

Presently the great-hearted husband of her benefactress returned from the courts, and on entering his wife's room was greeted with the words: "Oh, do come and see what I have got for you." The other approached the cradle around which he saw his bright-faced children gazing delightedly, and the strange young woman absorbed in watching her sick infant. The tears filled the eyes of the Christian gentleman as he took in the full meaning of what he saw, and kneeling down reverently by the side of the cradle he kissed the sufferer there as he would the feet of the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. "Darling," he said to his wife, as he rose from his knees, "God will bless you for this!"

Meanwhile no time was lost in seeking a new position for Mary as nurse in a good family. Her infant could take no nourishment from her, and she was assured that where it was every care would be lavished on it. Indeed, it was thenceforth looked upon as the child of the house. Within a few days a gentleman called, in answer to the advertisement in the papers,—a Mr. Robinson,—who felt both touched and deeply interested by what he heard of Mary, and by the genuine charity exercised toward her by her

benefactress. But he would have Mary not separated from her own infant, and took it in the carriage with her to his home, where the little flame of life, which had flashed up fitfully under the loving care of a true mother, soon went out forever.

Will the reader ask, if from the home where that dying child was taken in and nursed as tenderly and reverently as if it had been the Babe cast out on the roadside at Bethlehem,—true women and true men went forth in good season to gladden the souls of the generous mother, and the no less generous father, of whom we have had a glimpse? We can answer: Ay—true men and true women every one of them —because their hearts had been trained from childhood to the pursuit of every thing that was unselfish, and devoted to the divine honor and the good of others.

### A HEARTLESS MISTRESS'S TERRIBLE FATE.

This heartlessness is all the more criminal that it is found in persons making a special profession of piety; and it is simply monstrous in all who have taken on themselves to be the religious guides of others.

Some quarter of a century ago two excellent girls living out at service in good families supported their aged mother, —one of these ideal women so frequent in the dear old Irish homes described elsewhere. When the last illness visited their parent, the eldest girl, Catherine, was living in a family noted for the active benevolence of its young mistress, while the younger, Mary, resided with a near relative and friend of the former. Catherine had no difficulty in persuading her worshiped lady to accompany her to her parent's sick bed; in truth, it would have been impossible to prevent these visits. For, one powerful means employed by divine grace, in bringing this young wife and mother into the Catholic Church, was the supernatural beauty she had remarked on the features and in the bearing of so many poor women of the sufferer's class. She described her as not naturally handsome in countenance, but her snow-white

hair inclosed a face stamped with such heavenly sweetness and resignation, and through her meek and modest eyes shone a light so marvelous that it seemed to come from a something divine, and to fill the soul of the beholder with thoughts of God and promptings to godlike deeds. Of course Catherine remained by the side of her sick mother, and every thing which her mistress could do to show her respect for the dying woman or to alleviate her pain, was done without stint or cessation.

Mary had some difficulty in obtaining permission to remain a single night with her dear parent, who, thanks to the generous and intelligent nursing already secured to her, soon rallied so far that both daughters returned to their situations. Catherine, however, was sent back with peremptory orders to remain until the doctor had declared there was no further need of her presence. A second attack, more alarming than the first, soon afterward summoned both girls away, Mary being explicitly told that she could not stay away a single night unless she wished to give up her place. The lady who showed this disregard of the feelings of a daughter and the sacred claims of filial duty, was not considered a bad woman, nor an uncharitable woman. She was pious in her own way, and gave liberally toward works of beneficence. But she had been reared to look upon the poor, even upon her servants, as upon a caste who had no right to have deep affections or refined feelings.

The sick mother rallied a second time, only to be seized with the symptoms of a near dissolution; and as poor Mary presented herself to obtain permission for a third visit, her mistress could not restrain her ill temper. "Well, I declare"—were the cruel words which fell from the proud rich woman's lips on the heart of the poor and lowly dependent—"well, I declare your old mother takes a long time to die!"

The poor weeping girl only reached her mother's home to find that the pure spirit had gone to its eternal rest; and when the funeral was over she accompanied Catherine to their common benefactress,—and declared amid tears and

sobs, that she dared not, could not return to her mistress. Then she reluctantly told of the cruel words uttered by the latter. The lady, shocked to hear such a tale told of one of her own kinswomen and oldest friends, tried to console the weeping girl, and prophesied in her just indignation.

"Mary," she said, "go back and stay with your mistress, and pray much for her; for, something tells me, that before a single year is over God will punish her in some dreadful way, and that when she dies not one of her children shall be at hand to comfort her."

A few months after this incident the heartless woman, with her youngest daughter, went to Europe on a pleasure trip; the vessel which bore them perished,—and was supposed to have been wrecked amid the icebergs off the coast of Newfoundland. No tidings or details of the catastrophe ever reached the public. Ah! what would not that mother in her supreme agony have given for the comforting presence of the dear ones at home, or for one short hour of respite from the pitiless jaws of the deep!

## UNSELFISHNESS THE TREASURE OF THE LABORING POOR.

The directions here given will serve to warn mothers in the home of the laboring man, as well as in that of the most wealthy or well-born, against the fatal fruits of their own neglect in cultivating the hearts of their children. Oh! let mothers begin early to destroy in the souls of their dear ones every root and fiber of this dreadful bane of selfishness! We have watched with admiration one mother, blessed in this respect with uncommon skill, accustom an infant to give back to her the toys which it fancied most. It was only the beginning of the golden habit of generosity, ever ready to take from self and give to others. Later the child was taught never to enjoy alone any thing given to it as a plaything or a dessert. Then, out of the first pennies received for pocket-money, it was made to give at least the greatest portion to the poor; while the most touching stories of other children's distress and suffering were told

by the parent to awaken within the tender soul of infancy the sense of pity and the virtue of mercy by these pictures of woe often near at hand. And will not God aid and bless these industries of motherly love?

Let us say it at once: the soil of the laborer's heart is one especially rich in the growth of all the divine virtues that claim kinship with generosity. No one knows it better than he whose hand writes these lines, and to whose memory so long and rich a record of the generous and heroic charity of the poor and the laboring classes is now vividly present.

Whence has come the rich and seemingly exhaustless fund out of which have arisen the Catholic churches, colleges, academies, convents, orphan-asylums, hospitals, and homes for the aged and infirm which have sprung up in the English-speaking world within the last half-century? Mainly from the scanty purse of the laboring man, from the very need of the poor man, and from the incredible generosity of servant girls! Within this great city of New York how many thrilling anecdotes could be told by every priest who has had to build a church, to found a school, or some institution of beneficence!

Let mothers see to it that this rich inheritance of generosity be transmitted to their children, to their daughters particularly, so that the coming generation be as royal-hearted as that which went before it.

The blessed root of this undying generosity must be laid in the early love of Him who "also hath loved us, and hath delivered himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God." This has been already insisted on in the preceding chapter, and it only remains that we should once more urge upon the attention of mothers the necessity of making their children do generously whatever they do for God, for their parents, their brothers and sisters, for the poor, the widow and the orphan.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MOTHER'S OFFICE TOWARD BOYHOOD AND GIRLHOOD. CULTURE OF THE HEART—(CONTINUED.)

*Magnum donum Dei, donum cordis!*
A great gift of God is the gift of heart.
ST. THOMAS VILLANOVA.

WE have been like travelers on their way to the Pacific coast, borne swiftly along tracts most rich in treasures beyond all price, at which they could only glance through the narrow windows of their temporary prison, as steam hurried them onward to their goal. Even though we should devote this entire volume to this beautiful and vast theme of the culture of the heart in childhood and youth,—we should be far from exhausting it; and after traveling never so leisurely over the road, we should leave many rich underlying veins of thought and consideration untouched and undiscovered. At least must we direct the attention of every mother who will follow our guidance to a few additional points.

The heart of youth can be most truly likened to these rich deposits of mineral wealth which the hand of the Creator has accumulated for our use beneath the surface of this globe, or to the mighty elements of fire and water out of which the science of man is developing daily such beneficent or destructive forces. There is no limit to the wealth of goodness and generosity which lies hidden within the heart of any one of your boys or girls; and this fund every mother has to study and bring to light, enriching therewith

first of all the soul of her child, and then teaching it to bestow its treasures of goodness and generosity on others,—on the members of the family circle first, and then on all who stand in need of generous words and deeds. There is more power for good stored up in the heart of a babe,—power to lift itself upward to God by heroic goodness and godlike works, and to lift others with it to God's level,—than there is of electric force in the ocean. And yet science tells us that a tiny cup full of water contains undeveloped electricity enough to blow up a fortress.

The forces which education—the true education given by a Christian mother—calls forth in the soul of her child may be destined, in the designs and with the aid of God's almighty grace, to save and sanctify as many souls as St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, or St. Teresa. These same forces neglected or perverted by a wrong heart-culture, may destroy as many souls as a Lucifer or a Mazzini.

Let not mothers who read this,—no matter how poor or overburdened with care,—say: My child is born in obscurity, and cannot be designed by Providence for such a great work and such mighty results as are pointed out here. Shall we look at one or two examples near our own times, of men and women who have lived in our generation?

Here is a poor cooper's family in a little town in the midst of a vine-growing country. There are two children: a boy who is working hard to gain promotion in the parish school, with the hope of being then sent to college and becoming in good time a priest,—and a timid, sickly little girl, whom it requires perpetual nursing and all the industry of a mother's love to save from the hand of death. The mother is a God-fearing woman, who makes of the practice of solid piety the first care and pleasure of both her children; and the father—in the midst of the deluge of irreligious doctrines and revolutionary tendencies which have crazed the laboring classes in town and country—holds firmly to the faith of his fathers. From the dawn till late into the night the townsfolk see him toiling away at his

trade, varying his occupation with the culture of a small patch of vineyard at some distance in the country. In the terrible times during which their boy has grown to manhood and is approaching the epoch of his ordination, and while their sickly girl is budding into womanhood, both parents have had to fight a hard battle with the dire distress and famine which sweeps over their country like the breath of the Divine wrath, and with the tempest of impiety, blood, and fire which sweeps before it throne and altar, king, queen, nobles, bishops, priests, and every man and woman on whom suspicion of loyalty or religiousness can light.

The brother, concealed in his lowly paternal home, has undertaken to cultivate the mind and heart of his sister, and he teaches her all he knows, the languages of Greece and Rome, together with those of modern Europe. It seemed a folly to the parents, a folly to friends and neighbors, this high schooling of the poor cooper's sickly, shrinking daughter by a brother whose ambition was to cultivate both mind and heart, in man and woman, to the highest degree,—*and for God's service!* And so, while parents at home murmured, and outside acquaintance sneered, the twin souls grew under the silent training of that Spirit, who only asks of man to turn to good purpose "the late and early rain" of the present day, and will Himself give the increase and the ripe fruit in due season.

That brother's soul was not of the temper which could permit a priest to tarry idly or lie hidden beneath the shelter of his father's workshop, while Paris streamed with the blood of priests and bishops, and souls in hourly peril of death sought in vain the saving aid a priestly hand could alone bestow. But to Paris he did not go alone. The timid, sickly maiden bore within her bosom a heroic soul, and she would share her brother's dangers, and, so far as she might, his glorious labors.

When the great social earthquake was over, European society was like a city overturned to its very foundations. Unbelief and the most hideous forms of anti-christian error

had invaded hearts and households among every class, and the work of conversion had to be begun over again by the patient apostleship of education,—more laborious a hundredfold and more difficult than the first great mission of the Twelve, when they went forth from the Upper Chamber to overthrow Roman and Grecian idolatry, with all the barbarous paganism of the tribes lying outside the empire of the Cæsars. And new worlds were also opening beyond the seas, where woman's devotion and heroism were called to vie with the most fervent zeal of priestly workmen.

The brother had been but the instrument in God's hand training and preparing that little sister, till the memorable day, November the 21st, 1800, when Providence made her the corner-stone of a society of apostolic women whose ranks now extend from Paris to the ends of the earth.

She was in the very springtide of her maidenhood, when he who is now seated on the chair of St. Peter was first laid a babe on the knees of Countess Caterina Mastaï; and on May the 25th, 1865, when that nobly-born child, after passing through the furnace, had borne for nineteen years the thorny crown of the Pontificate, that great-souled woman passed to the city of God on high, where thirteen hundred and sixty-eight of her associates in the world-wide apostleship were waiting for her, and nearly thrice that number were still on earth carrying on throughout both hemispheres the divine purpose to which she had devoted her life.

We have not forgotten that bent and venerable form as we were privileged to behold it just before the Angel of Death had given the first warning of his approach: the face which seemed to shine with the radiance of the blessed, the words so full of the Spirit of God and which burned into the listener's soul, the atmosphere of holiness which surrounded her, making one feel as if "a virtue went forth" from the very hem of her garments. We could and would fain have knelt for a blessing from that great servant of God,—the little sickly maid brought up in the cooper's poor cottage in Burgundy!

And how many others like herself, born in poverty, but

trained to that divine generosity, which is the soul of Catholic spiritual life, were drawn to the saintly foundress by the charm of her humility, her gentleness, her greatness of soul, her consuming love of our Crucified Lord!

Who has done most for His glory and for the true welfare of the race, the lowly-born French girl, who was worthy to be the parent of so wide-spread and so thrifty a spiritual family, or the noble scion of the Mastaï-Ferretti, raised so unwillingly to the papal throne, and governing the Church amid trials far more searching and destructive than the persecution of Decian or Domitian? Their lives have run parallel for three-quarters of a century, and were both animated by that same heroic generosity which knew not how to refuse aught to God or to the neighbor's need.

## EDUCATION A CREATION.

The beautiful languages of the nations once the most Catholic in Christendom,—Spain, Italy, and Portugal,—express the idea and work of education by that equivalent to "create." And a recent traveler in the last-named kingdom, who speaks most highly of the civilization of the "unlettered" peasantry, deserves to be quoted here. "To say of a Portuguese that he is *mal creado*—ill brought up, ill-bred—is still the greatest of reproaches. The exceptions to this universal good-breeding are to be seen among the lower middle-classes, with whom liberal ideas are happily (?) become common, but who appear to think, with liberals elsewhere, that discourtesy is equivalent to an assertion of equality. It has frequently been noticed that, in Portugal, the best manners are to be found in the very highest and the very lowest classes. The middle classes, as a rule, however, sin rather from an excess than from a want of manners; they are, like some vulgar people at home, far too anxious to show that they know how to behave. They are too ceremonious to be perfectly courteous." *

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* John Latouche, "Travels in Portugal," pp. 64, 65.

We are glad to insert this extract here, both to show our readers what the genuine notion of education is, and what effect it produces on men's manners and speech in their intercourse with each other. We shall revert to this perfect courtesy a little further on. At present our object is to show the effect of education on the soul itself. And here it is that we beg parents to consider seriously how divine a work is theirs.

Education does literally complete in the child the work of the Creator. Only think of it. It is a wonderful thing to see how from the acorn planted in the ground a little pair of leaflets will bud forth, and then a tiny stem, which will grow taller and taller each day, each month, each year, putting forth branches, when in the open, to catch the rain and the dew, and to balance itself against every wind that blows, waxing strong in sunshine and in storm till it becomes the ornament of the field or the hillside, and outliving for centuries the man who planted it and nursed it in its helplessness.

See how the sculptor will take a block of marble from the quarry, and from this rough and shapeless mass with mallet and chisel form a figure so beautiful, so life-like that it seems to speak to you and almost about to move. And see, also, the great painter Lionardo, at work on a naked wall in a refectory of monks. He wishes to represent the Master seated at table for the last time with the Twelve whom he had chosen to be the teachers and parents of a new spiritual world. Figure after figure is sketched and colored along that table, and on each side of the Master, till the whole is completed; and when the great workman unvails his masterpiece to the gaze of the long-expectant brotherhood, one rapturous cry of admiration bursts forth: "It is a creation!" The Divine One is there, his heart preparing to bestow on them, and on the world through them, his divinest gift, and he foresees how, within a few hours, one of those present will deliver him up to his enemies, and how all will forsake him in his need. You almost hear him say mournfully: "Amen I say to you, that one of you is about to be-

tray me." While the figures which start up around seem to reply by look or gesture: "Is it I, Lord?"

All these wonders of art and industry are, in their importance, not to be compared to the divine work of education, its effects in the soul, and its consequences on the life of the individual and all dependent on his good or evil deeds.

It is for the mother by her intelligence, patience, gentleness, and unwearied love to call forth in the soul of each of her children the mighty virtues lying there as in a rich soil only awaiting the skillful hand of the husbandman.

We are principally occupied with the culture of the heart. Create generosity in it: we have already seen how a beginning can be made in the babe; now let us study its further progress in the boy and girl.

### GENEROSITY IN CONQUERING SELF.

We know as well what are the baneful fruits of selfishness and self-indulgence. We have laid down unselfishness as the primary virtue not of motherhood only but of true womanhood. Should any one of the mothers who may be interested in these lessons, find, on examining her conscience, that she is still too much in love with self, then let her learn to overcome herself while teaching her child this indispensable virtue of self-denial. There is not a moment to be lost. Bad habits take root with fearful rapidity even in the richest natures. They grow and ripen and bear their fruit, like southern vines and weeds, almost in a single day and night. Crush them, pluck them out pitilessly from their very first appearance, and do not weary of the labor of rooting them out again and again. For, your child's salvation depends on your sleepless watchfulness and perseverance.

The most successful method, however, consists in accustoming your child to continual acts of the virtues opposed to selfishness.

Teach them not to yield easily to the natural sympathies and preferences which arise among brothers and sisters, and

which often prove so fruitful a source of domestic discord, strife, and misery. It is, even in the child, selfishness which inclines it to love all who are of its own disposition, who please it and pet it. Make the child be kind to every one of its brothers and sisters without distinction. But should it so happen that it have a dislike for any one of them in particular, accustom it to show this one some special mark of affection and kindness.

No little strength is imparted to the childish character by thus early accustoming it to be generous in overcoming its likings and dislikes where these are unfounded, or of a nature to breed mischief when allowed to grow. Besides, the exercise of this same generosity of will is of scarcely less importance toward the child's outside playmates and acquaintance. Many a fatal friendship has sprung up at the age of ten or twelve. This very morning's papers record the sudden death from heart disease of a poor hard-working and virtuous mother, whose son,—perhaps an only son,—had contracted, in spite of repeated warnings and chastisement, an intimacy with a boy of his own age. The latter exercised a sort of fascination over all those of his years in the crowded quarter where they lived, organized a band of juvenile libertines, thieves, and burglars; and gave the police a world of trouble.

A burglary was committed and traced to the two lads; and the tempter and his victim were seized by a detective just as they were about to enter the latter's home. The poor anxious mother had been watching all the livelong night near her window for her absent boy—he is only a boy—judging that he was in some trouble or danger. She had fallen into a slumber toward morning when the noise at the door startled her; and, on opening her window, she saw them handcuffing her child. There was a faint scream which awakened the husband, and then a low moan, while she pressed her hands on her heart. "Oh! the pain I have here!" And she was dead.

Had she been neglectful of her duty toward that child? Alas, but few, very few among mothers of that class, living

in such awful neighborhoods, are careful to do what we are here endeavoring to inculcate,—to check the very first beginnings of intimacy and companionship with all who are not thoroughly good.

### TEACH THEM GENEROSITY IN THE EXERCISE OF THE HOME CHARITIES.

Home is, or always should be, the school where the child should learn this practical generosity. There are aged persons in the home ; and what household is complete or completely blessed without venerable age ? There is nothing so beautiful among men as age : its very wrinkles and infirmities are eloquent of the battle of life well fought and the glorious victory won. The fruit tree in spring, when it is covered with the tender green of its leaves and the lovely tints of its blossoms, is a charming object to the sense ; but this bloom only lasts a few days, the blossoms drop with the first blast or the first rain,—and then all nature's labor through the remaining spring, summer, and autumn is to increase and ripen the fruit. When they hang in all their mellow richness from the branches at the end of the fine season, do not complain that the flowers are no longer there, that the few leaves left are discolored or shriveled, and ready to fall to the ground. Leaves and flowers, dew and rain and sunshine, the rich moisture of the earth and the blessed warmth of the air,—all worked together to bring forth fruit on that tree. Is the fruit there ? Are the branches bending beneath their load ?—Then is there not in garden, field, or forest a more precious or beautiful object than that tree with its golden load of fruit !

Even so with a long life all filled with brave struggles against poverty and loss and treachery and discouragement, —with victories over one's own weaknesses, and virtues ripened in the soul to the full maturity of Christian holiness,—what is more glorious, more lovely, more worthy of affection and reverence, than these long lives with their merits and pregnant lessons,—just as the sun of this world

is setting for them and the first brightness of the Eternal Day is on their close?

We could kiss the maimed hands and feet of the soldier who has given his limbs and exposed his life for the defense of our liberty and our honor! Even though the battle in which he received his wounds lasted but a single hour, his glorious scars deserve perpetual remembrance and gratitude. But when the hands of a dear mother, after serving us so long, after having given us so lavishly and lovingly of the fruits of her late and early toil, and having been lifted, morning and night, for our dear need to Him from whom all good descendeth,—when these hands that have nursed our helpless infancy, supported and directed us through childhood,—are now infirm with excess of labor and trembling with the chill of age,—shall we ever touch them without kissing them with infinite reverence? For the hands of a mother are the visible image near to us on earth of that Almighty hand,—all wisdom and tenderness, which never ceases to toil for us throughout the unwearying years.

Or, when the wearied feet of a father linger, benumbed and leaden, near the hearthstone, shall we not call to mind with swelling hearts the long and rugged road over which they have traveled, burdened with the load of our manifold wants,—aching and bleeding many times,—and yet unable to pause for rest, for the love of us urged them onward through sun and storm, through ice and snow,—till nature sank exhausted? O blessed feet,—how well might every true-hearted child not only venerate the sores which time and long travel have left behind, but kiss your prints along the rugged paths through which you fared unfalteringly for our dear sakes!

And other aged are often in the home,—venerable relatives who cast their lot with the family, or on whose own hearthstone there is nothing left but the cold ashes of a former warm and generous hospitality;—or the stranger given a place by the hearth in Christ's name, and to be reverenced as his own person!

O home-charities of the Christian family, what deep and heavenly love you lay open to the soul, and what visions of the dwelling of the Common Father above the skies,—where love eternal decks out its most royal mansions for those who are poorest and lowliest here below!

With all the voices of our soul we beseech you, O mothers, to inculcate reverence for the aged,—whom God has given you to love and venerate in His own stead. Beautiful, most beautiful is this tender and worshipful regard which our holy faith bids us pay to gray hairs. It was a living part of the religion of our fathers, it was the honor of every Catholic fireside: oh! let us cherish it here as the sure pledge of God's blessing on our homes, and the fulfillment of the promise of "long life in the land" to all who honor father and mother and old age to the end! Teach your boys and girls also to

### REVERENCE AND WORSHIP THE SICK AND INFIRM IN YOUR HOME.

To the lessons contained in the seventh chapter of this book, it may suffice to add here, that of all the blessings God may send to the home of such as love him truly, none is more precious than the presence of the sick.

Children and young people (at least where these have not been already perverted by self-indulgence) are naturally inclined toward the needy and suffering. The pale and emaciated features of the sick plead eloquently with young and generous hearts, and their moans find a ready echo in souls from which sin has not banished the spirit of charity. It is for mothers to foster and train aright in the bosoms of their boys and girls this touching sympathy toward every kind of infirmity and disease. There is One in the soul of your child who will not fail to help you powerfully. Only recall, when you are teaching your dear ones, how the Master loved the sick, and how he would have it that if they only touched the hem of his garment with a lively faith they should instantly be healed.

Was it not his own mission of healing mercy to our souls

that he described so divinely in the parable of the Good Samaritan? Is not the office of that love which bore us in its heart from all eternity, and which ever stoops to the need and misery of each, as if each were alone in existence, painted by the divine hand in that alien in blood and religion who forgot the whole world to care for the wounded man found by the roadside,—while priest and Levite, the fellow-countrymen and fellow-worshipers of the poor forlorn one, went to the other side of the road, lest it should be thought they saw his blood or heard his groans?

Make every child of yours know and feel that he or she is the poor lost one, cast all wounded and dying by the roadside, and so near the eternal death,—and that the friend in need was He who came from the throne of heaven to heal, to restore, to lift up to the height whence he had himself descended. Make them understand,—that, on leaving earth again, he wishes and bids every one of us to do for the sick in body, in heart, or in soul, what he did for us.

The Mohammedans look upon idiots and the insane as upon persons specially privileged and loved of God, and treat them in consequence with the most religious reverence. Our Christian faith teaches us, as it taught our fathers from the beginning, to consider Christ himself as being concealed beneath the rags of the beggar, the emaciated or disfigured form of the sick, or the touching helplessness of the idiot or the insane.

In the Rhone valley a hideous form of swelling in the neck brought on by the mineral qualities of the waters they drink, and called "Cretinism," is accompanied, after a certain time, by imbecility; and the Catholic piety of the population leads them to look upon this awful scourge as a blessing from on high, as a mark of predestination. Even the images of our crucified Lord are made with this deformity,—as if they applied to the letter the prophecy of Isaias: "There is no beauty in him, nor comeliness: and we have seen him, and there was no sightliness. . . . Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as

one struck by God and afflicted" (ch. liii.). Hence, too, the unspeakably touching custom during the Ages of Faith to place in leprosy hospitals paintings representing our Lord as covered with that most loathsome form of disease.

We have seen religious communities where the room of a member afflicted with chronic disease was a kind of sanctuary to which all sought, as a special privilege, the permission of paying a daily visit,—and with what exquisite refinement of politeness and charity! We have known homes where the presence of some such incurable disease or life-long infirmity was hailed by parents, children, and servants as a priceless favor of the divine goodness: and how every act and industry that the fondest love could devise was practiced for years and years to render the lot of the stricken one bearable, to make the sick-room bright and cheerful, to fill it with the most pleasant sights and sweetest sounds! The most delicious fruits were sought for the sick one, and the most beautiful and fragrant flowers,—and we have known the master of that home to permit no one but himself to bathe the feet of the sick man,—and on bended knees, as if Christ himself were there. We have seen high-born ladies permitting no hand but their own ever to make the sufferer's bed, or decorate the room with gay colors, or wash and dress the disgusting sores. Think you the children of such parents will fail to inherit this sublime spirit of faith and piety? Or that peace and contentment, deeper than the ocean and sweeter than all joys that can be tasted outside of that vast bosom of God which is to be our home, will not flood such hearts and such households forever?

So, Christian mothers, you will train your dear ones to treat the sick and the infirm with a respect and a tenderness equal at least to their heartfelt reverence for the aged.

### LET CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE GENEROUSLY OVERLOOK INFIRMITIES OF TEMPER IN THE AGED AND SICK.

This will be the crown of your home-charities. For, if there are aged and sick persons of so sweet a disposition

and such conversational charm, that the pleasure felt in one's intercourse with them more than repays any service rendered, any effort at generosity made in attending to their wants or their gratification,—there are others whose manners disgust or whose temper sorely tries all who approach them.

This, however, is an extreme case. But, be that as it may, it is the mother's duty, where there are such persons in the family, to prepare the children to expect that old persons should have certain peculiarities which are to be borne with. The reverence with which she will have taught them to regard age in all persons, will prevent her dear pupils from turning into ridicule whatever might strike them as ludicrous. Nay, the true politeness which comes from the culture of the heart, and is the offspring of piety, will teach them to submit gracefully and lovingly to the whims and oddities of old people,—as well as to the irritability of the sick.

This generous self-restraint and devotion to the need and comfort of others is an admirable discipline for the young, as well as a rich source of merit before the Divine Majesty, whom the true children of God profess to serve, and believe they serve, in ministering to the infirm and the aged.

## GENEROSITY IN FORGETTING ONE'S PAIN, TO PLEASE OTHERS.

This last and most important form of the home-charities can be practiced by children every day of their lives. A mother well accustomed, in her unvarying attention to the happiness of all around her, to forget the pain that is torturing head and limbs, the carking care which is gnawing at her heart, and the grief which is seldom absent from the life of the purest and the best,—will easily succeed in making her daughters remember that they too must forget their little aches and griefs to make all pleasant for their brothers and sisters, or to show perfect hospitality to visitors. Nor will they have any difficulty in making their sons, every

day and hour of their lives, give up out-door pleasures or pursuits in order to contribute their share to home enjoyments or to its generous hospitalities.

One instance of such self-denial in a child of twelve summers may conclude not unaptly this fundamental doctrine on generosity. She, as well as her older sisters, had been taught by the example of both her parents to devote herself, in spite of headaches or other such slight ailments, to make the evenings in the family circle delightful or to give up her whole time to the entertainment of guests. In the absence of the mother this became the all-important duty of her daughters; and they, to gratify their worshiped mother, vied with each other in leaving no one of the home-charities unattended to while she was away.

It so happened that during one of these enforced absences the fatal disease which carried off our little maiden so suddenly, seized her at the very time when two girls of her own age and dear friends of the family, were visiting her. The child was in an agony of pain all day, trying the while to wear her sweet smile, to play and sing with her friends;—and lest she should seem inhospitable, she carefully concealed her torture from her sisters,—going for a few moments to the kitchen, where no one could observe her, and giving way to her tears. She made the cook promise that no one should know she was suffering.

And thus the day past,—and the long evening came. But then, the pain in her limbs became so dreadful, that every now and then she would cast herself on the sofa to find a moment's relief. She took her share in all the amusements of the drawing-room; it was only remarked that her eyes shone with a preternatural brightness and that her color went and came very rapidly. She had, however, no sooner bidden her two little friends good-night, than she became insensible.

They laid the unconscious child on the sofa, applied in vain restoratives, and then bore her to her room. But she was to rise no more from her bed. During an entire week she raved in the grasp of the malignant and mysterious dis-

ease which had seized upon her, unable to recognize even her father, but calling piteously and continually for her absent mother. She, with her eldest daughter, was hundreds of miles away by the sick-bed of her own parent. The latter, when the telegraph summoned her visitors away, would not even hear of her grand-daughter's remaining with her, and chose to suffer alone in her widowed home, bidding her children imperatively not to delay one moment.

They did not arrive a moment too soon. It was midnight when they entered the sick-chamber; the terrible spasms of the preceding days had now given place to a deep lethargy, the evident forerunner of death. The poor mother, who expected every minute to be the last, sat tearful but resigned to the coming of the dread angel, praying with her whole soul that her child might recover consciousness, were it only to know that her mother was by her side. Suddenly, at the first break of dawn, the little sufferer opened her eyes, a preternatural light overspread her features, and stretching forth her arms, "Oh, mama!" she said, "I am so glad you have come home again!" Then raising herself, she clasped her weeping parent round the neck and drew her down on the pillow. "Dear mama," she continued, "I have been very ill since you went away." Her parent tried to soothe her; but as the patient perceived her youngest sister standing near, "Oh! L——," she said, "you can now have my blue ribbon" (a favorite ornament). And with one look of inexpressible tenderness at her mother, and drawing what seemed a deep sigh of relief, she closed her eyes, and gave her soul to the embrace of the divine messenger.

She had been preparing, with angelic fervor, for her first communion, and would have made it ere the end of the month. On the Sunday before her illness she had, as usual, gone to early mass in her parish church. She begged her brother and youngest sister, when the service was ended, to go home without her, while she remained to pray a little longer. To their remonstrances she replied that she wanted to ask for the grace of a happy death. "You know, dear," she pleaded, "that one may die suddenly."

The malignant pustule which soon manifested itself gave no sign of its presence when the words were uttered.

Scarcely four hours had elapsed after that most innocent soul had been borne away, when the body was so blackened that it had to be inclosed in a casket. Yet from the very moment of her passing away so sweet and strange an odor filled the room that the whole household as well as strangers marveled at it,—so unlike was the fragrance to any perfume of earth. And when, later, the family changed their residence, two of the deceased child's sisters visited her room to ascertain whether the odor still clung to it. It was there still like an atmosphere of purity and virginal holiness!

Well might the gentle mother, for whom this bereavement was only the beginning of a long series of visits from the Holy Angel, Death, console herself with the remembrance of the angelic goodness and generosity of which her own life was an eloquent lesson.

"She came, as comes the summer wind,
A gust of beauty to my heart;
Then swept away, but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart.
Unheralded she came and went,
Like music in the silent night—
Which, when the burdened air is spent,
Bequeaths to memory its delight.
Or like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet-waking rain,
She bade those blessed flowers to grow
Which may not fall or fade again;
For sweeter than all things most sweet
And fairer than all things most fair,
She came, and passed with footsteps fleet,
A shining wonder in the air!*

What a recompense for all a mother's generous nurture! But more lasting among men than all the glory of heroic deeds is the memory of holiness in youth, the "sweet odor

* Buchanan Read.

of Christ" embalming not only the household amid which the sweet flower of generosity and self-sacrifice bloomed,—but every home into which the influence of such examples penetrates.

### GENEROSITY IN PRACTICING THE OUT-DOOR CHARITIES.

As every mother,—whether her home be that of the laboring man, or that of the rich man or the noble,—has a deep interest in the poor round about, and a divine obligation to fulfill toward them in proportion to her means, so is it her duty to train her children to aid her in ministering to them. We remember a baker's wife, with eight children, girls nearly all of them, and whose husband was not troubled with much money in bank,—who never failed during the most inclement winter's weather to go out with one of her children to bring bread to a number of poor families in pressing need of relief. Winter and summer, long before the break of day, she and her companion, with their full basket, would sally forth, making their visits rapidly, and then stopping at the nearest church to hear mass, before they broke their fast. To be mother's companion in this early excursion was a privilege eagerly contended for by all her children, and often granted as a reward for success at school or steady amendment at home. And the baker himself, when his oldest boy could superintend the business during the early morning, would joyously take the basket and trudge along beside his wife, through rain and sleet and snow! He "wanted," he said, "to have a kind word and a blessing from the sick as well as his wife;" and when almost paralyzed by rheumatism, he still persisted in taking his turn,—he would reply to the pleading of his sons and daughters: "Rest! and sleep a little longer!—no, no! I shall have a long sleep in the grave; and heaven will be a good place to rest in." He was called to it all too early, the royal-souled man. . . . But he left behind him children who made it their happiness and glory to imitate him, and to be thereby worthy of their mother,—the guide

of both father and children in every good work and every home-virtue.

### A PATRIARCHAL FAMILY.

Let us conclude our instruction on this matter by mentioning a family whose name is still held in benediction throughout the North of France—the family of M. Dubois of Valenciennes. This man, one of the angels of God to the poor and the persecuted during the great French Revolution, had been twice married; but, as we were assured by one of them, the children of the second wife grew to manhood and womanhood before they knew that she who was their mother was not the mother of their elder brothers and sisters. Twenty children had sprung from these two marriages; and, at the epoch of the father's death, nearly one hundred of his descendants knelt around his bed to receive his blessing.

Though he was then the possessor of a large fortune,—far more than he possessed had been distributed to the poor or bestowed in good works, during his lifetime, by himself and his sons and daughters under his direction. Indeed he was known and revered far and wide as the father of the poor.

After his funeral, and the reading of the will, his sons and grandsons would not separate till they had agreed to take on themselves, each some one of the favorite good works and charities of their parent. The eldest son allowed all his juniors to make their choice; "and," said our informant, "they seemed to have all of them quite enough in what was allowed to them; while to the eldest fell the 'discipline' or scourge, and the hair shirt used by the saintly dead to keep his own body in subjection. But to every one of that noble race had descended unimpaired the faith and generosity of their heroic ancestors."

Such are the results of Catholic piety where the Spirit of God is allowed to reign both in homes and in hearts; such the generously-tempered souls, in the palace as well as in

the cottage, which true Christian mothers form when they do their work well. But what shall we think of such women as are painted in the following passages:

"When we observe women for whom silk is too rough, whom a rose-leaf wounds, who swoon at the least sound, who cannot pronounce their words whole, who, forgetting their own affairs, attend to those of others, whose lives pass in visiting their pretended friends, who are found at all parties, who are pleased in worldly societies, in splendid entertainments, and cannot live retired in their houses, who must know all the stories of the town, whose curiosity impels them to go everywhere, who can invent false reports, and can rekindle old hatreds,—when we consider what these persons ought to be, and what they are, . . . it is difficult not to feel an indignation which is itself admonitory and instructive; for then we shall call to mind that the Catholic religion, which denounced such manners as infamous, furnishes the best security against their recurrence." *

## A TERRIBLE LESSON FOR THE SELF-INDULGENT.

Finally, should our readers be tempted to think that the piety and generosity of M. Dubois and his family are not suited to our climate or our epoch, we should commend to their attention this one example:

"A Duke of Venice had for a wife a lady of Constantinople, who lived with such delicacy that she actually disdained to use common water for her ablutions; but her servants were employed to collect the dew from heaven, with which her baths were formed. In eating she would use only golden forks; and her chambers were all perfumed with every kind of precious odor. How hateful to God was such pride appeared afterward from the horrible maladies with which He visited her, so that no one could approach her without a sensation of horror." †

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* Luis de Leon, quoted in *Compitum*, b. i., c. iv., p. 107. † *Ibidem.*

## MAKE NOT THE BREAD OF HOSPITALITY BITTER.

And so, with one other word of exhortation, we close this chapter. Among the many outside of one's home to whom charity in its most blessed form will prove a most welcome visitor, there will be found persons too proud to make their wants known, and too sensitive about accepting any aid, even when at their utmost need. And such persons are as numerous among the poorer classes as among the rich and the well-born.

Find out these shrinking ones. Approach them with more respect than you would show to king or queen, or pope or president. Your heart will teach you how to make the much-needed relief acceptable. For the heart has infinite delicacy. And when you have discovered these hidden sufferers from want,—not only must you be careful not to pry into their lives or to show a curiosity which would be resented because it wounds cruelly,—but you must conceal names and facts from everybody as sacredly as you would guard the secrets of your own soul.

There are families unwearied in their efforts to find out such cases of distress and meritorious charity as we here point out, and who, when the sufferers belong to their own class, are most ingenious in making their own homes acceptable and delightful to these homeless ones. Oh! it is the luxury of doing good rewarded by an interior sweetness beyond the power of expression.

But let us remember, when such sufferers are admitted to our hospitality, that no act or effort should be neglected to make the bread we break to them sweet and the wine of our generosity not bitter, by cold looks or any thing that might savor of weariness or neglect.

Familiar to all during the last six centuries has been the cruel inhospitality of the Lord of Verona to the exiled Dante, Italy's greatest poet, as well as the immortal lines in which the latter has preserved the memory of his entertainer's baseness.

"Yea, you shall learn how salt his food who fares
Upon another's bread,—how steep his path
Who treadeth up and down another's stairs." *

A modern poet has commented the tale in verse not unworthy of the Great Florentine.

"Arriving only to depart,
From court to court, from land to land,
Like flame within the naked hand
His body bore his burning heart
That still on Florence sought to bring
God's fire for a burnt offering.

"And Can La Scala marked askance
These things, accepting them for shame
And scorn, till Dante's guestship came
To be a peevish sufferance:
His host sought ways to make his days
Hateful; and such have many ways.

"Therefore the bread he had to eat
Seemed brackish, less like corn than tares;
And the rush-strown accustomed stairs
Each day were steeper to his feet;
And when the night-vigil was done,
His brows would ache to feel the sun.

"He went and turned not. From his shoes
It may be that he shook the dust,
As every righteous dealer must
Once and again ere life can close:
And unaccomplished destiny
Struck cold his forhead, it may be.

"Eat and wash hands, Can Grande;—scarce
We know their deeds now: hands which fed
Our Dante with that bitter bread;
And thou, the watch-dog of those stairs
Which of all paths his feet knew well,
Were steeper found than Heaven or Hell." †

The retribution which the noble heart of man or woman

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* *Paradiso*, xvii. † Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "Dante at Verona."

would fear most for rendering so bitter the bread given to the exile, or the stranger, or even the relative, received into their homes, would not be the contempt of others, or even the contempt of their own thoughts, so much as the wrath of that good God who is the certain avenger of violated hospitality and of charity turned into cruel unkindness.

# CHAPTER XV.

## SPECIAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS AND FOR BOYS.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty:
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;—
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command—
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light!

WORDSWORTH.

Along with great qualities and admirable talents, I find in him these virtues without which all excellence is deformity—namely, modesty, meekness, tranquillity, religion, sanctity, and integrity.—LIONARDO ARETINO.

THUS far the instruction given applied almost equally to children of both sexes. What is said in this chapter addresses itself first to girls and then to boys, purposing to aid the mother in perfecting the education of her daughters and sons, according to the requirements of their future avocations.

## I.

### WHAT IS SPECIAL IN THE HOME EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

There are not a few persons, of great experience in directing souls, who have been so dispirited at seeing the result

of the public education given to boys, that they would have parents and all persons interested in teaching bestow their chief care on the training of girls. Whatever may be the little or the much of truth in the theories, arguments, and facts set forth by these persons and their opponents, it is none the less indisputable that the ill training given to girls, whether at home or in our public schools, has made them the abettors and counselors of the dishonesty, the corruption, the love of extravagance and dissipation which are producing among men of every class in the community the frightful crop of crime which is the most alarming symptom of the latter half of this nineteenth century. The forgeries, the wide thirst for ruinous speculation, the gambling on the stock-exchange, the betrayal of sacred trust in offices high and low, the open and shameless organizations of public men in almost every department of general or local government aiming at bribing in order to rob the public, and robbing in order to supply the inconceivable extravagance of their wives and daughters ;—all this is due either to the early lack of strong moral home-culture, to the neglect of woman's holy influence over boyhood, or to the baneful influence of women ill trained or taught to look upon pleasure and enjoyment as the prime end of life.

Assuredly if mothers are only such as we have been describing them,—if their children and their young people are brought up in the convictions, the principles, and the conscientious practice of the virtues we have been detailing, —our young girls will be any thing but vain, extravagant, heartlessly fond of admiration and enjoyment,—while their brothers must be every thing rather than the wretched crowd of untrustworthy spendthrifts, forgers, thieves, gamblers, and drunkards whose doings are daily chronicled in the press.

But apart from these degrading and discouraging manifestations of the result of our wide-spread educational systems, there remains to the Church of God, and to the priest who does her work faithfully, the mighty influence of Christian motherhood training an army of true women to

withstand and cry down untrustfulness, dishonesty, and corruption, and an auxiliary army of true men, to be in their lives the embodiment of truth, honor, and incorruptible integrity.

We do not know whether this little book may ever reach the firesides of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Methodists, but we fervently hope, with His blessing who knows how to use the lowliest instrumentalities for the highest purposes, that it may be of some utility in the homes of our Catholic millions, and thereby leaven their hearts and minds with that loftiness of aim and purity in performance without which neither public liberty nor national greatness is possible.

So then, O mothers, we are now in the very heart of our subject; and no words we can use are at all able to express the intense desire we have to fix your whole attention on what we are about to say.

## THE GIRLHOOD AND BOYHOOD OF TO-DAY THE TWIN-ROOTS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE.

The spirit and practice of simplicity in dress, in food, and in furniture,—the practical and continual self-denial, which we have laid down as the very soul of womanly virtue (as they are in very deed the soul of Christian life), must be made the groundwork of the education you give your girls. It will be for them, as it must have been for yourselves, health of body as well as health of soul; it will be, for the men and women of whom God destines them to be the mothers, the principle of strength of limb and energy of will, of clearness of intellect and purity of life; and these are the men and women for which America and the whole of Christendom are yearning and praying, and without whom, within a century, our civilization will be worse than heathenism.

## SIMPLICITY AND SELF-DENIAL.

There never yet existed a perfect man,—one possessed of that moral excellence in which there is no flaw,—who was

not distinguished by simplicity of character and a life of self-denial. Much more is this true of woman. And why? Because the true woman, the perfect woman, values before and above every thing that virtue, that strength of mind which seeks to make the soul like unto God, by the possession of perfect knowledge and perfect holiness, and by considering external advantages,—beauty, wealth, dress, ornament, and the homage of others,—as only an accessory to greatness of the soul, and as utterly valueless when that greatness is not there. These things do not make the woman or the man, no more than the magnificent robes of a feeble, decrepit old king,—when a pageant or state-reception is over,—can help to conceal the palsied limbs, the shrunken frame, the weakened mind, or to pacify the conscience mindful of a long life of debauchery and tyranny.

You have often seen women,—poor women, too,—so beautiful that no splendor of dress could have added to the charm of their beauty: simplicity alone befits those things which God has made most beautiful and most perfect. Ornament is there superfluous, or the Creator would have added it; and ornament is only called in to aid in concealing the poverty of nature or of art.

You have also seen women,—nay, you know such in every neighborhood,—to whom, naturally uncomely, or even ugly, goodness, innocence, holiness lend a charm so heavenly that they are more than beautiful. The light of the beautiful soul seems, in such persons, to pierce the rude bodily covering, and overspread the features, transforming them, making them shine with a splendor which is not of earth.

Oh! aim, then, at possessing first of all this unearthly glory which, though "all within," sheds a luster on the bodily frame that ravishes the beholder. We remember in one of the dear old Catholic homes of Maryland to have seen an aged slave-woman, who had a merited reputation of exalted piety, so transformed while expressing her anxiety about the spiritual welfare of her husband and son living in Louisiana, that her face shone like that of an angel. Indeed it was impossible to see this gentle creature without

being impressed with a feeling akin to veneration,—so visibly did the light of holiness irradiate the dark and wrinkled countenance! So was it with the venerable Mother Barat, the foundress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; and so with many and many a soul to whom we have given the Bread of Life at the communion table: rays from behind the vail seemed to illumine their countenances with a glory that sent a thrill to the soul of the beholder.

## SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Beauty,—the highest beauty,—does not consist so much in outline and form as in expression; and what ineffable beauty does not the expression of purity and holiness give to the homeliest countenance and the frailest figure! Certain old earthenware vases were covered with designs so exquisite, and in colors so cunningly disguised to an ordinary observer, that, in his estimation, they possessed neither beauty nor value. But when, at night, a light was placed within them, the whole artifice of the maker was plain, and they were pronounced most beautiful and of inestimable price by the beholder.

Be ambitious to place that light,—the light of that supernatural love you know of,—within your daughter's soul; and fear not but when lighted up with it face and figure will charm all who look upon them. This first labor of yours will only be the beginning of the formation of

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warm, to comfort and command—
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel light!"

If you continue to add to this sweet simplicity and purity of soul that other sister and guardian virtue, self-denial, as you have been taught in the preceding chapters, rest assured that, at fifteen and sixteen, your child will add to that angelic expression of countenance

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,"

every thing, in one word, which can make her "a phantom of delight" to the beholder.

What man—no matter how high-born—if his heart has not been corrupted by vicious indulgence, would not prefer such "a vision of purity," though wearing the simplest attire, to a gaudy worldling dressed out in robes and jewels worth a fortune, and from whose eyes flashes only the fire of earthly passions?

It is not the child rich in the priceless treasure of the virtues you thus inculcate who is likely to be unsought for or unloved, or who, when she has been found by the man of God's own choice, will fail to make his home a paradise, and his whole life one long blissful bridal day.

If you are a wealthy mother, you will understand that by insisting on this early love and practice of simplicity, we do not condemn the richness of attire suitable to one's condition, or the occasional wearing of suitable ornaments.

The habit of simplicity in girlhood and maidenhood will be certain to lead to appropriateness and good taste in every thing, and throughout life. It is not the well-born or the well-educated, the simple-minded and pure-hearted maidens of our true Catholic homes, who are to be seen before marriage bedizened like the queens of a country theater with flashy gold ornaments added to the horror of the loudest colors; it is not the married women who have come from such homes, after having been trained by true Christian mothers, who will be seen going through the markets with trains fit only for a drawing-room, and their fingers all aflame with diamonds and emeralds,—or astonishing the motley crowd packed into a street-car with their diamond ear-rings, their diamond brooches, and their diamond necklaces,—all which flaming ornaments in such places advertise the wearers as "shoddy," as plainly as if they bore the word placarded on breast and shoulders.

### SUITABILITY IN DRESS IS NOT EXTRAVAGANCE.

This beautiful simplicity in dress and ornament still remains as a relic of ancient Catholic customs even in the

countries that have cast off their allegiance to the Roman See. All through maidenhood girls of the highest rank dress with extreme simplicity,—which its very suitableness and good taste compel one to consider as elegant ;—unmarried young ladies, though never so nobly born, do not wear jewels, even on solemn occasions. And it is no small surprise to Europeans to see the fair representatives of Young America displaying such a wealth of ornament on their travels,—as if they were jewelers' daughters sent in advance of their fathers to advertise their pearls and precious stones !

It should be known, however, that old American families are just as chary of displaying their family jewels on any but extraordinary occasions as the ancient aristocracy of England, France, Italy, or Spain.

This same habit of simplicity and sense of appropriateness have another remarkable effect in old Catholic lands. In Spain and Portugal women of every rank, young and old, married and unmarried, never attend church save dressed in black and deeply vailed. The highest and wealthiest have a little mat brought with them to the church, on which they sit or kneel during the service. There are no pews, and no carpets, to preserve the worshipers from contact with the cold marble or tiles of the floor. The gentlemen always stand, no matter how long the service or tedious the sermons.

The same custom prevailed all over Christendom before the Reformation : one not unlike it rules in many parts of Italy and France, in spite of the sad changes brought about by revolutionary impiety. At any rate, the practice points to the beautiful discipline of the Church in times when she was powerful enough to enforce her own regulations ; and the austere simplicity and sentiment of equality which underlie the custom, embody her doctrine and feeling.

They are in marked contrast with the luxuriousness with which so many of our fashionable churches are fitted up, and with the extravagance of the women who frequent them at late service,—the wealthy dressing as if the house

of God were the temple of Vanity, and the poor either excluded by their very poverty or shamed into staying away lest their poor attire should provoke the sneers of the rich. With Protestant denominations, among whom this scandal is so general, where the church edifice belongs to the society of worshipers, and where a wealthy few own and furnish it and hire the preacher,—we have nothing to do. We only pray that the day may be far distant indeed when the Divine Sacrifice of the New Law, at which all Catholics are bound to be present, shall fail to have around its altars the crowd of the poor and the lowly so dear to the heart of the Great Victim!

But the very mention of this Victim and this blessed daily sacrifice, with all the sublime and comforting realities which cluster around it,—should be enough to recall to the mind of every believing man and woman how monstrous it seems to make of the solemn celebration of the death of Him who died hanging naked, humiliated, and soul-stricken on the bitter tree, an occasion of displaying vanity in dress and levity in deportment.

Oh! how true to the divine reality of the sacrifice is the beautiful Spanish custom, which bade women come to mass attired as if they were there to mourn with the Mother of Sorrows, and men to stand upright in their strength, as if they emulated the beloved disciple, who stood with Mary beneath the cross during the three long hours of His terrible agony! And shall we Catholics in this nineteenth century allow the glorious piety of our fathers to die out in our souls, and our churches to be other than the temples of the Lamb, where we should meet half in joy and half in sorrow beneath the shadow of the cross and its Victim, to taste in our heart of hearts the bitter-sweet of the great commemoration?

### ALWAYS DRESS SIMPLY AND MODESTLY FOR MASS.

Do so yourselves, mothers,—and for the deep reasons we have just given; and never fail to make your daughters do

so from their earliest years till they pass out of your control. If you are rich—and we suppose you are—your sense of piety and of propriety as well will dictate to you what is suitable. As to the poor, let them, if they choose, put on their best for the Lord's day: their best will scarcely be on a par with your simple and becoming attire,—and thus there will be less of apparent inequality before that altar, which is the table of the common Father in his earthly temple, representing the banquet of the eternal life. And, O mothers, love yourselves and teach your children to love to have the poor around you and near you, at least in the house of their Father and yours; and let no tyranny of fashion or prevalence of unchristian custom ever induce you to overlook these central teachings of Catholic faith!

## WHAT YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE TO READ.

Akin to the fatal passion for dress is the still more fatal and no less general passion for light reading. We have already warned you against the danger of reading every book and newspaper they may chance upon.* What then shall they read? It would scarcely be possible, even if it were wise, to give a list of books and publications adapted to family reading and specially suited to the minds of children and young people. Vitally important as early religious instruction is, and great as is the help derived from reading books treating on religion and the men and matters connected with its history before and after Christ,—it is hard, and it might seem invidious, to point out those which we deem the very best for the purpose now in view.

English-speaking Catholics labor under no slight disadvantage in that the standard works of English literature are for the most part either not Catholic or bitterly anti-Catholic. Our language had been formed, just as the genius of the nation had been trained, by the Catholic education of the eight centuries preceding Elizabeth. Just as the diction of Chaucer and Robert Grossetête had ripened into

* Chapter XII., pp. 194, 195.

the style of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Sir Thomas More, the archenemy broke up the unity of Christendom and separated England from the Holy See. The classic tongue which Catholic England had been perfecting and polishing then became the mighty weapon of triumphant heresy and the vehicle of a spirit hostile to the Church of Saint Bede and Alfred the Great. It is only within the lifetime of the generation not yet passed away, that the Catholic worship was free under the British crown, or that the English tongue was taught to utter Catholic truth or convey to men's minds the history, the doctrines, and the ascetic theology of the Great Mother.

Still we have in the works issued within three-quarters of a century on both sides of the Atlantic a great wealth of Catholic literature. We lack, indeed, many, very many —not to say most—of the beautifully illustrated and otherwise attractive books destined especially for childhood and youth, and in which Protestant literature is so rich. Still we have enough, and more than enough, to place in the homes of the wealthy, as well as in the least favored homes. For, during childhood and early youth, educated and zealous mothers, truly Christian teachers, and well-conducted Sunday-schools, will know how to provide ample food—wholesome and nourishing—for the young and studious mind.

It is most important that girls should be even better grounded than boys of their age in the clear and full knowledge of Christian doctrine, the Bible history, the history of the Church, the lives of the most glorious saints in every age, and in that beautiful portion of Christian history which relates the rise and progress of Church architecture, with the dependent arts of painting and sculpture. Such eloquent works as those of Montalembert,—the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" and "The Monks of the West,"—will open up for the generous mind of youth prospects so enchanting and a world of heroism so beautiful and elevating, that no boy or girl who has begun them can help reading to the end and returning to the lecture again and again, like the thirsty traveler to the delicious spring;—and those

who like such works will be impatient to read more,—the works of Rio on Christian art and poetry, those of Ozanam, of Dom Guéranger, and many of Dr. Newman's most beautiful volumes.

## GIRLS TO BE TAUGHT IN GOOD TIME THE WEAKNESS OF HERESY AND UNBELIEF.

Your object in training, instructing, educating your girls is to rear women thoroughly enlightened in all that can make them love the faith of their baptism and enable them to explain and defend it; to rear mothers able to be the first and most successful teachers of their children in all that pertains to faith and the true life,—the life of the soul. When girls have reached their thirteenth year, they must be given the history of the heresies and schisms which still live and set themselves up against the authority of Christ's infallible Church.

They must be enlightened with regard to the present universal war waged against the independence of the Papacy, or rather against its temporal sovereignty, without which no Pope can exercise freely and independently the spiritual functions of universal pastor. "What, indeed, is it," says Bellarmin, "which is brought into question when there is question of the pontifical supremacy? It is, in one word, the very existence of Christianity. For then the question really is, whether the Church should continue to exist, or fall to pieces and disappear." * All the Protestant sects unite with infidelity and revolutionism in urging on public opinion and the States of what was once Christendom against the Holy See. But they do not see how their own existence, and that of the Christian religion itself, are involved in the extinction of this independence. "The churches at enmity with the universal Church," says Count de Maistre, "subsist notwithstanding only by means of the latter, although they may little imagine it; like those parasite plants,

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* *Præfatio in librum de Summo Pontifice.*

those sterile excrescences which live only on the substance of the tree that supports them, and is impoverished by them." *

It would not be prudent to allow one's children to go forth into the busy world and have their ears assailed by the many objections which the sects bring against the Church, without having prepared them beforehand with a proper answer to all and each. This, of course, applies mainly to educated women, who have had the leisure and opportunity of well studying these doctrinal differences. But we have met beneath the roof of the laboring man and the artisan with mothers thoroughly read up in these matters, and well skilled, too, in the use of their theological weapons.

Young girls are also to be warned in time against the arguments used by infidelity and materialism under the name of "Modern Science." They are to be told that, apart from the very imperfect deductions of some hostile geologists, there is not an argument used by Darwin, or Tyndall, or Huxley, that has not been rehashed from the works of the ancient Greek philosophy; not a form of error which has not again and again been denounced, refuted, and anathematized by the Church.

At the close of the last century, and during the Reign of Terror in France, Count de Maistre wrote: "The present generation is witnessing one of the greatest spectacles ever offered to the eyes of men,—the mortal combat between Philosophism and Christianity. The lists are opened, the two adversaries are engaged, and the whole world is looking on." † Girls, as well as young men, are thus more firmly grounded in their faith and prepared to defend it against all comers. They see in the present designs of Darwinians, radicals, and revolutionists only the continuance of the old warfare against God and his truth, and in their pretended "new" theories and discoveries the old, old tales of the father of lies re-echoed from age to age throughout all time.

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* *Considérations sur la France*, p. 33. † *Ibidem*, p. 79, published in 1796.

### WHAT GIRLS ARE NOT TO READ.

Together with this solid and religious instruction, impart to every one of your girls a deep horror of the licentious and romantic literature of the day. Their inborn good sense will enable them to feel that it is just as dangerous and as fatal to allow the mind to feed upon the thousand and one "Dime Novels," "Illustrated Weeklies," and "Fireside" or "Seaside Libraries" as it would be on entering forest or fields in summer or autumn to eat of the bright-colored berries of unknown kinds, or of the beautiful and tempting forms of mushroom that cover the earth all around.

Let their rule be to read only what they know to be good, and never to touch what they know to be bad, or what they suspect is so. One of the first principles of morality is, that all rational beings accountable to God for their actions should be able to assign a lawful motive for every act of theirs. It is no justification for me, either in presence of my own reason, or before the divine judgment, that I have the power of doing such or such a thing, *if I choose;*—I must further justify my doing it by the reason that it is good, useful, and lawful to me to do what I am impelled to. If I have any fears as to the act being wrong or hurtful, I am bound to suspend my action till I am better informed.

This applies to the works which in every shape and at the lowest prices are continually poured on the book market to entice the appetite of our boys and girls. Mothers cannot be too careful in protecting their dear ones against this impure deluge, and in cautioning them, when they are grown up, against the dreadful effect of these literary poisons.

### INSPIRE THEM WITH A HORROR OF INDECENT PRINTS.

Just as a conscientious, God-fearing girl would not read one page or one line of a book she knew to be bad, even so

must she be taught to turn her eyes away unhesitatingly and instinctively, from an indecent engraving, or painting, or sculpture,—no matter where she happens upon it. Make her understand that this is a matter of high principle,—a matter between her soul and the All-Seeing;—so that even when alone she stumbles on such objects, she would turn her eyes and her whole mind away from the object,—as she would withdraw her hand or arm from the contact of red-hot iron.

### EXCEEDING CARE IN THE CHOICE OF ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, AND STATUARY.

We Catholics are not to forget that Christian art,—that all art, indeed,—during the ages of faith, was exquisitely chaste, modest, angelic, and tending to inspire heavenly thoughts and feelings,—while the introduction of the nude, the fanatical worship of the old heathen forms of art, and the abuse poured on Christian painters and sculptors,—dated from the second dawn of Pagan philosophy and literature (the Renaissance of the fifteenth century). Italy and France are expiating at present their having turned aside from the sweet and lovely paths followed by their Christian forefathers. We, in the New World, and at the beginning of a new era in the world's history, must be careful not to imitate what is most blameworthy; we must in the culture of art and literature, as in all else, be guided by the supernatural light within us.

Nor need we fear in replacing on its pedestal the pure and lofty ideal of the beautiful worshiped by so many Christian generations, to be accused of being reactionists or retrogrades. It is no shame to any man, when he has, knowingly or not, gone astray from the only royal road of righteousness and truth, to confess his error and retrace his steps. It is no shame, when one has openly and consciously sinned and led others astray as well,—to retract one's error and repair it so as to make the reparation as public as the offense. The shame is in the conscious and voluntary wrong-doing;

the very height of shame is to persevere in wrong-doing, when one sees the full ruin it brings on one's self and on others. There can be no shame in going back to the right.

One may admire the genius of Michael Angelo and Raphael without ceasing to admire still more the heavenly purity of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo and Bernardo Luini, or the chaste and exquisite grace of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, and one greater than all perhaps, Lionardo da Vinci. We are only anxious that in every ornament of the home, and in every object of art placed before the chaste eyes of girlhood and youth, there should be a beauty lifting the soul above earth and reminding it of that heavenly abode where all things are made beautiful in the light of the Uncreated Truth. Children, with the sure instinct of truth and beauty which is so marvelously quickened by the indwelling Spirit, are not deceived by the cheat you put on them when your statue of an angel is only that of a coarse, overgrown boy, with excrescences called wings, or when your pretended weeping Magdalen is but a very unspiritual and very ill-dressed female. Their unsophisticated sense will make them turn away from the most "classic" crucifixions of the Renaissance, to kneel before the simple and sublime beauty of that painting of the Spaniard Velasquez, in which the scourged and bleeding Redeemer lifts himself from the ground on which he has fallen exhausted, to look back at a boy who kneels behind him and sends up a cry of grief and adoration. The face of the Divine Sufferer is more eloquent than any commentary ever written on the Passion, and from his head a single ray of light shoots forth to pierce the heart of the little worshiper.

Is not such the effect, O mothers, that you would have your dear ones experience from contemplating every book and engraving and picture and statue that you place before their eyes to help you in your labor of lifting their minds to his, and of bringing down one ray of light, one spark of the sacred fire from his heart into theirs?

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss the com-

parative merits of national schools of art, or, indeed, to enter into any thing like a formal judgment on artistic productions. He is only considering here the effect which works of art produce on the educated and pure-minded. Without depreciating the productions of any one school, or the artists of any one nation, he may be allowed to say that no painter of any school or nation seems to have caught the true spirit of Christian devotion in a higher degree than the comparatively little known Velasquez,—the most glorious representative of Spanish art.

### GIRLS TO BE TAUGHT THE VALUE OF TIME.

Not less important to the future welfare of your children than any thing you can teach them is the priceless value you should accustom them to set upon time. Mothers,—wealthy mothers, in particular,—cannot weigh too seriously and conscientiously how strictly the just Judge will call them to account for the use of the hours and days and years which are wasted in idleness, even though not misspent in vice and dissipation. There are some persons who live as though they never had been taught when young that the Great Giver of life and time and hourly opportunities would surely exact of them one day a minute account of the use made of every sun that rose upon them, and of every hour that marks his course.

Mothers such as we suppose our readers to be, cannot plead ignorance of their early knowledge of the sacred obligation of employing every moment of time to good purpose,—and, surely, they will not allow son or daughter of theirs to be ignorant in so vital a matter.

It is in childhood, and in youth especially, that every day is of priceless value, when, in simplest truth, every precious hour well employed is a seed sown in the furrow and covered over with the fostering earth, and blessed of God from on high to bring forth certain increase in due season. But every day and hour idled away or misspent in doing any thing and every thing but what one ought to do is an en-

portunity thrown away for self-improvement, for progress in all true goodness, or, what is infinitely worse, given to the service of the archenemy of souls and of their Almighty Creator.

We beseech women of culture to read and ponder well those lines of a man of the world, and to read them to husband and children,—to their young daughters above all. The timely regrets which their perusal is calculated to awaken may prevent eternal and unavailing regret

> "The lost days of my life until to-day,
> What were they, could I see them on the street,
> Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
> Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
> Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
> Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
> Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
> The throats of men in Hell who thirst alway?
> I do not see them here; but after death
> God knows I know the faces I shall see,
> Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
> 'I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?'
> 'And I—and I—thyself' (lo! each one saith),
> 'And thou thyself to all eternity!'" *

Innocent girls, with their quick woman's wit and the unerring instinct of pure hearts, will easily seize the poet's pregnant meaning. Our lost days are dead leaves strewing the street along which we daily travel, lying as they fell and never to bloom or live again. They are "ears of wheat" given to us to sow for food of life eternal, and which we have not cast into the furrow, but thrown on the highway to be "trodden into clay." They are "golden coins" confided to our husbandry, with which the Giver intended we should purchase eternity, and we have squandered them against His will! But they are "still to pay." . . . And presently, when youth has quickly passed, and old age is before us,—like the dry bed of a river out of which almost the last drop has been drained,—we would fain go back to drink of these sweet waters of our life;—

* Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

but they are like "spilt water" thrown on the burning soil, and cheating the ever-thirsting throats of "men in hell."

We must not deceive ourselves: every moment of time is ourself living during that brief space, every hour and day,—is our own soul filling that hour and that day with its deeds of good or ill.

You have heard of the "transit" or passage of a star across the sun's disk: astronomers watch it with their telescopes, and count by minutes and seconds the apparition of a little black speck on the bright round luminary while it moves rapidly across it to the opposite side to be apparently lost in the unmeasured heavens beyond. The span of our life,—as compared with eternity, is like that bright broad face of the sun projected on the immensity of space behind it; and the stages of our passage through life are as brief and as rapid as the transit of yonder planet across the sun. At every minute and second it is "myself" who am moving before the eye of the all-seeing and all-remembering God. I enter life like one emerging from the boundless void behind me, and appear moving, moving across the narrow circle of my life during the few fleeting years given me to exist,—and then I pass out of the sight of mortal man into that other limitless eternity beyond.

But brief as is my passage across the narrow sphere allotted to me,—I can merit, while it lasts, to shine forever "from eternity to eternity," or to disappear forever from that heaven where my glory might have been commensurate in duration with that of the sun's Creator. Yes,—to God's eye,—every moment of my existence here below is "myself passing over the circle of this life of trial,"—it is myself living for God, or forgetting him, or working against him, while the resistless motion of the heavens hurry me from my birth to my death, from time to eternity, from the use or abuse of the golden moments and days and hours to the terrible, unavoidable, and most righteous judgment of the eternal God.

When "my time" is past, and that judgment is at hand,

I shall look back upon the misspent years,—each year shall be *myself*, looking my conscience full in the face,

> "'I am thyself—what hast thou done with me?'
> 'And I—and I!'"

And what I have made myself, by actual deadly guilt unrepented of, God will adjudge me to remain unchanged and unchangeable throughout all eternity!

We have known men, born, alas, amid wealth, and nursed in the lap of unlimited indulgence, who, having grown up in vice, without any other god but their animal appetite, and without any apparent sense of responsibility for youth and manhood wasted in eating, drinking, and dreaming,—would say to their own young children as these reproved them for their sloth: "What sin am I committing? I am doing no one harm!" Had they passed out of life, as these words were uttered, into the hands of Him who giveth *to every one according to his way, and according to the fruit of his devices*,* they would have known what is the terrible and irreparable guilt of a wasted life.

## MINUTES ARE THE GOLDEN SANDS OF TIME.

Elsewhere, in your office of mistress of the home, we have pointed out the necessity of order toward a proper and fruitful economy of time; this love of order you must make a second nature in every one of your dear ones. And, besides, you must begin early to impress them with the priceless importance of having neither idle hours nor idle moments. Of course, we count not these hours as idle or ill spent which follow the day's toil, and are devoted *by all* in the home of the laboring man, as well as in the mansion of the wealthy or the halls of the prince, to pure and blessed family recreation and enjoyment. If mothers and fathers, children, visitors and guests, would only make it a rule to join heartily in these "fireside entertainments,"—they would find these sweet evening hours to be the source

* Jeremias xvii. 10.

of the purest domestic happiness, the preservative of family innocence,—blessed of God and praised by all friends and acquaintance.

What we urge upon the attention of mothers is the value they should teach their children to attach to what the French call "lost moments," *moments perdus*,—the little leisure moments or intervals that occur during the daily hours of labor, study, or occupation. *They*, too, ought to be applied to some special and profitable use.

Such moments in the day are like the grains of gold carried down from the mountain in the river streams and mixed up with sand along their shores. Each grain in itself is of little account; but the miner knows its value, and his husbandry teaches him how to separate the grains of the precious metal from the dull valueless matter in which it is buried,—till at the end of his day's toil, he has amassed the beginning of a treasure; and with the persevering industry which adds together the gains of many successive days, he soon acquires a fortune. Do not the wise men of the world repeat to you daily that time is gold? Assuredly it is,—even for the ends of the lower earthly life; but for the higher purposes of life, and, in particular, for the highest of all, is not every second of time a grain of the golden sands? And are not these sands the "golden coins" with which we may purchase not only all intellectual and moral excellence, but His friendship to whom alone belongs eternity?

### WHAT CAN BE MADE OUT OF ODD MOMENTS.

This industrious husbandry of time joined to persistence and perseverance in carrying out any good purpose, is, in itself, more than a fortune for every son and daughter of yours whom you will teach and help to acquire it.

We remember once traveling with a noble French lady and her husband, bearing one of the great historic names of his country,—and from the moment the train left the station till it arrived in Paris, she and her daughter never ceased their knitting,—thus preparing sundry articles for

an orphanage they befriended. Every "lost" or "odd moment" of theirs was thus devoted to the poor. It is also well known how many useful arts, languages, and sciences have been and are daily acquired by turning to good account these otherwise "lost moments." Indeed it is on record that some of the most splendid monuments of which letters and the sciences can boast were begun and accomplished during these odd moments, which else would have been truly lost moments.

One sort of industry can be acquired by girls during these intervals between work and meals, or between one set occupation and another,—and that is needle-work, including, of course, embroidery. Needle-work in our day is becoming rather a comparatively rare accomplishment; machine-work tends to supersede the deft cunning which belonged to the fingers of our grandmothers. If sewing-machines only lightened the burden of our poor seamstresses and milliners! But we know that the hearts of our millionaire merchants become pitiless in proportion to the number of machines they employ, and as unfeeling toward the wants and hardship of the poor slaves who work them as the very steel and iron which replace the human hand.

But precisely because mechanical operations tend in every department of industry, and in many departments of art, to take the place of handicraft, we ought to cherish in all good families intelligent skill in all kinds of handiwork. There are many, very many ladies, the most distinguished by birth, position, and accomplishments, who can do every thing, and have taught their daughters to do every thing, from painting, embroidery, and sewing of all descriptions, to the minutest details of cookery. Are they less dear to their households on that account? or are they less worshiped by husband and children? or less respected by servants and dependents? Our readers can answer for us.

### VALUE TO BE ATTACHED TO PRACTICES OF DEVOTION.

If there is a most skillful and thrifty husbandry in thus employing time, and in acquiring the skill and habits which

make one's existence most useful to others and most delightful to the home-circle,—there is a spiritual husbandry and science which are to be practiced early and late by mother and daughters. Of the number of what are called "practices of devotion," or of their nature, this is not the place to treat; it is the province of the enlightened spiritual guide to direct the individual soul in their use.

We, therefore, confine ourselves to saying that it would not be wise in mothers to cumber their daughters with too many of these practices. But in these, as in morning and evening prayers, the recitation of the "Angelus," the preparation for the sacraments, the devout attention during the divine offices,—it is impossible to insist on too much earnestness, reverence, and fervor.

Even the "devotions" which are not performed generally in non-Catholic countries, like the "Angelus," have a sublime sense to the Protestant mind when properly explained. For what can be more magnificent, in Catholic lands, than the custom when the Angelus bell sounds at dawn, and noon, and sunset, to see every man, woman, and child stand still, every head uncovered, and every knee bent, to worship the incarnate God, the author of the Christian faith, the Second Parent of the human race, and to renew toward the Second Eve, the Mother of the new life, Gabriel's salutation, "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee!" It is as if the united voice of Christendom, and in it the voice of the entire race, went up thrice each day to thank the incomprehensible Goodness who sent his only begotten Son to be the teacher, guide, and consoler of the entire human family.

When the wise men in the gospel had come from the far East to Bethlehem, and had been directed by the star to the wayside cave in which the Mother and the Babe had found a refuge, they—first-fruits of heathendom—as if in the name of us all, "falling down adored Him" on his Mother's knees. Is it not what we do still? And in this great city of New York, how many of our professional men, of our hard-worked business men, who interrupt every oc-

cupation when noon is nigh, to lift heart and silent voice to the throne of that same incarnate God, and unite their prayer with that of the Church the whole world over!

It was the universal custom in Catholic countries, at the sound of the Angelus or Ave Maria bell,—that all labor and all conversation should cease in street, in field, on highway, in court and camp;—all uncovered to join in the salutation. The great heart of the busy world stood still thrice a day, and forgot its pursuits and its cares, to salute Christ's Mother and adore himself! Was it not a sublime custom? And are those lands in aught the better to-day that so many do not worship Christ, or pay daily reverence to the true Mother of all the Living?

We were touched to the heart last February, while enjoying the hospitality of the Bishop of Buffalo, to hear the bells from the cathedral tower ring over the half-silent city at night, and over the adjacent lake, calling on the faithful to pray for the souls of the departed. Is not all this most beautiful?

And most beautiful, instructive, and improving are all these sweet immemorial practices of popular devotion,—the sign of the cross, the use of holy water, of blessed candles,—the devotion of the rosary, that of the way of the cross, and the love which the Church is laboring to enkindle and spread on every land toward that Heart which was pierced for us in death, and in which our names are written.

Let mothers be zealous not only in obtaining themselves full instruction on all these points, but in communicating it to their sons and daughters. Sons thus taught will not be apt,—though going forth from never so poor a home,—to forget the early piety which lies so deep in mind and heart, or to turn away from the faith of their mothers; and such daughters will be its true apostles everywhere.

### THE MOTHER'S GUIDANCE WITH RESPECT TO MATRIMONY.

There are two things which the true mother will not fail to do in order to save her child from a wrong choice, and from the irreparable misery it would bring.

The first is to accustom her to attach no importance whatever to a handsome face or fine personal appearance as compared with the higher qualities of goodness, purity of life, honor, truthfulness, temperance, and fortitude,—all of which go to make up the one attribute of manliness in its true sense: add to this,—that which in God's present providence, constitutes the perfection and glorious crown of manhood,—enlightened and practical faith,—and you will have placed before your daughter's mind the ideal husband to whom alone a true Christian maiden could give the worship of her love.

Nor need you,—nor, indeed, ought you,—to paint true manliness to the young girl with the avowed purpose of describing the only desirable husband, or even a husband at all. Form her judgment by making her prize the qualities that enter into such a character, and giving her a contempt of their opposites. That will be sufficient to prompt to a good choice when the proper time has come, and to keep her back from a wrong choice. Of course, when the thought of matrimony has come, it will be a no less sacred duty for you to pray yourself and to make your child pray, and seek in the sacraments new light and strength never refused to all who ask for such in this momentous crisis of life.

The second is, without warning your child, to keep away from your home all young men who would not be desirable matches, and to invite or admit only those who are, in your judgment and that of your husband, most likely to be worthy companions for the innocent girl you have reared. Remember that you have to consult your child's happiness infinitely more than your own; and in selecting the man whom you would have for son in your family, select him unselfishly,—for his own real worth and his pure devotion to your daughter, as well as because of her disposition, her heartfelt love for him, and the likelihood of their being truly devoted to each other through life.

If God has blessed you with a good husband,—if your mutual affection and your being all in all to each other,

have been, under God, the source of all your wedded bliss, and the secret, too, of your prosperity,—then see to it well whether or not the young people whose union you desire are sure to be companions for each other. If not, let no inducement make you encourage a friendship or an acquaintance between them.

On this point,—every mother who has both a true womanly heart and the fear of God before her eyes, will avoid with the utmost care the guilt and folly of so many women, who, in choosing for their daughters, consult nothing but their own selfish liking or dislike, their worldly interest, the temporal advantages which may accrue to themselves and the other members of their families,—leaving entirely out of the question the inclinations of the poor girl herself or her prospects of happiness or unhappiness.

Such conduct is highly criminal, and is sure to bring swift retribution with it.

## VOCATIONS TO RELIGIOUS LIFE.

As to those of your daughters who feel called to the higher, the Virginal Life,—do not presume to put obstacles in the way. There are many certain indications pointing out to a pious and unselfish mother's eye that her child is called to the divine service. There are rules laid down by God's Church, and sanctioned by the practice of so many centuries,—all directing both the child herself in the examination of her own heart and its motives, and enlightening the priest and the theologian in his appreciation of all the reasons for and against such a vocation. If both your child and yourself are guided by the sole desire of doing God's will, and if you fervently pray him to make that will known, there is little danger of your going astray.

If the mother, in a matter so weighty as this, really seeks to find out what God wills, and is resolved to fulfill it, and not to prefer her own to it,—then she will not manifest anger toward her child, abuse her as if she were attempting to do what is wrong and unlawful, or treat the priest who

directs her as if he were stealing away her heart's treasure unjustifiably and unwarrantably.

You have brought up your daughters to love all that was best and holiest, to consider God's will as the supreme law of angels and men, and God's service as the most honorable and blissful occupation of man or angel. Bless God when you have quietly and surely found out that your child wants to give herself to Him all the days of her life: take your child yourself to the altar, as Anna of old took her first-born, Samuel,—her only one,—and offer her to Him who will be her portion forever, and reward your generosity with untold blessings.

## II.

### SPECIAL CARE NEEDED IN EDUCATING BOYS.

While bestowing such constant care on her girls, the Christian mother must be mindful of the special difficulties which attend the education of boys, of the terrible struggles which await men in the battle of life, and of the imperious necessity of so arming their soul in advance as to put all the chances of victory on their side. Your boy is doomed to battle with the general corruption, the low thoughts, the low aims, the low tastes, and the lower manners of the generation among whom his lot is cast; he will have to battle with inveterate and powerful prejudices against his faith, with a current of scientific opinion gathering daily fresh depth and width, and tending to sap the very foundations of revealed religion; against the influence of a literature and a press bitterly hostile to all that he has been taught to look up to with reverence and worship; against a "human respect" more seductive and degrading than the witchery of the fabled enchantress of old, who only held out to thirsting lips a cup full of all delights, and then changed all who tasted it into beasts and kept them beasts forever:—and, what is worse than all, he will have to battle with his own heart and its inclinations amid a world solely occupied in ministering

to sensuality and passion. God alone, with His fear and His love firmly seated in the heart, while it is as yet free from sin and evil habits,—will be all-powerful to give courage and strength and perseverance and final triumph even to the best and bravest against such a combination of adversaries.

See how many of the boys you behold yearly kneeling in our churches for first communion or confirmation fail to hold their virtue or even their faith firmly till manhood. If your eye could follow each generation as it grows up, the few who remain steadfast in the piety or faith of their youth are like the rare ears of corn on the harvest-field when the sickles of the reapers have disappeared and the sheaves have been housed.

It is of all duties the most important as well as the most difficult to ground your boys in true piety and in that true Christian manliness of which piety is the beautiful crown. Think of the heroic temper which the great Christian soldier mentioned in the following passage must have received from his mother's teaching, and consider well how you are to imitate her in your training of every boy of yours.

"When the venerable Marshal de Mouchy was led to execution for having protected priests and other devoted victims,—as they were hurrying him from the Luxembourg, a voice was heard from the crowd saying, 'Courage, Mouchy! Courage, Mouchy!' The hero turned to them who were by his side, and said: 'When I was sixteen years of age, I mounted the breach for my king; now that I am eighty-four, I shall not want courage to mount the scaffold for my God!'" *

Is not your purpose to form such true men as this—men so filled with *the sense of duty* that at sixteen they would be ready to brave death at the call of country, and in extreme old age brave the rage of an impious crowd and the

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* Mazas, *Vies des grands Capitaines Français du Moyen Age*, tome iii., p. 220—as quoted by Digby in his "Broad Stone of Honor."

horrors of a public execution to maintain the faith of their boyhood? Yes,—here is the model man: one who has been taught and is accustomed from infancy to fear God alone, to serve him in the performance of every civil and every religious duty, ready at any moment, from boyhood to the feeblest old age, to discharge conscientious duty fearless of every consequence. Whoso is true to God all through life cannot fail to be true to country and every trust imposed on him.

We have said above (pages 249, 250), that the life of every Christian man must be an intellectual and moral warfare against error and infidelity. There are countries, too,—Russia, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France,—where persecution is abroad and likely not to end with the present century,—and where, consequently, Catholic men must go forth from their mothers' homes filled with the spirit of the ancient martyrs and the more recent crusaders. Will you, mothers, who read this, prepare your sons for the strife, and fill them with the glorious spirit which shone in the Seven Macchabee Martyrs,* or that which St. Symphorosa poured into her seven boys? †

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

"To be always ready was the maxim of chivalry, which would accord well with its religious duties. This was also the principle of the saints, whose death, precious in the sight of God, is often observed to be premature and sudden. Some have accomplished their course at twenty, others at sixteen, others at a still earlier age. One is preaching on the love of God, falls into an ecstasy and sinks to the ground; on being raised up, he is found to be dead: such an instance lately happened in the cathedral of Rennes. Another dies in the act of blessing the people, with the monstrance in his hands; another while beginning to say Mass, with the words *Introibo ad altare Dei.* He thought he was about

* See "Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church," ch. xix.

† "Lives of the Saints," July 18.

to mount to the material altar, but it was to that which is in heaven. The Duke de Montmorenci, in 1827, died in the act of kissing the Cross on Good Friday, in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin in Paris. To be attentive and prompt to answer the call of duty was another quality essential to chivalry; and what advantage might not be expected from such a disposition in regard to religion? *Amanti sat est indicare* ('A sign is enough for one who loveth truly'). Behold the character of chivalry: it knows not the word 'to-morrow,' as St. Augustin says of a Christian." *

And do not fancy that this glorious spirit is dead. Thank God it still fires the breasts of millions. "Take a recent instance. At the first assault by the French, when Rome was in the hands of the new Pagans, the aide-de-camp of the general Levaillant fell mortally wounded. After confessing to the Abbé du Cosquer, the general came to see him. 'Do you suffer much, commander?' he demanded. '*Beaucoup, mon général*,' he replied with simplicity, '*mais pas encore assez pour Dieu*' ('Much, general; but not enough yet for God'). The general fell on his knees and wept." †

## THE IDEAL OF TRUE MANHOOD.

There was, at the most hopeless period of the history of Christendom, and when the deluge of Barbarism seemed to have utterly swept away with the Roman empire the first growth of Christian civilization, a man who went forth from Ireland at the head of a band of missionaries, and undertook to begin anew the labor of reviving throughout all Western Europe the love of religion, piety, letters, and gentleness. France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy have never ceased to treasure the remembrance of his glorious services. It was an age of violence, lawlessness, lust, and blood; and Columbanus set himself with his companions to raise high, high, and ever higher still, the level of divine love and supernatural excellence in their own hearts and

* Digby, "Broad Stone of Honor," vol. i., pp. 106, 107.

† Idem, *Compitum*, b. iv., c. ii., pp. 106, 107.

lives,—that they might thereby be enabled to raise the level of all goodness and excellence in the dark, warring, sensual mass of humanity around them. And thus these model men, the apostles of their age, passed through Gaul and Northern Germany and Italy like a vision of supernatural beings exalted between heaven and earth, compelling men to look up and admire and envy such unearthly goodness,—drawing after them—as the vision passed to and fro—the hearts of the multitude and crowds of imitators, and thereby renewing slowly but surely the face of the earth.

Swarms of devoted disciples were left behind by the great Irish patriarch, in numerous monasteries and monastic schools,—which became in the surrounding districts centers of a new spiritual and intellectual renovation, till the earth began to rest once more from the convulsions and wars of centuries,—and God's work through his Church began to prosper anew in peace and beauty and holiness of life.

It was an age of ruthless warfare and lawless violence, we have said; and these men had schooled themselves under their heroic leader to the use of weapons and methods which might beat down the lance of the robber and break the bloody sword of brutal power.

Would you know what was the IDEAL Columbanus set before himself, before those who gave themselves with him to a life of apostolic abnegation and labor, and to all who studied in their schools or sought to walk in the paths of Christian manhood under their direction? Here it is in brief. The Christian youth and man of that age—so much like our own in the deluge which sweeps over Christendom—should be:

"Fearless in the cause of Truth, but shrinking timidly from worldly contentions;—before the Divine Goodness like a beggar seeking alms, in presence of the wicked like a soldier unconquered;—docile as a babe toward his elders and superiors, running in the race of virtue with the ardor of a giant along with one's juniors;—loving to be all in all to his equals, but straining every nerve to rise up to the level of the Perfect; meanwhile never envying the excellence of

those above him, nor showing jealousy of the swifter in the race, nor speaking ill of those who had kept him back; but responding promptly and generously to the voice of those who called on him to advance." *

Here, then, O mothers, we place in your hand a mirror in which you can view at a glance all the chief characters of that true manhood on which you have to form your boys. Let each one of you call your son to look into this mirror with you,—so that he may become enamored of the divine likeness pictured therein. And let us take every one of these lineaments separately, and study it well,—just as some painters do before copying a great master-piece, dividing the whole surface into small squares, so that they may be sure to reproduce exactly every feature and line.

## FEARLESS IN THE CAUSE OF TRUTH.

On this leading feature of Christian manhood, we need not dwell at much length: what has been already said about the spirit of faith, and a life of faith, supposes that your boy has not only been thoroughly instructed in all that pertains to his religion, but that you have labored to inspire him with an enthusiastic love of it, and a chivalrous zeal in its defense.

This chivalrous zeal is, however, the very point on which we would have you dwell for a few moments. The forms of ancient knighthood, as blessed by the Church in the ages of faith, have passed away; but the spirit of chivalry has not and never will so long as the faith of Christ is a living reality on earth. Hear, then, what is meant by that spirit, what virtues it supposes in the man who lives up to it, and what are its high practical obligations. We take the lesson from authentic history.

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* *Audax in causa veritatis, timidus in contentionibus, supplex bonis, insuperabilis malis, senioribus obediens, junioribus concurrens, coæqualibus coæquans, perfectis concertans melioribus non invideus, præcurrentibus non dolens, remorantibus non detrahens, provocantibus consentiens.*—Bibliotheca Patrum, xii., Instruct. xiv.

We are in 1257, at Cologne, and assisting at a solemn ceremony, the knighting by a papal legate of a young prince, elected king of the Romans, and soon to be crowned as emperor of Germany. Mass has been celebrated, and William, Count of Holland, who has only reached the preparatory degree of squire, is presented to the legate in these words: "We place before you this squire, humbly beseeching that in your fatherly kindness you would accept his desires that he may become worthy of associating among knights."

To which the cardinal-legate replies, addressing himself to the young prince: "What is a knight according to the meaning of the word? Whoso desireth to obtain knighthood must be high-minded, open-hearted, generous, superior, and firm;—high-minded in adversity, open-hearted in his connections, generous in honor, superior in courtesy, and firm in manly honesty. But before you make your vow, take this yoke of the order which you desire into mature consideration.

"These are the rules of chivalry: 1st. Before all, with pious remembrance, every day to hear the mass of God's passion. 2d. To risk body and life boldly for the Catholic faith. 3d. To protect holy Church, with her servants, from every one who will attack her. 4th. To search out widows and helpless orphans in their necessity. 5th. To avoid engaging in unjust wars. 6th. To refuse unreasonable (excessive) rewards. 7th. To fight for the vindication of innocence. 8th. To pursue warlike exercises only for the sake of perfecting warlike skill. 9th. To obey the Roman emperor, or his deputy, with reverence in all temporal matters. 10th. To hold inviolable the public good. 11th. In no way to alienate the feudal tenures of the empire. 12th. And without reproach before God or man, to live in the world.

"When you shall have faithfully attended to these laws of chivalry, know that you shall obtain temporal honor on earth, and, this life ended, eternal happiness in heaven."

When the solemn oath on the Gospels had been taken, the rank of knighthood was conferred on the kneeling suppliant in these words:

"For the honor of God Almighty I make you a knight, and do you take the obligation. But remember how He was smitten in the presence of the high-priest Annas, how he was mocked by Pilate the governor, how he was beaten with scourges, crowned with thorns, and, arrayed in royal robe, was derided before King Herod, and how he, naked before all the people, was hanged upon the cross. I counsel you to think upon his reproach, and I exhort you to take upon you his cross."

## THE CHIVALROUS SPIRIT MOST NEEDED IN OUR DAY.

Most instructive and consoling are these monumental teachings of the past. They show how our ancestors considered our dear Lord as the model of all manly generosity, devotion, and self-sacrifice. Looking over these rules,—and substituting for the words "Roman emperor or his deputy," those of "lawful supreme authorities," and for "feudal tenures of the empire," the expression "national territory,"—we have a complete code of religious patriotism adapted to the sore needs of our own epoch, and most acceptable to every young man in love with the interests of religion, country, justice, and humanity.

We cannot trust ourselves to dwell at length on so rich and tempting a topic. Many occasions will offer themselves before the end of this book for recalling now one rule and now another.

But no one can give a more eloquent and satisfactory illustration of this first point of his own legislation than Columbanus himself,—the fearless, the heroic, the invincible amid persecutions which compelled him to go from province to province, and kingdom to kingdom. When driven from Burgundy by Queen Brunehild, and forced apparently to renounce forever the apostleship in the countries which he had so immensely benefited, he writes to one of his disciples whom he had appointed to govern his monasteries during this enforced exile:

"I had intended at first to write you a sad and tearful

letter; but, knowing the weight of labor and anxiety that oppresses you, I have changed my style and sought to dry up your tears rather than bid them flow. I have allowed nothing but sweetness to appear in my words, and have locked up my grief in the bottom of my heart.

"But lo! my own tears break forth! . . . They must be driven back, however; for a good soldier may not weep when just about to combat. After all, our misfortune is not a new one. Is not our fate what we so often preached to others to be continually prepared for? Was there not once a philosopher, excelling all others in wisdom, who was cast into prison for having maintained, in opposition to the popular belief, that there is but one God?

"Besides, the gospel is full of such encouragements as we need. And, truly, one might think that they were chiefly written to exhort the true disciples of Christ crucified to follow their Master bearing each his own cross. Our dangers are many; the war which threatens us is raging fiercely, and our enemy is in every way formidable. But there is glory to be gained by the struggle. . . .

"Take away the enemy, and there is no struggle; and where there is no struggle there is no crown. . . . Where one has to struggle, there one finds courage, watchfulness, earnestness, patience, fidelity, wisdom, firmness, and prudence. In the absence of this warfare there is but unhappiness and disaster.

"So, then, no struggle, no crown! And I add: no liberty, no worth or dignity!" *

The old man had been sent down the river Loire under escort to Nantes, in order to be thence sent on a ship to Ireland. While there, and waiting for the craft that was to bear him to his native country, he poured out his soul in

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* Translated from Montalembert's *Moines d'Occident*, vol. ii., pp. 507, 508. We add the last lines of the Latin text in favor of our young classical scholars. *Si tollis hostem, tollis et pugnam. Si tollis pugnam, tollis et coronam. . . . Si tollis libertatem, tollis dignitatem. . . . Nunc mihi scribenti nuntius supervenit, narrans mihi navem parari. Amor non tenet ordinem; inde missa confusa est. Totum dicere volui in brevi. Totum non potui. . . . Orate pro me, viscera mea, ut Deo vivam.*

exhortations and directions to his disciples in Gaul. His unbending firmness and fearlessness,—which recall so vividly the Prophet Elias,—were united to a tenderness of heart, which remind one of a mother's love for the dear ones she is leaving behind.

"While I am writing these words"—the glorious old champion of Christian truth and morality says, in conclusion—"some one comes in to say that they are getting my vessel ready, the vessel that is to bear me toward my own country. The end of the parchment also forces me to make an end of writing. Love ignores logical order, and that is what makes this letter so confused. I wished to say every thing in brief, but in vain. . . . Pray for me, dear hearts, that I may live for God alone!"

God, for whom alone he lived and labored, interposed miraculously, and the vessel was driven back by the waves and stranded on the beach,—while the apostle and his companions were sent to another of the Frankish kingdoms to continue their work of regeneration.

But from that classic beach at the mouth of the Loire does not that voice of power come to us across the deep, across the wide gulf of twelve centuries,—to repeat to every Christian mother, and to every son she rears, the thrilling words: "Be the soldier of Truth. . . . Our dangers are many; our enemy is formidable; and the war in which we must share is raging fiercely. But the field of battle is the field of glory. No struggle, no crown! No liberty, no honor or dignity!"

## SUMMARY OF THE REMAINING TRAITS OF TRUE MANHOOD FROM ST. COLUMBANUS.

This fearless advocacy of truth and justice and enlightened liberty,—is to be inseparable from an aversion for loud wrangling, for mere worldly contentions, and the miserable squabbles for political place and power, which seem to fill up the existence of so many men in our midst. The fearlessness and chivalric spirit which dispose a noble-

minded young man to assert the truth which he holds most dear when he sees it attacked, and when its advocacy is both timely and needful,—are not incompatible with gentleness; on the contrary, to render that advocacy efficacious, one should be as gentle and firm as fearlessly outspoken.

Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the first crusade, the conqueror and first Christian king of Jerusalem, is thus described by Radulphus, his contemporary: "He was rich in virtues,—in those that become the man of the world as well as those that adorn the man of God,—bountiful to the poor, merciful to the erring; distinguished by humility, humanity, soberness, justice, chastity. You would have thought him rather the light of monks than the commander of warriors." The Archbishop, William of Tyre, says of him, that he was "a religious man, clement, pious, and fearing God; of spotless life, departing from all evil; grave, firm to his promises, . . . assiduous in prayer and works of piety; remarkable for liberality, gracious and affable, kind and merciful; in all his ways commendable and pleasing to God." This was the gentle, humble prince, who refused to wear a royal crown in Jerusalem, where Christ our king had been crowned with thorns.

And this beautiful union of intrepidity in presence of the enemies of God and of his truth, and of gentleness and meekness, it is which renders all these great heroic characters so lovely.

This is what you must impress on the young souls you are forming—to be as brave as a lion when truth or justice demands it, and as meek and gentle as a babe in the bosom of one's family and the common intercourse of life.

The other virtues and qualities commended by Columbanus to his disciples are no less necessary to every young man of our age and country;—the dependence on God which makes one look up to him with humble and prayerful gratitude in prosperity, and the invincible fortitude which no adversity or persecution can cast down (*supplex bonis, insuperabilis malis*);—the prompt disposition to yield respect and deference to one's seniors, obedience to

one's superiors, will be joined to the willingness to vie with those younger than one's self in all manner of good deeds; the spirit of true humility will never shrink from feeling one's self on an equality with all who are earnest in serving the good cause, no matter what may be one's wealth or one's rank. The youth in whose heart burns the love of true excellence will ever seek out men who are the most perfect models, and bend his whole strength to rise to their level. Nor will he be envious of the superior talents or acquirements of others, or jealous of such as have attained eminence, or even speak ill of those who have been the cause or the occasion of his own backwardness in virtue, learning, or position; but, anxious as he is to serve God and his country well, he will excite himself by the examples of those above and before him to make a good use of his own talents and opportunities,—showing himself in all things ready to profit zealously and gratefully by the advice and assistance of those who take an interest in his advancement (*provocantibus consentiens*).

This is only one way of interpreting the pregnant synopsis of the great monastic teacher. A mother who will weigh each word well cannot fail to find much more. We have only "opened the rich vein" for her and her pupils; their own labor will discover its full wealth of instruction.

In the rules laid down for knighthood will be remarked the fourth and seventh,—the former binding the true Christian man "to search out widows and helpless orphans in their necessity,"—the latter obliging him to be the protector and avenger of innocence, of female innocence and virtue particularly. And this leads us to a most important consideration.

## LET YOUR SONS BE THEIR SISTERS' DEVOTED SERVANTS.

We cannot impress too earnestly this lesson upon you,—whether you be the poor toiler in the cottage, or the wealthy mistress of a palace. Be such in your life, in your whole deportment, that your sons may believe that there does not exist on earth a mother or a woman like you. Let them be made to understand, as early as possible, that men

are to treat all women with a sovereign respect. We once saw in one of the public conveyances of Paris a young nobleman, a foremost member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, get out of his place to help a poor infirm old market-woman into the omnibus. She was cumbered with a large parcel, which he took from her, raising his hat to her as if she were a duchess, and then gracefully and gently helping her to a seat. As we passed the market in which she worked, he got out before her, holding her parcel with one hand and giving her the other to assist her to alight; and then, taking off his hat, he kissed her hand to the no small astonishment of more than one of the passengers. She was only one of the many that he was in the habit of visiting weekly to distribute alms and spiritual comfort in the name of the Society. We did not venture to question this noble Christian youth about this demonstration of reverence to one beneath him. But a friend who knew him well said that he had been taught to reverence his own mother in every person of her sex, in the aged particularly, and to that he added the veneration which Christian piety inspires for all who are the recipients of our charity.

In such Christian families as his the familiarity which exists between brother and sisters is always accompanied with that feeling of profound respect for the weaker sex, of that invariable deference and courtesy which will keep a well-bred brother always on the watch to help or serve his sister in every thing,—even though no stranger or any other member of the family happen to be present. He is taught to be devoted to his sisters wherever they are, at home or abroad. And one who has that true reverential feeling toward his mother and sisters, cannot help extending it to every member of their sex as long as he lives. Is there nothing here that appeals to your motherly sense of self-respect?

### THE NECESSITY AND VALUE OF HOME-BRED COURTESY.

Home is, after all, the great school of virtue, of faith and piety, as well as of that gentleness and devotion to the com-

fort of others, which constitute the soul of courtesy. It was because the lower classes of old Catholic countries were so full of deep faith and sincere piety, that they displayed before the woful changes wrought by revolutionism such mutual respect, such gentleness, such inborn courtesy. "God bless your work!" was the salutation which every stranger or wayfarer passing along the road addressed to the laborer at his work. And "God bless you kindly!" was the gentle response, as the plowman looked away from his furrow, or the mason looked down from the wall he was rearing, or "God speed you safely!" was the answering prayer. No matter how poor the cottage, or how comfortable, — no one crossed the ever-open door without the greeting, "God save all here!" and without hearing in return, "God save you kindly!" and "You are heartily welcome!" These forms of greeting are but straws on the surface of popular life and manners; but surely they indicated the direction in which the current ran, and were significant of a warm deep feeling of faith and neighborly charity.

Are we in aught the better for dropping these and so many other salutations and locutions from our vocabulary? Is our life in aught the happier, the more elevated or refined, because these currents are frozen or stand still? or because "freer, easier, more independent and careless manners" usurp the place of the sweet customs of Catholic ages? In the harvest-fields of Spain and Portugal, the laborers will salute each other with words of praise and adoration in honor of the Holy Name, or in honor of the Immaculate Mother. And in conterminous fields one man or woman will take up the first verse of a well-known hymn, or of one of the glorious national ballads, and all the others will sing the next, and so on to the end, mixing religion with the popular songs which preserve the memory of the heroic achievements of their ancestors. Who does not see that such customs presuppose the highest civilization in the masses, and the very essence of that courtesy which can be and is high-bred in the peasant and the cottier, because bred

by faith and piety and the love of all that is ennobling in the memories of the past?

Home-bred courtesy is necessary from husband to wife and from wife to husband, from brother to sisters, and from sisters to brothers, else in what does the home of a Christian differ from that of a pagan, or even from the hut of a savage? And to be true courtesy it must not be a mask put on for an occasion and then laid aside, but a habit springing from the interior life, from the thoughts of the mind and the affections of the heart,—just as the veins of the maple-wood, and the rich tints of the mahogany, and the lovely colors of the rose are the work of the vital sap in tree and flower, not the artifice of human industry.

But we specially insist on the necessity of home-bred courtesy for boys, and from their earliest boyhood, if you would have it become a second nature. We plead this necessity to every mother of the laboring and the middle classes. For,—be it said without offense to any,—the courtesy which distinguished the ancestors of these classes in the old European homesteads has been sadly forgotten in the new. People who rise in the world,—and here it is free to all classes to rise,—are anxious to show that they *are* rising or *have* risen,—and hence that offensiveness of self-assertion or the no less offensive display of excessive politeness which are meant to tell the beholder that "we are somebody!"

Young people are quite earnest in claiming to be "ladies" and "gentlemen;" but the important thing is to be *gentle*, to possess that habitual *gentleness*, the sister of piety, which is sure to produce courtesy, and without which there never has been and never will be a true lady or gentleman. Go into Andalusia: the Spanish farmer there will start from his home amid the mountains to carry his crop of wine twenty, forty, sixty miles or more to the nearest town, or further still to the best market. He will hear early mass before he starts, and fill his pockets with dried figs and peppers of which he will make his noonday meal on stopping at a well-known fountain or well on the road. The water is his

only beverage,—and there is not a well or a spring within hundreds of miles whose qualities he is not familiar with. His mules are laden with the rich wines which fetch so high a price in London and New York. But he never dreams of tasting them on his way. Speak to him on the road and you will be charmed with his dignity of manner and high-bred courtesy. Converse with him in the posada or inn where he spends the night, and you will have a still more favorable opportunity of estimating his real civility and intelligence. You will say that such a race is a race of gentlemen.

It behooves the poor man and the laboring man among us to see to it that these qualities once believed to be inborn in his own blood shall not disappear in his children and grandchildren. And surely it behooves the well-born and the wealthy that true courtesy shall not disappear from their homes with true piety.

We commend this reflection to mothers and fathers alike: can true piety be where a passionate temper rules the house, and where a blow and a curse are the usual accompaniments of reproof or punishment? We beseech parents to think well of this. Let them never suffer themselves to be rude toward their children; and let them never tolerate in these anything approaching to rudeness toward each other.

## MOTHERS MUST NOT ALLOW THEIR DAUGHTERS TO BE THE SERVANTS OF THEIR BROTHERS.

There are sad examples of the fatal mistake made by certain unwise and weak mothers in giving their boys, as these grow up, so large a place in the house that their daughters either seem in the way or are obliged to devote themselves to the pleasure and caprice of their brothers.

Two families are now present to our memory in which were contrasted the principles of a truly Christian education, as set forth above, and the fostering in the sons of this spirit of selfishness.

The latter was a home distinguished for its wealth; and

when the sons, grown up and coming home from college, brought their young friends and acquaintance with them, they were allowed to be the absolute masters of the house, and to make their slaves of all persons in it,—parents, sisters, and servants. These boys, thus made the gods of the household, whom all therein had to worship and obey, became utterly reckless of the comfort or happiness of everybody about them. Brought up in selfishness, they gave themselves up in manhood to self-indulgence and dissipation, broke the hearts of their foolish parents, beggared their sisters, married beneath them, and went every one of them to ruin.

Not so their next-door neighbors. They had seen better days before they came to their present abode. But the mother was the embodiment of all the gentle virtues that ever made home delightful. The sons, when the day's toil was ended, forgot, or seemed to forget, their own fatigue in making their mother and sisters happy. Every device that rare culture adorning heartfelt piety could think of was brought nightly into play to make the ladies believe that they were the princesses of a fairy palace. And this courtesy and gentleness of manners followed all of them through life. The eldest brother, in particular, distinguished for his masculine strength and chivalrous patriotism, was blessed with a wife, nurtured like himself by a wise, firm, and gentle mother. Their children, from the first dawn of reason, were sweetly habituated to that unselfishness and gentle courtesy which the unobservant stranger might mistake for weakness, but which, to the eyes of those who knew them well, were like the graceful and lovely creepers trained to adorn, but not to conceal, the fair proportions, rich material, and exquisite workmanship of some massive classic edifice.

It is thus that you have to work, O mothers. Where what seems but is not courtesy or genuine politeness appears in a man or a woman, the least shock or commotion will show how superficial and hollow is the quality you might be tempted to admire. False courtesy is like a light

veneering of beautiful wood, laid over the coarse grain of common material, or like the thin layer of plastering placed on the front of a building and painted to resemble marble or granite;—but a slight knock will break this veneering and lay the natural coarse grain bare to the eye, and the first rain or the first thaw after a frost will show that what you mistook at a distance for a marble palace was but a wretched sham.

It is the solid material of nature, enriched by a long and thorough nurture, that can receive a high polish and keep it for ever. Be it your care, mothers, to form in the heart of hearts of every son and daughter of yours the solid, substantial piety and gentleness of which we have been speaking. This is the structure that you have to raise. Its solidity and its beauty, fear it not, will resist the pelting of rain and hail, survive the action of the summer's heat and the winter's frost.

### MAKE HOME THE ONLY CENTER OF AMUSEMENT FOR YOUR SONS.

The training of daughters is, comparatively, an easy and a delightful task for mothers,—for their daughters are ever at home; but it is far otherwise with boys. An irresistible impulse leads these to seek companionship and amusement outside of the home. Hence arise most of the serious dangers and temptations for boys.

One of a good and wise mother's most useful industries is to make home *necessary* to her sons. Let her provide for them there everything which can amuse and delight as well as instruct; and let her also encourage her boys to bring their young friends and companions home. She will thereby be able to see who and what these are, so as to select such as may be profitable companions and safe friends for after-life.

We need not insist on the prudence which a mother must use in keeping away from her home and companionship with her children the rude and the vicious. She has to avoid giving offense; she alone can find means to unite

firmness, decision, and gentleness in guarding her dear ones from evil.

At any rate, when your boys have grown up, it must be a part of your duty to entertain hospitably such friends as they may invite to your home. Should you see in these qualities which render them unsafe companions for your children, your tact and motherly love will surely find a way to warn these against such associations. Only, let it be apparent in your whole conduct that you are solely guided by your sense of duty and the purest love for every child of yours.

Make it also your duty to accompany your grown-up sons and daughters to every sort of public amusement which you may sanction. If this precaution is a most necessary one in the case of your boys, it is indispensable in that of your girls. Oh! if parents among the laboring classes only knew the irreparable ruin caused every year by their permitting their young sons and daughters to frequent these abominations called low theaters and free dances, without a father or a mother's eye to overlook them! We say the same of "excursions," gotten up for no matter what purpose: no mother should allow her daughter to go to such places without accompanying her, and no father, who fears God, and has at heart the perseverance of his son in piety and purity, should permit him to mix with such gatherings without being there himself to protect him. Indeed,—and the most enlightened and experienced will support us in the assertion,—the less the children and young people of the laboring classes know of such assemblages and amusements the better will it be for the health of body and soul.

### A CONCLUDING ADVICE.

We hear, on both sides of the Atlantic, of women of fortune founding institutions of charity or rearing splendid churches at their sole expense. It does seem a noble undertaking on which to bestow one's fortune and one's labor,—this rearing of a perfect temple to the worship of the most high God. But the formation in piety, in knowledge, in the

practice of all goodness of a single child is, in the sight of God, a something far more glorious, far more meritorious. Time lays low the most solid, beautiful, and costly structures planned by human genius, reared and decorated by the rarest skill; but the soul of your boy is to outlive time itself, is destined to be happy with its Creator in eternity, when the sun himself will be quenched in the firmament, and the starry heavens folded up and cast aside like a worn-out garment.

Will you labor to enrich that dear soul with virtues whose energies shall fail not when even fire shall cease to burn and light to be needful to the eye? Will you adorn it with these charities of earth and heaven which will form its ornament and its crown near the throne of God long after the last star will have ceased to shine in the immensities around us?

Oh! what temple can be compared to your child for whom Christ died, whom he purchased from hell with his own blood, and whom he wills you to help in making a godlike man!

For this you need no fortune, no riches,—nothing but the love and devotion, the industry and perseverance of a true woman's, true mother's heart.

When the poor, persecuted, but fearless prophet, Elias, had to fly his own country and take refuge among the enemies of his God and his race, he was bidden to go to a poor widow-woman at Sarephta on the sea-coast. "When he was come to the gate of the city, he saw the widow-woman gathering sticks, . . . and said to her: Give me a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And when she was going to fetch it, he called after her, saying: Bring me also, I beseech thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand. And she answered: As the Lord thy God liveth, I have no bread, but only a handful of meal in a pot, and a little oil in a cruse; behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." *

* 3 Kings, chap. xvii.

Surely here was poverty on the part of the mighty prophet who could shut up the heavens for seven years, and the very extremity of destitution on the part of this generous-hearted widow. She gave to the man of God all she had in the world,—all that stood between death by hunger, and her boy and herself!

God repaid her well, however: hunger was provided against by the prophet's miraculous power, and a still greater miracle rewarded both mother and son, for the latter was brought back by Elias from death to life.

How, think you, after this wonderful providence over herself and her only one, ought this mother to have reared her boy? In the full knowledge, the unbounded love, and the faithful service of the God of Israel. Indeed the Jewish traditions say that she gave up the lad to Elias to be his servant and inseparable companion ever after. She is mentioned by our Lord in the gospel; her memory and that of her boy shall live among men as long as the world itself; and in eternity they shall shine like twin stars among the hosts of the blessed.

So this poor but great-souled woman made her son like herself—ever ready to give everything, even life itself, for God and the poor! Do not say that you are too poor to rear godlike sons.

Are you a wealthy or a noble mother? Then remember the widowed mother of the great St. John Chrysostom. She lost her husband, a general officer in high command in the imperial armies, when she was in her twentieth year. Though solicited, and pressed to marry again,—being very beautiful and wealthy,—the noble lady resolved to give her life to God and the education of her infant son. Thenceforward her whole time and industry were devoted to that divine labor of forming a man worthy of being a true follower of Christ. Other masters aided her, when early boyhood was over, to cultivate his mind. But the culture of that great heart was her work. And how beautiful was that heart, how godlike the life of St. John Chrysostom, the admiration of fourteen hundred years can attest.

But you may think that the examples of these remote ages do not apply aptly to our own ; that the heroines of Scripture or the heroic women of the early Church are too far above the mediocrity, the commonplace virtue of modern times. This we do not admit. Soldiers in a vast camp covering many miles of plain and forest can see but little of what is passing around them, and hear only the voices of their immediate neighbors. Those who come after us will be like people looking down from a lofty vantage-ground on camp and battle-field, taking in at a glance whole armies and their positions, and marking the actions of the most heroic. A hundred years hence the names of the saintly in life will be brought out distinctly in the annals of God's Church by the action of the Spirit of Truth, who abideth with her evermore. And who can say how many heroic souls may thus shine forth resplendently from what seems to our near-sightedness a mass of undistinguishable mediocrity ?

## A POOR MOTHER AND HER TWO NOBLE ORPHANS.

Take the facts in this short narrative as illustrating one instance of true motherly love, rewarded by heroism in very young children.

A lady of high social position, but far higher in God's favor, rich in charity and in all the merits of manifold good works, but not overburdened with worldly wealth, was summoned away from the head of her table and the delightful conversation of her large family by a pressing case of want. "A little boy, weeping bitterly for his dead mother, was"—so the servant said—"asking for the good lady in the reception-room." She went to him without a moment's delay, heard the pitiable tale which the child's stifled sobs made more eloquent than any words, and without going back to the dinner-table, she hastily got ready to accompany the little mourner. On the way to the house of death the lady was struck by his beautiful features, his air of gentility and good-breeding, as well as by the scrupulous neatness of his poor threadbare clothing.

She was ushered into an upper room, where some neighboring women had already washed and laid out the corpse,—a young woman about thirty, seemingly, on whose thin emaciated features dwelt, together with the awful beauty and serenity which the Angel of Death bestows, a purity and delicacy of outline that bespoke good blood, and that sweet radiance which the joy of a happy soul leaves behind on its companion clay, as the sure pledge of a blissful resurrection. There was a little girl between five and six, most fair and angelic to look upon, dressed scantily, but with the same neatness that was apparent in her brother's clothing,—while the room and its furniture all wore the same air of exquisite neatness and tidiness. It was evident that the surplus articles had been parted with, one after the other, to support life and pay the doctor's bill.

The lady was deeply touched by all she saw, and drawn at once to the two fatherless and motherless orphans. She embraced them tenderly, provided for all their immediate wants, furnished everything necessary for a decent funeral, and then took counsel with her husband as to how the two children should be disposed of.

They were of Anglo-Irish parentage. Their father, unfortunate in business at home, had come to New York with the hope of improving his fortunes. But overwork, a severe cold, and a climate of extremes had brought on rapid consumption, and he died, leaving his children penniless and his wife heart-broken. She bore up bravely, however, doing with her needle whatever she could to keep a temporary home above her orphans, and devoting daily a specified time to their education. Her noble boy, William, beginning his eleventh year, was to her both a great comfort and a great help. He did all her errands and most of her marketing,—for, alas, the double hardship of her lot told speedily on a very delicate constitution, and it became soon but too evident that she was about to follow her husband.

Too proud and independent to seek or to accept aid from the humble families of her poor neighborhood, she parted

with everything but the most indispensable articles; and then the end came.

No sooner was the funeral over, than steps were taken to have William complete his schooling, and his little sister sent to an institution where she would be cared for and brought up by one of our admirable Sisterhoods. When, however, Willie was informed of his kind protectress's intention, he was overwhelmed with grief, and besought the lady in the most piteous terms not to separate him from his sister. "She is all I have in the world," he said: "I can work for her. If I only had a few dollars, with a basket, some books and pamphlets, or other things, I might go about selling. I could earn money enough to support us both after a few weeks. . . . Only try me, dear madam," the manly little fellow pleaded; "and if you will only be kind to us, and see my little sister every day, I know God will bless me. My dear mama promised me He would; and oh! I know she is praying for us both in heaven. . . ." How could he be refused? Besides, both the lady and her husband saw here a character so noble, a spirit so manly and self-reliant, and so pious withal, that they at once resolved to foster these admirable dispositions. The house-rent was paid three months in advance, a supply of fuel and provisions was laid in; and the furniture was made more comfortable for the little ones, warm clothing and linen was purchased for both, and Willie got his basket well stocked with all the articles which he was likely to dispose of. His delight was as unbounded as his gratitude.

His benefactress, on her way to early mass one morning, called in to see her interesting charge. The children were up, the room was swept and clean as a new pin; the little tea-kettle was singing on a bright fire, and the little table for two was covered with a snow-white cloth, with bread and butter waiting for young appetites. As the lady entered and took all this in at a glance, Willie was standing over his little sister, chatting merrily with her while he combed her long golden locks. It was a pretty picture, and

went to the heart of the true woman who stood looking at the pair.

Another morning a lady of the family called about the same hour, and found the brave-hearted boy washing his sister's white apron! For he could not bear to have her wear anything soiled. Indeed, the boy's spirit of self-respect and independence had led him to resolve to wash his own and her linen till such time as they could afford to pay for the washing.

The story of these little orphans was soon known among their benefactress's large circle of acquaintance, and many were ready to befriend and assist them. Still she thought it better to spare the praiseworthy pride of the boy, and help him quietly to make his own way to fortune. He was sent to a night-school, and himself and his sister were taken on Sundays to the home of their generous friend, where every one vied to teach them, and make them happy. The mistress of the home allowed some of her lady friends the privilege of replenishing Willie's basket from time to time. And so the boy prospered. His delight was inconceivable to be able thus to support his little sister, while she, emulating his generosity of spirit, kept steadily to her room, locking the door against all intruders, learning to keep the fire burning brightly for Willie's return, watering the flowers on the windows, and applying with her whole heart to improve herself in reading. And was there not an angel there, albeit invisible to the bodily eye, who knew how to whisper bright thoughts and sweet hopes to the childish soul,—the germs of future noble aspirations and generous deeds?

In this way several months elapsed, when a letter came from England informing the orphans that they had been left a very handsome fortune. They parted weeping from her who had been to them a second mother: who knows but ere she dies she may yet have glorious tidings of Willie and his sister?

### LET YOUR SONS BE GOD-FEARING AND SELF-RELIANT.

We pause here. There is no home that our voice can

reach in which this simple lesson may not be thoroughly appreciated by even the most poverty-stricken, and taken to heart by her sons, if the mother will only understand aright her own best interests even in this world. No man is braver than the God-fearing man, no man has more self-respect and true self-reliance. Were we to succeed in making the sons of our laboring poor to be at once God-fearing and self-reliant, we should not begrudge devoting to the illustration of these noble qualities every hour of life God may spare us,—so deeply are we convinced that the fear of God is the strong foundation of all true manliness, and that one of the most precious attributes of Christian manhood is that humble self-reliance springing from the certainty of His ever-present grace and the continual generous sense of duty.

We resume our teaching in this chapter, by repeating that if mothers will only be faithful to co-operate with the Holy Spirit in this great work of making of their sons true children of God, together with the natural "great qualities and admirable talents" bestowed on them by the Creator, the culture we have been detailing will be sure to result in producing noble Christian men and model citizens. Every one who will know a son of yours brought up in this fashion will say of him in life and death: "I find in him these virtues without which all (natural) excellence is deformity,—namely, modesty, meekness, tranquillity, religion, sanctity, and integrity." What a panegyric such praise would be both for mother and for son!

No less perfect and admirable would be the women sent forth from every home in our midst. Let young girls take the following words, as they would a nosegay of rarest and sweet-scented flowers, and enjoy again and again their delicious perfume:

"All virtue lies in woman, and the health of the world. God has created nothing so good as a woman. No one can find a limit to the praise of women. He who can tell where the sunshine ends may also proclaim the end of their praise. Women are pure and good and fair, they impart worthiness and make men worthy. Nothing is so like the angels as

their beautiful form, and even the mind of an angel dwells in woman." *

## TRUTH IN ACTION INSEPARABLE FROM THE PROFESSION OF TRUTH.

To your sons and daughters alike,—to such noble young men and women as the Church expects you to prepare for society, we commend these golden words of one of the greatest men of all time, and the loveliest saint of modern times: †

"For all the estates of Savoy and France, and for the whole empire, I would not carry a false paper in my bosom. I belong to the blood of the ancient Gauls. What is on my tongue is precisely what comes from my heart. The prudence of the world and the artifices of the flesh belong to the children of the world; but the children of God have no double meaning and no dissimulation."

Or, again: "The spirit of chivalry (common to all true Christian men and women) is to the highest degree delicate and susceptible: once convince it that an action is base and criminal, and it shrinks from it with a depth of moral feeling such as leads the poet in the Indian legend to represent sin as something so incapable of concealment that every transgression is not only known to conscience and to all divine spirits, but felt with a sympathetic shudder by those elements themselves which we call inanimate, by the sun, moon, fire, air, the heavens, the earth, the flood, and the deep, as a crying outrage against nature and a disarrangement of the universe." ‡

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* Ulrich von Lichtenstein's *Frauendienst.*

† St. Francis of Sales.

‡ Digby.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## DUTIES OF THE MISTRESS OF THE HOME TOWARD HER PARENTS AND HER SERVANTS.

The sons of Wisdom are the church of the just; and their generation, obedience and love. . . . He that honoreth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure. He that honoreth his father shall have joy in (his own) children. . . . He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents, and will serve them as his masters that brought him into the world.—*Ecclesiasticus* iii.

In the house of a just man living by faith, and still journeying far from the Celestial City, even he who commands is the servant of those whom he seems to command; for he does not rule through a passion for domineering, but through the desire of fulfilling his duty; not through the pride of authority, but through the mercy of providing for others.—St. Augustine.

If thou have a faithful servant, let him be to thee as thy own soul: treat him as a brother.—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxiii. 31.

### I.

It will not, we trust, be deemed superfluous if we close these chapters treating of the dignity and the duties of the mistress of the home as wife and mother, by reminding her that she stands herself in the relation of child to those who are her own or her husband's parents. Marriage among us, and by virtue of the laws which govern us, dissolves the tie of obedience which children till then owed to their parents. But the obligation of reverence and love remains through life.

The patriarchal system, which prevailed in the first ages of the world, made the parental authority much more absolute and persistent: the married groups, though living outside of the patriarch's home, continued none the less to pay him, as long as he lived, not only love and reverence, but

entire obedience. That his wife had her full share of his authority there is every reason to believe, though it was restricted to the sphere of purely domestic duties. There remains, however, among one of the most ancient races on earth, the Chinese, laws and customs dating from time immemorial, which throw no little light on the probable nature and extent of maternal authority and influence in the remotest historical times.

The ancient laws of China give a father the fullest power over his children,—all power, indeed, save that of life and death,—and this power lasts as long as life, and follows the children in every position or rank they may occupy. The son of a peasant may become a mandarin, the governor of a province, a prime minister, a commander-in-chief; but the son, though never so far in rank and social position above his parents, is still bound to the same rigorous obedience, the same duties of reverence and filial piety.

A commander-in-chief will come down from horseback in presence of his whole army to do homage to his father or mother, a magistrate will descend from his seat of authority as soon as he perceives his parent in the audience. In the imperial court the person most honored and revered by sovereign and courtiers alike, is the emperor's mother. And this holds good in every family, high or low, in the kingdom; the parents are the absolute sovereigns of their own little home-empire.*

This universal reverence for parental authority is the very basis of social and domestic life, as well as of the political constitution of this vast empire, comprising one-third of the entire human race. And second only to this deep-seated filial piety is the respect for old age.

"Honor as you would your own father, whoever is twice as old as yourself, and respect, as if he were your elder brother, the man who is ten years older than you." Such is the prescription of the *Li-ki*, the great Chinese Ritual.

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* See most instructive details, in F. Le Play's *Ouvriers des Deux Mondes*, vol. iv., p. 116. Paris, 1862.

Hence natives of that country will bestow the title of *lao-yeh*, "venerable father," on every man whom they wish to treat with respect.

Again, when a man has rendered illustrious services to his country, or deserved in any way to be raised to the rank of noble, the rank is conferred on his parents, not on himself. "The reason is," says the *Li-ki*, "that we easily persuade ourselves that the parents of a virtuous man must have been themselves models of virtue."

"The more I consider," says the Emperor Kang-hi, "the principles which induced the ancient emperors to govern the world by the sentiments of filial piety, the more am I convinced that they wished thereby to go back to the original form of government, and to insist on what is essential to it. Filial piety is the principle and the term of all virtue." *

This reverence for father and mother is also the foundation of the Chinese religion. It is the center of public and private worship. "The hall of ancestors," says the *Li-ki*, "is the first structure erected when a palace is built, the vases destined to the commemoration of the dead are the first to be purchased: no matter how poor one may be, one must not sell these vases, nor cut down the cemetery trees." At Pekin, in the ancient "red city," still stands the *Taï-miao*, a spacious temple covered with red brick, and dedicated to the ancestors of the reigning family. And in the remotest provinces of the empire an apartment may be found in the peasant's hut, appropriated to a like purpose.

We have gone out of the beaten path of illustration to show how ancient, wide-spread, and deep-seated is this beautiful sentiment of filial piety, the religion of the sweetest and holiest gratitude.

No mother who is true to nature but will, as age advances, and as her dear parents draw near the grave, exert herself to show them all love, honor, and reverence. In the last chapter we have shown her how necessary it is to impress

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* Quoted by Le Play, *ibidem*, p. 122.

these sentiments on the heart of her children. Let her believe it;—it is her own interest we were then pleading. And it is her own happiness we wish to promote by what we say here. The young and active and energetic mother of to-day will be the aged, feeble, helpless invalid of to-morrow,—to whom the loving looks and loving words, the heartfelt reverence and veneration of her dear ones, will be the sweetest of all rewards.

One can have a father and a mother but once: while they are yet with us we prize not as we ought the treasure their presence is to us, and we often allow the preoccupations and pangs of the day to make us overlook the duty of giving ourselves heartily to making them comfortable and happy. We hope to be in a better mood on the morrow. But that morrow never comes with the hoped-for opportunities, and brings with the grief of their loss the keen regret of having neglected those who never neglected us.

In the Chinese family, most minutely described in the work mentioned above, "the most striking characteristic, as indeed in all Chinese families, is the respect shown to parental authority. The elder brother maintains this duty most rigorously by his own example. At table he never tastes food till his mother has done so; and he respectfully offers her, first of all, every fresh fruit or vegetable on the board. From his children he receives in turn these same marks of respectful deference, the omission of which would be considered a crime. While a father may beat his son, no matter how old the latter may be, the son, from the age of sixteen upward, never calls his parents by any other name than *dajun*, 'my lords.'"

We do not insist on the practical conclusions to be drawn from all this. Will parents exact from their children some such show of respect as this? Will they so demean themselves toward their dear ones, from the earliest infancy of the latter, that this respect may be well merited and heartily accorded? Will they, especially, practice toward their own parents this fundamental and sovereign duty of love and reverence? Surely, if there be a country on the face of

the globe, in which this sentiment of reverence is fast dying out from heart and home and social life, it is the country in which we live,—so proud of its Christian name and its advanced civilization, but in the appreciation and practice of the beautiful home-virtues infinitely below the heathens of China.

### NEVER PUT YOURSELVES IN YOUR CHILDREN'S POWER.

We formulate our advice this way, in order that all our readers may examine their consciences on this point.

"Give not," says the Divine Book, "to son or wife, brother or friend, power over thee while thou livest; and give not thy estate to another, lest thou repent and thou entreat for the same. As long as thou livest and hast breath in thee, let no man change (dispossess) thee. For it is better that thy children should ask of thee, than that thou look toward the hands of thy children." *

There are but too many eloquent examples around us of the unwisdom of parents who heed not the voice of the inspired teacher; of parents who left native land and gave a whole life of earnest and uninterrupted labor to making a fortune and creating a comfortable home for their children, —slaving and almost starving themselves to give them education and a position, and whose great heart could not withhold their hands from giving their dear ones every thing with the new homes in which they saw them wedded and well to do. And how many such fathers and mothers have been and are still left to pine in neglect and poverty by the very children they loved all too unwisely!

"A wise son maketh a father joyful: but the foolish man despiseth his mother. Honor thy father in work and word, and all patience. That a blessing may come upon thee from him, and his blessing may remain in the latter end. The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children: but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundation. Of what an evil fame is he that forsaketh his father! And he is accursed of God that angereth his mother!" †

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* Ecclesiasticus xxxiii. 20, 21, 22.

† *Ibidem*, iii.

The real practical difficulty in the way regards not so much, perhaps, a woman's reverence toward her own parents, as what is due to those of her husband. Nor does the discharge of this duty offer so much hardship when parents retain their own home, and are independent of their married children. Heart-burnings mainly arise when they have to look to these for support,—and often become unbearable when they have to reside beneath the same roof.

Then it is that the mistress of the household needs to look up to God for her motives and her rules of action. We put aside the case of women who are so unnatural and so unchristian as to forget what is due to their own aged parents, to their husbands, and the venerable persons to whom these owe their birth, and, it may be, the very roof which covers the ungrateful wife. A husband's father and mother become, by marriage, the wife's father and mother; policy, mere worldly wisdom and practical good sense, in the absence of the divine law, ought to teach her that her peace and her interest would be best secured by loving her parents-in-law.

We suppose the mother who reads this is most anxious to have God's blessing, the love and respect of her husband and children; all this she can only have by showing a true and heartfelt affection for the persons who stand, within her home, as the representatives of God's fatherly power and love. No blessing can rest upon a home where the wife and mother makes life a burden and the bread of life most bitter to the parents she is privileged to have near her.

To encourage all good mothers,—women true to the noblest instincts of nature and the most solemn teaching of the divine law, let us rather warm our hearts in the light of heroic examples,—such as very many in all classes may behold around them daily.

Two young people, of excellent family both of them, had married, with the full approbation of the wife's parents, who were wealthy and much respected, but sorely against the will of those of the husband, of his mother especially.

There was perfect equality on both sides. But the young man, during a tour on the continent of Europe, had em-

braced the Catholic faith, and this circumstance, on his return home, had led to his intimacy with the family into which he married. Bitter religious prejudice lay at the bottom of the opposition made by both his parents, while his mother persisted in saying to every one that he had been inveigled into a change of religion by his beautiful bride. The truth was, that the young people had scarcely been acquainted when the change took place, and there certainly was then no attachment on either side.

The young man was disinherited; but this cruel treatment did not shake either his faith or his affection. He was further driven to hasten his nuptials by a cruel and scandalous report concerning the lady, started, too, by his own mother. Never was scandal so unfounded and so malignant.

But it only injured the originators. The innocent child herself was kept in total ignorance of the rumor, and the other relatives of the gentleman's family vied with each other in showing their detestation of the slander.

The bridegroom was too high-minded to beg favors from his bigoted father, and too independent to accept from his father-in-law the handsome settlement which the latter wished to make in his favor. He had a good and lucrative profession; he was himself accomplished, self-reliant, and trustful in God's protection; he loved his young wife with that deep love of pure hearts which is deepened tenfold by the grace of the sacrament. And, not rashly confident of his own ability, he fixed his residence in a large city far away from his native place. Success came to him with the divine blessing, which they both sought so earnestly, and year after year he rose higher and higher in his profession and in the esteem of all who knew him. His wife looked up to him with a sort of worship, founded on the intimate knowledge of his worth,—of the talents and learning which were sanctified by a piety so enlightened and so simple. No home could be happier than theirs—no bliss, the little wife and mother thought, could equal hers. She was afraid of its very excess,—and begged our dear Lord daily

to send her a cross which should temper the unalloyed sweetness of her lot. It came in His good time.

She had been several years married, when an accident made her acquainted with the scandal about herself set afloat by her mother-in-law. Its real malignity, however, only dawned on her by degrees, and thus the terrible force of the blow was broken. Nevertheless it nearly crushed her; and it required all her husband's tenderness and all her own piety and strength of soul to sustain her. She had a very serious illness; for the rumor in its worst aspect only reached her a very short time after the birth of her second child. While she was thus in serious danger, her husband wrote to his father informing him of the critical state to which the innocent young wife was brought by an infamous slander originating with his own mother.

The father, who had not lost all feeling for his son, and who, besides, was proud of his rising fame, was heart-stricken on receiving the letter. He had heard of the report against his daughter-in-law, but never fancied that the vile slander had his own wife for author. He for one did not and could not believe it. His fault lay in his bigotry, his exaggerated notions about a father's authority over his son's conscience, and in the obstinacy with which he adhered to a determination once taken. From every direction he had heard his daughter-in-law praised for every quality of mind and heart and person, for all the sweet virtues that can make a perfect woman, wife, and mother; and more than once he felt disposed to relent toward his son. The letter filled him with equal grief and indignation.

But his wife only met his reproof and his questions with haughty scorn and a fiercer denunciation of her son, as a most ungrateful child, and of his sick wife as a crafty, scheming hypocrite. Leaving his partner to the evil passions that possessed her, he hastened to his son's home, atoned with manly frankness for his own harsh conduct, embraced his daughter and her babes with all a father's tenderness, assured the patient sufferer that no one among all his kinsfolk or acquaintance ever gave credit to the

absurd report, and by his generous reparation recalled the sick one to health and happiness once more. His wife, he said, would not delay to see the wrong she had done and to atone for it, and thus the happiness of his children seemed complete.

But the inevitable atonement was to be made sooner than he anticipated, and in a way that he could not foresee. During his absence his house—the ancient home of his family—was burned to the ground. No one could tell how the fire began; and as it was in the country, with a high wind blowing at the time, no effort of servants or neighbors availed to save the building, with its precious furniture and library. The mistress of the house was, it was said, herself severely injured in the confusion.

These tidings reached her husband when halfway on his homeward journey, and seemed to his conscience like a judgment on his wife's unnatural cruelty and his own harshness and obstinacy. No sooner, however, had his son and daughter-in-law heard of the calamity, than the latter, with the impulse of true charity, besought her husband to fly at once to his parents, and to bring his mother back with him, that she might receive from their hands all the tender care her misfortune and injuries needed.

With what eagerness the young husband hastened to comply with his wife's God-inspired entreaty, the Christian reader will easily conceive. He found his mother only slightly bruised, though sorely afflicted in spirit. The hand of God, in striking her in its justice, had also touched her heart in its mercy. She had done many acts of true charity in her life, and these now pleaded for her with that Wisdom which disposeth all our ways for its own ends.

No mother ever received from the most tenderly loved child so warm a welcome as she received from her daughter-in-law. It was truly a merciful dispensation. Soon after the burning of his mansion, the sturdy old gentleman learned that the bulk of his fortune, invested in what had till then been a most prosperous venture, had been utterly swept away by the failure of the concern. This news

brought on a fit of apoplexy. He lingered, half-paralyzed, in his son's house, where the most devoted care of his angelic daughter-in-law, and all the comforting assurances of his son, availed not to raise the crushed spirit. He died under the effects of a second stroke of the fell disease, but not till he had again and again prophesied to the angel who watched by him night and day, that she would surely be blessed in her children. "You are more than a perfect woman, my love," he would say; "you are an angel, and the very atmosphere of your house is heavenly." So he passed away, finding in death what he had not else known, the perfect road which leads to God, and that perfect peace which worlds cannot purchase.

His widow survived him for several years. She was given time to expiate her sin. A cruel cancer in the neck tried her patience to the utmost and proved the generosity of the daughter she had so deeply wronged, and whom she had learned to love with a love she had never known till then. Month after month did that devoted one and her husband lavish on their parent every mark of the most untiring affection. The side of the house in which her apartment was, had to be given up to her, so nauseating was the odor which the frightful sore emitted. Yet her room was kept like a paradise. One of the young wife's sisters, worthy of her in every way, volunteered to assist her in taking care of the sufferer. She, too, felt like her husband, that this was true charity, and wished to die in the faith of her forefathers. She needed all the sublime consolations which it imparts. For the priest who ministered to her frequently in the last stage of the terrible disease, often declared afterward that, accustomed as he was to every form of human suffering, he never had beheld anything comparable to the appalling loathsomeness of that death-bed.

And yet there the heroic son would remain with his parent, hour after hour, reading her some sweet passage from the "Imitation of Christ," a few verses from the history of the Passion, or reciting with the agonized patient some favorite form of prayer. There, too, the angelic forms

of his wife and sister-in-law moved about silently, whispering from their pure, brave hearts such words of love and comfort as true women's hearts alone can find.

"Read me these beautiful words once more," she could barely say in an almost imperceptible whisper to her daughter-in-law, as midnight on Good Friday was at hand. Her son was absent on most urgent business, and no one was in the sick-room but the devoted little wife. And she read from the "Imitation" the 21st chapter of the third book, beginning: "Above all things and in all things, do thou, my soul, rest always in the Lord, for he is the eternal rest of the saints." When the other had read down to the words, "In fine, above all angels and archangels, and all the host of heaven," the dying woman pressed the hand held in hers. Then, as the other looked up, she motioned to her to continue, and just as the last words, "above all that is not Thee, my God!" she repeated thrice audibly, while a light seemed to overspread her features, "Thee,—Thee,—my God,—my God!" and expired.

## II.

### DUTIES TOWARD SERVANTS.

It would be a strange inconsistency if a truly Christian mistress, fearing God herself, and making his love and service the chief purpose of her life, should fail to be toward her servants much more of the mother than the mistress.

Among God's people, before the coming of Christ, though the servants in the family were either slaves belonging to the master, or free men and women who had bound themselves to temporary service, the heads of the household were obliged not only to treat these dependents with humanity, but to secure to them all the precious benefits of the faith and hope in the Redeemer. Thus the true religion formed a bond of brotherhood between the inferiors and the superiors. Under Christianity slavery was gradually done away with by the very force of the doctrine and senti-

ment of brotherhood working on heart and mind among all classes.

The beautiful sentiment of Ecclesiasticus, "If thou have a faithful servant, let him be to thee as thy own soul: treat him as a brother,"—sounds almost like some gospel precept. But this last verse in the chapter is preceded by several injunctions or practical rules concerning stubborn or vicious servants, that a slave-master might easily pervert to his own purposes.

### ST. PAUL AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Compare with this the divine charity which shines forth in St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon. This man, a citizen of Colossæ in Phrygia, and a convert to Christianity, had a slave called Onesimus, who fled from his master to Rome, after having wronged him in some serious manner. In the great city the fugitive came within the influence of St. Paul, then imprisoned, but left a certain freedom to preach the gospel and help in spreading it among all those who had recourse to him. Onesimus became not only a convert, but a most zealous and efficient assistant to the great apostle. For, in these days, the fortunes of war reduced the vanquished to bondage, and thus men of the noblest birth and the highest culture were brought down to the condition of slaves. Onesimus, apparently, was anxious or willing to repair the wrong he had committed toward his master; at any rate, he consented to fulfill the prescriptions of the civil law, which compelled the return of fugitive slaves to their masters.

But in the case of Onesimus, the conversion to Christianity of both master and slave entirely changed the sentiments with which each regarded the other,—although it did not do away formally with the power of the former over the latter. So the aged Paul, from his prison, sends back Onesimus to Colossæ, intrusting to him a letter or epistle for the young church springing up in that city, and another to Philemon in commendation of the bearer himself.

"Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, . . . to Philemon our beloved and fellow-laborer. . . . Though I have much confidence in Christ Jesus to command thee that which is to the purpose: for charity's sake I rather beseech, whereas thou art such an one, as Paul an old man, and now a prisoner also of Jesus Christ: I beseech thee for my son, whom I have begotten in my bonds, Onesimus. . . . Do thou receive him as my own bowels (my own heart). . . . Not now as a servant, but instead of a servant, a most dear brother, especially to me. . . . If therefore thou count me a partner, receive him as myself."

## THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD IN CHRIST.

This was a language never heard before. The sentiments it expresses, the great doctrines of universal brotherhood and a common calling to the inheritance, with Christ, of an eternal glory, leavened thenceforward the hearts and minds of men, and changed the face of the world. In our day there are found men who would set aside this divine brotherhood and all its humanizing influences, and bring back the reign of the darkest Pagan materialism. Christian homes and hearts sanctified by all the charities which a living faith in Christ begets, must be the firm bulwark against this impure and rising tide.

## IMPERIOUS NECESSITY OF WINNING THE HEARTS OF ONE'S SERVANTS.

It behooves every Christian mistress and mother, as she loves her own children, and labors to make them live up to the sublime duties of their religion, even so to love her servants dependent on her motherly charity, and looking to her, under God, for instruction, edification, care, and comfort in health and sickness.

Later, in a separate chapter, we shall see what are the special duties to be fulfilled by servants themselves, and the special excellence to which they can attain. Be it suffi-

cient in this place to hold the mirror of her own duty up to the true woman, so that she can see in it the model of a perfect mistress, as we have already shown her the image of a perfect wife and mother.

### HOW SERVANTS SHOULD BE BOUND TO THEIR MASTERS.

"I have collected certain instructions," says an old author,—"and composed almost an art of friendship between rich and powerful men and persons poor and of low condition, to whom has been applied the odious name of servitude. What domain is more fertile than domestic charity? Is it not better that our house should be in the charge of true friends of good will, rather than in that of men who evince, I do not say love, but not even the shadow of love? Such servants have only one object—to steal and get rich as soon as possible; but if you lift them up into the sphere of friendship, of free and kindly regard, what immense utility shall we not derive from their assistance? For then they love their masters tenderly, spare no pains, and expose themselves to all dangers for them. This friendship, if we do not trample humanity under our feet by our pride, . . . will certainly spring up of itself and increase; for nothing is more natural than to love those who dwell under the same roof with us; and, certes, nothing can happen more advantageous to a man than to live in the same household with another man, when of suitable manners." *

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

"I knew a lady, who now lives in heaven," says Luis de Leon; "the persons who served her never left her without being prized the more for having lived with her. It happened once that she was obliged to dismiss one of her servants without having done him all the good that she desired, and I often heard her say, that she was disconsolate at the thought of a person, once intrusted to her by God, depart-

* Della Casa, "Treatise on Duties."

ing from her house without having been benefited by the stay." *

Unquestionably these are the ideas by which every head of a household ought to be governed in her relations with her servants. They are "intrusted by God" to her that she may do them all the good she can, and make them in every way as good as she can. They are a charge committed to her, not to be kept in the ignorance and moral deficiencies with which they came to her service, but to be improved in every way not merely for the sole motive of self-interest, as Della Casa suggests, but because they are a trust for which we must be accountable to God.

## AIM HIGH IN PERFORMING YOUR DUTY.

We know by our sad experience that we seldom succeed when we aim high in hitting the mark we aim at. We fail in our best and calmest resolutions to do exactly as well as we purposed; indeed, it is to the most generous a constant source of regret and self-reproach that their performances fall short of the promises made to their own soul.

In the performance of one's duty toward one's servants, then, how can one best secure a high degree of merit and a great amount of good done to them? The first extract we gave exhorts masters and mistresses to make "friends" of their servants and dependants,—because "then they love their masters tenderly, spare no pains, and expose themselves to all dangers for them." This attachment being based on a motive of self-interest, may not be either very lasting or very exalted. There are servants deeply attached to vicious masters, because the attachment is founded on community of enjoyments, pursuits, and vices. We shall secure a more exalted, permanent, and purer friendship, and a more loyal and generous service, by following the practice of the noble Spanish lady mentioned by Luis de Leon,—by considering every servant who enters our household as a needy brother

* Quoted by Digby.

sent us by the Shepherd of souls,—that we may receive the stranger as we would Christ himself, that we may guard that soul, and respect it, as we would the Body taken down from the cross and given over to our care, or the pierced Heart taken from out the yawning side. This is the model,—the only practical rule to set before ourselves,—to keep the deposit of that precious soul sent to us, as we would keep the sacred treasure of Christ's heart.

### CONSIDER EACH SERVANT'S SOUL AS A SACRED DEPOSIT.

What would you think good enough as a repository for such a treasure? What gold could be refined enough to inclose it? What gems so rare or valuable as to be fit to adorn it?

What precautions would be taken to prevent profanation or defilement? But let us apply this ideal rule, supplied by the charity of Paul in chains for Christ, to the real need of your servants.

The Spanish lady considered that every servant sent to her by Providence had to be dealt with as a child of her own;—loved and reverenced as a thing which had been saved from the eternal death by the utmost love and agony of the Sacred Heart, purchased by all the blood it contained. The soul of each was in her eyes therefore of equal value to the infinite price it cost, and to be cherished accordingly. Wherefore was that soul thus confided to her? that she might merely keep it from evil, from sin? That surely;—but not that alone. She was, moreover, instructed by her faith to do all the good in her power to that soul, and to make that soul as good as she could.

Hence "she was disconsolate at the thought of a person once intrusted to her by God departing from her house without having been benefited by the stay therein."

There is no Catholic woman but will immediately take in the full meaning of this lesson. It is a magnificent one; and let us not part with it too speedily. Look you, when a bee on a summer morning lights on a garden filled with sweet

flowers and untouched by a single sister-bee, she thinks not of returning to the hive until she has taken her fill of honey. Nay, she will go back again and again to that privileged spot, till not one flower is left that has not been rifled of its treasure.

### LOFTY VIEWS OF DUTY IN CATHOLIC SPAIN.

Let us be wise after this fashion, and thus draw from these pregnant truths of our holy faith all the honey they contain. No nation ever surpassed the Spanish in the lofty sentiments which they conceived of Christian duty. The noble poet, who is the Shakespeare of that nation, with more than Shakespeare's elevation and purity, and none of his sad blemishes, makes a servant say to his ungrateful master: "Consider that I have always served you well, and that negligence is not a crime with a Catholic Christian."

And why was negligence a crime unknown to Spanish servants, if not because neglect of the welfare of servants,—either spiritual or temporal,—was a thing unheard of among Spanish masters and mistresses. Elsewhere* we have seen with what respect and reverence the Spaniards treat the poor, the beggar, and the sick. We must be prepared, therefore, to find them extending to their household servants and dependants the same feeling of honor and true friendship.

### HOW SERVANTS WERE TREATED IN ALL CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

Nor was this religious sentiment of brotherhood and equality in Christ confined to the Spanish peninsula; it reigned throughout all Christian nations. In every princely and noble family lived a chaplain, whose special care and duty it was to devote himself to the spiritual welfare of the servants and dependants, to instruct them thoroughly in the Christian doctrine, and to afford them every facility and

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* Chapter VII., pp. 88, 89, 90.

encouragement for the reception of the sacraments, and the advancement in holiness of life. Nor did this dispense the lord and lady from seeing to it in person that the chaplain did his duty, and that their household was one in which God, before and above all things, was served and honored. The Sundays and feasts of obligation were duly sanctified by all; and in more than one country the law of the Church and that of the State enjoined, that, on the eve of these days, servants and others should be allowed to retire early in order to be up in time for Mass the next morning. How many Catholic masters and mistresses sin grievously in this respect in our day and country!

### MASTERS AND MISTRESSES ANXIOUS FOR THE PROGRESS OF THEIR SERVANTS IN HOLINESS.

More than that, in these ages of faith of which modern ignorance and fanaticism speak so sneeringly, all Christian masters and mistresses were anxious that their entire households should have the very same advantages for instruction which they had themselves. St. Paulinus, Archbishop of Aquileia, thus instructs his immediate sovereign, Henry, Duke of Friuli: "Entreat all who are in your house to do whatever they do humbly before God; for whatever a man doeth with pride can never please God. In all their actions let them be humble; for no one can come to the kingdom of God unless by humility. All labors, prayers, alms, fasts, and vigils, if performed with pride, are accounted as nothing before God. . . . Prescribe to all your domestics, and those subject to you, to abstain from pride, and to live temperately, justly, piously, and holily before God; for Christ shed his blood not alone for us clergy, but for the whole human race. There is no acceptation of persons with God; for the celestial palace opens its doors to the laity who keep the divine commandments, as well as the clergy and those who bear the monk's habit; for we are all one in Christ. . . . Love your Head with your whole heart, and the members of that Head. How can the hand hate

the hand, or the foot the foot? All the members ought to grow up lovingly together into the perfect man.*

This sentiment of Christian equality made masters and mistresses in the highest households call all their servants "children," and the custom still survives in lands where faith and piety have long since waned. More than that,—it was held wise and proper to make both sons and daughters mix with the servants in the performance of the menial household duties. The heroic Bayard relates that he had to do so in his father's house; and Marina de Escobar says that her mother, although having a numerous retinue of servants, "used, as a prudent woman, always to make her daughters apply to domestic exercises, along with the maids."

### THE CHARITY OF THE MISTRESS BEGETS LOVE IN THE SERVANTS.

Where the old Catholic spirit, the true spirit of Christian charity, reigns in a household—thanks to a pious and zealous mistress—servants cannot fail to become attached to their masters, to consider themselves as members of the family, having the same interests, affections, hopes, and fears, as they have the same faith, returning love for love in view of him who is the Elder Brother of us all. Our ancestors were not fond of changing servants, precisely because the servants were not fond of changing masters. The charity which bound together the entire household was utterly opposed to the selfishness of our times. Our grandmothers had a saying which we would heartily commend to the meditation of their daughters and granddaughters: "The herb one knows, one ought to tie well to one's finger."

An author of the early part of the last century cites, for the instruction of after-ages, an example of this mutual attachment of servants and masters. "What a charm," says he, "when masters and servants grow old together! What a joy to old age, when it is served by ancient domestics,

* Quoted by Digby.

accustomed to its mode of life! There are families thus favored. I have known no house happier in this respect than that of the great Séguier, Chancellor of France. All his servants had grown old with him; so that if one did not always see the same faces, one saw always the same persons. As their constitutions were not so strong as his own, most of them broke down on the way; and he saw them perish before himself, leaving but little behind them, though after forty years service in the house of a chancellor. All this must be regarded as a part of the felicity of this great man, adding to the sweetness of his old age." *

## THE TIE OF CHARITY LOOSENED IN MODERN SOCIETY.

Certain it is, that the spectacle offered in any of our cities, when, in answer to an advertisement for a servant, hundreds of ill-clad, half-starved, and most uncomely-looking creatures besiege the door of the advertiser, and crowd the street and the sidewalk,—was a thing unseen and unheard of a century ago, even in European countries, far less in this New World of ours. It is a sight which might have been witnessed near the great marble palace of one of our prince merchants twenty-four hours before this was written; and it is a sad commentary on the Christian charity which is supposed to govern the relations of masters and servants in this land of fraternity and equality.

How is this gulf, which selfishness and uncharitableness have opened between the wealthy and the poor,—between the class which counts masters and mistresses, and the poor who have to serve and to work, to be housed and fed and clothed,—this gulf which unbelief and radicalism are deepening and widening with all their splendid theories about humanity and fraternity and equality,—how is this gulf to be filled up or bridged over? By the hearts of true Christian women!

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* Le Baron de Prelle, *Considérations sur les avantages de la Vieillesse dans la Vie Chrétienne*, p. 314. Quoted by Digby.

## HOW KIND AND CHARITABLE MISTRESSES CAN PREVENT SOCIALISM.

Your influence, your action within your homes and outside,—on your servants, on the poor and sick, on your own daughters,—on all minds and hearts that come within reach of your voice, within the magnetic circle of your goodly deeds,—all this will help to heal the wounded hearts into which the hatred of the rich, of the Church, of religion, of God himself, is every day sinking deeper.

Say not what can one woman do,—but say what could not all true women do, if each within her home were to kindle in her own heart the fire which Christ came down on earth to kindle? Fire like that cannot be kept hidden within the vessel that contains it. God intended it to burst forth and warm and inflame all hearts that come near it. The days are coming,—nay, they are at hand, when the very men in whose souls that dreadful hatred we have just mentioned will be the only religion. Ministers of the Christian faith will have no influence over these mortally sick souls. Their voice will not be listened to, their authority will be derided, and their interference repelled like an insult or a crime. But you, women, you, mothers—will still be God's instruments for staying this dreadful plague, and restoring to Christ and to charity all their influence. This is the mission in which the Church will employ you.

## AN ILLUSTRATION OF TRUE WOMEN'S INFLUENCE.

Say not, then, what can women do? Travelers over our southern seas tell us of the manner in which a tiny little insect, called the coral insect, prevents the last traces of submerged continents from disappearing forever beneath the waves. These worlds, sunk beneath the ocean surface long, long ages ago, left visible here and there only a few of the crests of their highest mountains, and by degrees even these were worn down by wind and rain and the ceaseless

lashing of the waves. Just when the last summits had passed out of sight, God sent these armies of tiny creatures to labor together and build in the shallow waters which covered the sunken crests these beautiful structures called corals, with their marvelous forms and colors; generation after generation of these little toilers of the deep succeeded in doing what all the might and ingenuity of the race of man could never compass,—they erected structures so solid that the rage of the mightiest storm could neither destroy nor shake them. Higher and higher they rose, till the tide left them bare, and other agencies then came to aid in making an island. Elsewhere existing islands are preserved from the destroying action of the ocean by these same little workers, which build their barriers or walls of coral all round to break the force of the waves, and save the islands with their inhabitants and lovely growth of vegetation.

If God accords such marvelous results to the united action of insects invisible almost to the naked eye, what blessings will he not bestow on mothers laboring within their homes to make husbands, children, servants,—ay, and the neighbors all around,—true children of the living God?

Do all the good you can to the souls God gives you to work upon: if you are a faithful laborer, He will surely give you more,—and this number will go on increasing in proportion to your goodness and the charity burning within.

### PRACTICAL RULES.

In this spirit you have only to see what are the simple rules taught by experience and which are to guide you in your conduct toward your servants. As in the case of your children, so here impress every one in your service with the conviction that his or her single soul is as dear to you, as if none other claimed your interest and your care. This personal interest in the welfare, the comfort, the progress of every individual in the household, works like a mighty spell. Nor, by kindly inquiring into the concerns of each,

will their respect for you be diminished, if you are careful to be kind without being familiar. Servants like their masters to keep a proper distance. We have known the rudest, the most impertinent, and ungovernable, to be tamed and made respectful and well-mannered by this prudent mixture of kind motherly interest and reserve. It is necessary always to address one's servants with a simplicity which is far removed from a proud, imperious tone, but implies a certain degree of regard for them; and still more necessary that they should never be permitted to address their master or mistress, or any member of the family, otherwise than respectfully.

Persons really well bred will never permit themselves either rudeness, haughtiness, or familiarity toward their dependants; and it very rarely happens that these show themselves disposed to be otherwise than respectful toward such masters.

We repeat it, then, take a real interest in each one of your servants.

### ENCOURAGE THEM TO SEEK YOUR ADVICE IN DIFFICULTIES.

Remember how little of present joy or happiness such persons have outside of what your home affords them. They have had, very many of them, a hard lot in the past; their stay with you may decide of their whole future; they are all gifted with some share of affection, some of them, at least, with warm and deep affections; among these hearts there may be one that is sorely bruised, and which your motherly hand can soothe and heal. Your own womanly tact will not be slow in discovering such as need especial kindness, nay, very great delicacy of treatment. Let them be encouraged to come to you; and let them feel that their secret, whatever it be, is safe with you.

It not unfrequently happens that a certain moodiness or irritability which you perceive in servants, otherwise excellent, arises from concealed grief. There may be a fearful struggle going on against despair beneath that vail of sad-

ness or that cloud of ill-temper. A single kind word from you,—a word from your heart,—will make these clouds dissolve in tears of sweet relief, and the whole soul will be laid bare before you.

### DO NOT JUDGE THEM HASTILY.

Even where there is neglect of duty, be not hasty in condemning or punishing. You will,—if still young,—find out before you die, that the harshest and most pitiless of mistresses, the quickest to think ill of the delinquent, to judge severely, and punish without mercy,—is the woman who is most remiss in the fulfillment of her own sacred duties, and who stands most in need of the mercy of God and man.

When complaints are made, do not lend a willing ear, so as to encourage informers, nor hasten to act upon the information. Let all under you know that you never condemn before inquiring carefully, and that your inquiry is always conducted without noise or partiality.

### SURROUND YOUR SERVANTS WITH OBJECTS WHICH CAN ELEVATE THEM.

The feeling of inferiority and dependence, and the nature of the services they render, are, in themselves, sufficient to humble persons who may be naturally proud, high-minded, or sensitive. Do not debase or degrade your servants still further by allotting them rooms to work and sleep in where all is discomfort and meanness. Our forefathers were wont, when the beggar asked for a night's lodging, to give him, in the name of Christ, a place at the common board, a seat near the warm hearth, and a clean and comfortable bed,—all for His dear sake who for us "came unto his own, and his own received him not."

We have just seen that the servant in the Christian household is to be treated as a something holy and precious;—do not, then, while you give warmth and comfort to the passing

beggar, and while you lavish luxury and all honor on a guest,—leave the servant who labors for your interest and who is one of your family, to what is as inhospitable as the cavern of Bethlehem,—as cold and as comfortless and as unclean almost. For there are mistresses who care not how wretchedly furnished may be the miserable garret or cellar in which their servants pass the night, after a hard day's toil.

See you not that the very necessity of accepting such a resting-place is felt as a degradation? And every thing which degrades is remembered as an unpardonable wrong. Let every thing in their sleeping and working rooms tend to elevate them; let there be both cleanliness and comfort; and let the walls be ornamented with such pictures and other simple decorations as may lift mind and heart above the sights and sounds of the street.

Insist on it that their food shall be wholesome and abundant; and that every thing about the meal shall bespeak a motherly care for their health.

## DO NOT OVERBURDEN THEM WITH WORK.

Just as persons who have no conscience are harsh and merciless in dealing with the weaknesses and faults of others, even so do persons who have never known what it is to work hard, or work at all, show themselves pitiless or most unreasonable in the amount of labor they expect and exact from their servants. There are, unhappily, but too many masters and mistresses in all large communities, who have more than one trait of resemblance to Sampson and Sarah Brass. Such abominable meanness and hard-heartedness are not, however, consistent with any one Christian virtue in man or woman. Still there is in many households a carelessness and callousness as to the hardships, the diet, and comfort of servants, that result in like suffering to these, and create the same bitter hatred in the sufferers, and call down from a just God the same inevitable retribution.

Where servants are loved and cared for, they work lov-

ingly and conscientiously for their masters, and repay with ample interest the generosity shown by these in providing for the health and comfort of their dependants.

### IN SICKNESS CARE FOR THEM TENDERLY.

Do not send them out of the house when they are ill, unless the disease be a contagious one, and you have near at hand an hospital in which they are sure to be well cared for.

When the sickness has been contracted in serving you faithfully, this care on your part is simply an act of justice. In every case it is a duty imposed by charity; and where the soul of the sufferer needs more tender nursing than even the body, it is far more urgent that you should not give over to others the duty God wishes you to fulfill in person.

During many years of ministration to the sick we have had occasion to witness the unsparing devotion of many mistresses to their sick servants. One instance, that of a generous Protestant lady, did not fall under our own observation, but was related to us by an eye-witness. She was the most distinguished personage in her native city, and her example may serve as an exhortation to many tepid and remiss Catholics.

One of her servants fell ill of a most malignant fever; the nature of the disease and the imminent danger to her large family were clearly pointed out by the physician. The lady, however, had no thought of sending the poor patient away; but made an hospital of one-half of her large mansion, isolating it as far as she could from the rest of the household, and shut herself up with the sufferer, an Irish Catholic girl. She would permit no one but the physician and the priest to enter, all that was needful to herself and her patient being left outside the apartment adjoining the sick-room. Night and day the courageous woman watched over her charge; but it was all in vain. The terrible fever claimed its victim.

The generous mistress bestowed on the dead the same

loving care she had lavished on the living. She dressed the corpse in her own raiment, gave orders to have every thing done as if the deceased were one of her daughters, had the body in its beautiful rosewood casket laid out in her best parlor, and invited all the friends and co-religionists of the dead girl to pay their respects to her remains. The funeral was a touching demonstration, attesting by the numbers of those present and by their quality that all appreciated this noble example of Christian charity.

Her daughters and granddaughters inherited together with this self-sacrificing spirit their parent's claim to a still higher grace.

We have quoted in the first part of this chapter the beautiful charity of two sisters to the woman who had wronged them so fearfully; and elsewhere * we glanced rapidly at the death-bed of a young martyr of charity. We have seen, in families blessed with parents who deemed the tender care of sick servants an ordinary but most sacred duty, what mother and childen can do to make a sick-room delightful. There was no thought of expense, or fatigue, or fastidiousness. The best physicians in the city were in attendance, the most costly articles from the druggist, the grocer, or the market,—the most generous wines when needed, and what was more than all that, a love and untiring care, inspired by true religion, was lavished on the patient even though he or she had only been a few days in the family.

Could it be a matter of surprise that servants living in such a house never could speak of their master or mistress but with tears of gratitude and expressions of heartfelt veneration?

## KNOW HOW TO PRAISE YOUR SERVANTS.

This is only the application to your dependants of the rule given with respect to your husband and your children. It is a serious defect in a mistress not to know when and

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* Page 151.

where and how to praise her servants. Praise, however, is a sweet reward, and most coveted, too, by those who labor conscientiously,—a reward often more prized by affectionate and generous natures than the miserable compensation called wages; and it is a most powerful stimulant to the sluggish, the careless, and even the perverse. What transformations have we not seen in school-room and kitchen, and work-shop and field, effected in natures hitherto rebellious to all stimulants, by the gentle words of praise bestowed by a wise master or a kind mistress!

We once more remind you that the judicious and generous bestowal of praise is a most beneficial and meritorious alms-giving. It is more than gold or silver to the receiver, and it never impoverishes the giver. Do not stint those who thirst for it. It will be more welcome to many a famished heart than a draught from the cool spring to foot-sore and fainting wayfarer. It will inspire good resolutions and give strength to execute them. It will be like the first steps of that divine ladder which the Patriarch saw reaching from earth to heaven; your kind words will raise the weak soul up one step, or two or three,—thereby showing it that the ascent to higher goodness and virtue is not only possible but sweet. God's angels then will do the rest; and the God of Angels from on high will look down and bless you for the help you have given to the faint-hearted.

And so we have been teaching you to be the teacher, the dispenser, as well as the pattern of goodness. May those who know you, long years hence, say of you as they recall all your gracious words and deeds!

> "For thou art still the poor man's stay,
> The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
> And all the oppress'd who have no strength,
> Have thine at their command."

If we love the poor, and give them our heart and our life, shall we not have, in our turn, their strength at our command in the hour of our direst need? Let one last example, quoted by the illustrious Count Molé in a memorable dis-

course before the French Academy, serve as an encouragement to all good mistresses, and a model to all true-hearted servants.

Catherine Naville, a peasant girl, entered the family of Madame de Létan, in 1808, at the age of eighteen. "Finding that the family was sinking into distress, the young girl devoted herself to assist it; became the nurse of her sick mistress, who died in her arms; the nurse of the widower, who then fell into a state of debility, and who, unable to pay her any wages, received even his nourishment from the fruit of her former savings; after his death, the guardian of their orphan girl till her marriage.

"Then, on distress visiting the former home, she returned to her devoted services, giving up all claim to her arrear of wages, refusing to accept service in a house where she was basely offered 20,000 francs ($4,000) if she would leave her unfortunate master and mistress; then, on their falling sick, she watched them through a long malady, and closed their eyes when they expired. After this she transferred her devotion to their helpless orphan daughter, whose education she is at this moment (1842) carrying on, at the age of fifty-two years, which have been thus spent in assisting an unfortunate family, with whom she had first become acquainted by accidentally entering their service."

"We can judge" — says Digby—"from such narratives how well the old poet painted from living manners, when in the *Miracle de Notre Dame de Saint Jehan le Paulu*, he represents the hostess saying of her maid-servant: 'If I and my husband should die on our pilgrimage, this sweet creature has, I know, such courage, that she will not keep all our money to herself, but will give alms for us also.'" *

May the number of such maids and such mistresses increase amongst us through the light of your examples!

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* *Compitum*, b. iii., c. vii.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## OBSTACLES TO THE RIGHT GOVERNMENT OF THE HOME.

Where Faith has stamped its character on the maiden's heart, . . . man is reminded of the graces of her whom he delights to serve, woman's divine air and her countenance, her words and her sweet smile, can so separate him from all evil influences, that no obstacles on the road to truth will be able to detain his feet from pressing forward to embrace it ;—and then hand in hand he is led to his second Home, where Love and Truth made one with Love, will remain with him thenceforth forever.—KENELM DIGBY.

Whence I more carefully my answer frame,
That he who weeps on yonder bank may feel
A punishment assorted to his shame.
. . . . .
Through the bounty of celestial graces
. . . . . .
So gifted in his early life was he,
Each virtuous germ implanted in him, would
Have flourished in a marvelous degree :
But soil untilled and sown with noxious seed,
The more with native vigor 'tis endued
The more malignant yields the noxious weed.
Long time my look sustained him :—to his sight
The luster of my youthful eyes displaying,
I led him with me in the path of right.
Scarce had I reached life's second state, when he
Betook himself to others—rashly straying
From better guidance and forgetting me.
. . . . .
His steps he turned into an erring way,
Pursuing false appearances of good,
Which promise fair, but ever lead astray.
Nor inspirations asked for him availed,
By which in dreams I fain would him recall ;
Such slight regard he paid them :—wholly failed
The means I often used (so low he fell)
To insure his safety and redeem his fall,
Save leading him throughout the rounds of Hell.

WRIGHT'S DANTE, *Purgatory*, canto XXX.

## THE IDEAL HOME.

When wife and husband are what God wills them to be, one mind and one heart, having but one purpose in life—to be devoted to each other, walking hand in hand in the divine presence, seeking to know the divine will clearly in all things, and yearning to accomplish it perfectly—then their home cannot fail to be an ideal or perfect home, and their united work in life a perfect work; because it is as much God's work as their own.

In such a home,—when all the ordinances left by Christ to his Church have sanctified it as well as the hearts of its master and mistress,—the wife is most truly the embodiment of all natural and supernatural excellence designed to keep her companion faithful to God and the Truth.* We again recall the attention of all mothers to the exceeding care and reverence with which they should prepare their sons and daughters for the reception of the (to them) all-important sacrament of matrimony. In the world-wide warfare made at present on the Church and her most sacred institutions, not the least mischief is done by making of marriage a mere civil contract and lay ceremony. As we believe firmly in the perpetual union of Christ with his spouse the Church, so let us be faithful and fervent in profiting by these divine ordinances designed to hallow our homes, our hearts, our lives.

The conception of the great Florentine poet, where his political and personal passions do not cloud his judgment, embitter his heart and poison his pen,—is that of Religion (or Revealed Truth), under the form of perfect womanly grace and supernatural virtue, saving man from himself in youth, and guiding him step by step to the highest excellence and felicity. The Catholic religion,—in his mind,—

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* Truth is defined by De Bonald as "the knowledge of beings and their relations." This is truth in our *mind;* but truth in our *life,* or truth in action, would be the fulfillment of all the duties imposed on us toward all beings—God, ourselves, and the neighbor.

is the true Beatrice (Latin, *Beatrix*, "bestower of bliss"), the guide, the enlightener, the loving, devoted friend and companion, who never quits the side of the faithful man till she has led him to that "second home" on high, where God, who is both Love and Truth, takes the pilgrim to his own bosom,—the only home worthy of the children of God.

In treating * of the qualities and virtues of a true wife, we did little more than point briefly to the fact of so many husbands being saved from ruin, temporal and eternal, by her agency who is the angel of the home. Presently we shall see how hard it is to achieve the redemption from inveterate vice of a soul so dear. But there stands the mighty lesson in all its divine meaning,—that just as Mary the mother of the New Life gave the Saviour and salvation to the world, just as the Church, the spouse of Christ, evermore performs the divine office of motherhood here below toward the nations,—even so true woman in every home is the saviour and sanctifier of man.

Hence the mighty import of the duties assumed by the teaching orders of women in the modern world. Their schools are not merely a nursery from which their own numbers are recruited, but they are the nursery of the true Christian mothers who are to rear the priests as well as the citizens of the future.

Where husband and wife are united by the deepest of all natural affections—deepened still more, purified and intensified by the great gift of the special sacramental grace—they set before themselves, like Christ and his Church, one mighty work to do, to make their home a paradise and their children saints. And when we say "saints" we mean true men and true women,—faithful, perfect, admirable in every possible relation of life.

Let every one of you, wives and mothers, who read these lines, pause here and say, whether or not she has seen such homes among the poorest day-laborers, among tradesmen

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* Chapter VI., pp. 65–73.

and merchants, among the wealthy and the nobly born? Where there is living faith in the twin souls knit together by the sacrament, and that most blessed union of minds and hearts and wills,—even poverty is sweet and hard toil is welcome, and husband and wife find in each other every day that dawns on them new qualities which delight and new virtues to increase their mutual love: each is to the other a continual exhortation to trust in God, to piety and uprightness, to the patience and energy which bear with unavoidable ills and aim at the possession of true good. There is happiness with a dry loaf, a warm fire, and the love which enables each to be all in all to the other; and there is wealth above all price in the contentment based on this mutual tenderness and on the all-sufficiency of the devoted husband to the wife, and of the devoted wife to her husband.

The home of the poorest man where such love is, and such goodness is known to all around, is most truly like a bright light in a dark place.

But where this union of hearts exists in the home of the wealthy and the great, the life-labor of husband and wife can be productive of incalculable good. Such people, with their ample means, their position, and their influence are, in truth, God's stewards in high places, with an arduous mission before them; but who can describe the reward kept in store for their fidelity?

## AIM AT MAKING THE IDEAL HOME AN HEREDITARY HOME.

This is the last suggestion which we make to those who have succeeded in rising to affluence. In the days of our forefathers it was the ambition of every high-souled man, whether born in poverty or in a palace, to create a home for himself and his children after him, or to preserve and adorn the home of his parents.

To every father and mother whom our voice can reach, we say: Make your home so happy, so honored, so hospitable, and so substantial that your children shall vie with

each other as to who can possess it, keep it, and transmit it more honored still and more substantial to their dearest. Love to have your married children settle near you; encourage and help them to build homes like your own. Give them to understand, by your advice and example, that the fortune which they may make in their turn is not to be spent by the possessor in mere personal enjoyment, but laid up for his children and the poor and God's Church, in their need.

> "This small inheritance my father left me
> Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
> I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
> Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
> Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
> And sends the poor well pleased from my gate." *

This spirit is not that which animates in our day nations and individuals. The universal tendency is to make the most of the present, and to let those who come after us take care of themselves. Families in the olden time, even those of farmers and tradesmen, were most ambitious to leave a home and a name after them,—the home and the name they had received from their fathers. Men of all classes resembled the banian or sacred tree of India, which sends down from its lower branches air-roots into the earth. These in their turn grow up to be strong props, supporting the horizontal branches and remaining connected with the parent trunk. Thus does the latter multiply itself till it covers many an acre of land, and affords shelter to thousands.

But fathers among us care little about founding a house; nor do their sons preserve any lasting affection for the home in which they were born. Families nowadays resemble the solitary trees left behind by the settler when ax and fire have swept away the forest from around his abode. They pine alone, graceful and stately it may be, amid the waste, but they leave no descendants behind them.

"There is nothing more expensive and injurious," says a wise author, "than changing one's residence. Things are

* Shakespeare, "Henry VI.," part ii., act iv., scene x.

lost and broken. It has an influence even on the mind; ideas are discomposed and troubled, and some time must elapse before they resume their wonted order. I wish that all who are mine should lodge under the same roof, warm themselves at the same hearth, and sit at the same table. The united family obtains more consideration than if it was dispersed. If divided and less numerous, it will never arrive at the same esteem, authority, and importance." *

Let fathers and mothers forgive these earnest wishes we form for seeing their homes ideal homes, most blessed homes; for seeing them also substantial and permanent homes,—not like tents set up for the night and struck with the next dawn, but homes that will continue to be loved and revered by many a generation of noble Christian men and women,—to whom every stone shall "represent the ancient honor and venerated virtue of the family," and the dwelling itself shall be "the heart of loyalty and the sanctuary of honor."

Such it can and will be with the cordial co-operation of a husband possessed of manly spirit, devotion to his wife, and a conscientious desire of fulfilling the divine will. Fathers, whoever you are, let it be your purpose to make your home such that every son of yours in passing it would uncover his head and almost bend his knee, as if it were the temple of the living God, and honored with the presence of his vailed majesty.†

## OBSTACLES TO THE WIFE'S GOOD GOVERNMENT.

If the home is what it ought to be, what God intends it should be, its mistress and sovereign is so not only by the nature of things, but by the supremacy of her own goodness, and the free and loving homage of her husband. He is to be, throughout his whole life, the first servant of her he has made queen over his household and his heart.

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* Angelo Pandolfini, *Governo della Famiglia.*

† "Groenveld on his way to execution, when passing by his father's house bent his knees looking toward it, and then courageously met his death."—DIGBY.

What happens, when, instead of this loving service done to his wife, instead of being her willing and docile instrument in furthering the happiness of all subject to them, instead of co-operating with her in the divine work of educating and elevating both children and servants,—he becomes her chief obstacle, the ever-present and insuperable difficulty which no one can remove from her path?

We do not wish to cast a shadow on the spirit of the reader by dwelling for one moment on the extreme cases—alas, all too frequent among us—of habitual intemperance, or unfaithfulness in husbands, bound by the obligations inherent to their state to be models of virtue and the guardians of the sacred honor of their homes.

The wife whose heart is not broken, whose life is not shortened, and whose spirit is not utterly prostrated on discovering her companion to be the slave of intemperance, his affections to be given to another, or his soul to be a loathsome moral ulcer,—must be sustained by the hand of God. We have shown one example of such a sad lot in a preceding chapter;* but how many young wives possess the angelic piety and heroic fortitude of Portugal's most lovely flower of sanctity?

There are some, however;—there are, we doubt, many more than we suspect. God knows how to feed the springs of nobleness and spiritual life in the souls most dear to him, in those especially who seek "to make of their cross their crown." In the very homes where the drunkard's beastly life would seem to kill every germ of happiness in the hearts of wife and children, and to blight every promise and prospect of future prosperity,—faith and love will continue to live within the soul of a gentle woman, and hope to survive all the crushing disappointments of the past.

In the frightful cold of the highest latitudes ever yet reached by man, even beneath the ice and the snow which the sun of last year and many preceding suns had failed to melt,—our heroic travelers have discovered, on digging deep

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* Chapter VIII., pp. 117 and following.

to the soil, the beautiful heath called *Andromeda* still living and awaiting a future spring. The hardy little thing has its own internal heat, and thaws the first soft snow which covers it, forming thus a kind of dome or roof of ice above itself; and there it lives on secure, with the buds of its pretty flowers in their sheaths ready to expand when the long winter is over, and the first rays of sunshine fall upon its bed.

And are not immortal souls more a care to the Father of all than the heath-flower of the extreme north, or the queenliest blossom that blows among the wild luxuriance of the Brazilian forest? So, brave hearts, in your desolated homes, over which have settled the darkness and the cold of more than the longest arctic winter, be sure that God the life-giver is with you, and that His warmth,—who is the Sun of all comfort,—will visit you in good season.

## OBSTACLES IN THE WEALTHY HOME.

Apart from the extreme case of habitual intemperance and such destroying vices as we have just mentioned, the wealthy wife may have to contend with other difficulties. Her husband,—though neither dissipated nor intemperate, may be entirely out of sympathy with her best and most cherished designs for the education of her children and the government of her household, as well as for all her most legitimate works of outdoor charity and zeal. Thus, especially in the great labor of educating her children, there will be a want of sympathy in what a true woman holds to be most dear and sacred. It is a sad trial.

But if most women are discouraged by this lack of sympathy, or of efficient co-operation on the part of their husbands, there are others,—and they are not so very rare,—who have derived fresh courage and energy from their husbands' apathy, doubling their efforts to secure to their dear ones the highest culture of mind and heart, and employing a God-inspired industry and perseverance to interest the father in the intellectual and spiritual advancement of his children.

A woman of genuine piety will, like St. Monica, know what virtue there is in fervent prayer and tears poured out before the divine majesty in favor of the callous soul. As in the case of Augustine, so in the case of the worst husbands, we should say to the mourner, "It is impossible that the son of such tearful prayers should perish!" But there are other remedies which God wonderfully blesses. Not only must you make your children pray with you and tell them that they are praying for their parent;—you should also stimulate them in their studies and their progress in all goodness by the thought of thereby making their father happy.

Get up in his honor little family festivals,—with recitations, music, and other like amusements; interest the entire household in these entertainments, with such of his friends as he would wish to see pleased. It is rare that the most indifferent and unsympathetic remains uninterested or unmoved by such exhibitions as these. We merely suggest. We have seen the experiment succeed so marvelously that we deem it worth while to counsel a renewal of it.

There is worse than want of sympathy, however: there is interference with the mother's plans and methods in rearing her children, or in caring for the instruction and comfort of her servants. This is a great hardship. But what is to be done?

Not to lose heart; to do as much of one's duty as circumstances permit; to go on from day to day giving to the young plants under one's care as much attention and culture as is possible; and to trust in the divine assistance for a change, sooner or later.

Besides, does not the homely truth of the old favorite ballad, "Love will find out the way," apply to such cases as this most unreasonable opposition from one's husband? Will not the love which survives in a true woman's heart for the man she once loved best of all the world, prompt some one way to bring him to her way of thinking? And even should that wifely love be dead, dead,—will not the mother's love "find out the way" of overcoming the obsta-

cle? Again we remind mothers so circumstanced that He whose work they are trying to do binds himself to aid them, and will surely lend his assistance to their strenuous and persevering efforts. Monica converted her pagan husband, as well as his mother: it was a hard struggle with a weak soul utterly steeped in heathen vices and self-indulgence;—and she ended by winning her son to God,—a still harder conquest, for in the case of Augustine there was the pride of intellect to overcome as well as the terrible power of human respect and a life of more refined indulgence as yet in its prime.

How can you tell what your children may be in God's designs?

In this case,—of Augustine's father, Patricius,—we have touched upon the terrible obstacle offered to the mother's teaching and moral training by the evil examples of a father. We cannot do better than recommend to mothers circumstanced as Monica was the lesson of her life and examples. Let us listen to one page of Augustine's "Confessions," * as if we paused for a few minutes on a toilsome and steep path, to look down on a lovely vale and breathe deliciously the mingled fragrance borne upward to us by the summer air.

"Being modestly and soberly trained, and rather made subject by Thee to her parents, than by her parents to Thee, when she had arrived at a marriageable age she was given a husband whom she served as her lord. And she busied herself to gain him to Thee, preaching Thee unto him by her behavior; by which Thou madest her fair, and reverently amiable, and admirable unto her husband. . . . For she waited for Thy mercy upon him that by believing in Thee he might become chaste. And besides this, as he was earnest in friendship, so was he violent in anger; but she had learned that an angry husband should not be resisted, neither in deed nor even in word. But so soon as he was grown calm, she would give him a reason for her conduct, should he have been excited without cause.

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* "Confessions," b. ix., c. ix., Pilkington's translation.

"In short, while many matrons whose husbands were more gentle, carried the marks of blows on their dishonored faces, and would in private conversation blame the lives of their husbands, she would blame *their* tongues. . . . And when they, knowing what a furious husband she had to endure, marveled that it had never been reported, nor appeared by any indication, that Patricius had beaten his wife, or that there had been any domestic strife between them, even for a day, and asked her in confidence the reason of this, she taught them her rule, which I have mentioned above. They who observed it experienced the wisdom of it, and rejoiced; those who observed it not were kept in subjection, and suffered. . . . Such a one was she, Thou, her most intimate instructor, teaching her in the school of her heart. . . . She was also the servant of Thy servants. Whosoever of them knew her, did in her much magnify, honor, and love Thee; for that through the testimony of the fruits of a holy conversation (life), they perceived Thee to be present in her heart. For she had 'been the wife of one man,' had requited her parents, had guided her house piously, had brought up children, bringing them forth anew as often as she saw them swerving from Thee. Lastly, to all of us, O Lord, . . . who, before she slept in Thee, lived associated together, having received the grace of Thy baptism, did she devote care such as she might, if she had been the mother of us all, served us as if she had been child of all."

Wives and mothers who bear the double cross laid on Monica must imitate her faithfully, remembering, each of them, that she too has in the Spirit ever dwelling in a faithful soul "a most intimate Instructor, teaching her in the school of her heart."

Go not abroad to neighbors, or even dearest friend, to tell the story of your grievances, against your husband,—but follow the promptings of that divine Teacher within, bidding you suffer, be patient, pray, labor and wait,—doing meanwhile quietly among the poor all the good you can, that they also may lift up their hands in prayer for you.

## OBSTACLES IN THE POOR HOME.

Whatever hardship a wealthy mother may find in doing a true woman's work within her home,—she has not the fear of poverty or starvation to contend with. That is the fearful lot of the poor woman cursed with an intemperate or idle husband, or burdened with an inefficient or infirm one.

Where intemperance consumes in the home all the fruits of a husband's labor, or where idleness sits at the scanty board and eats up the bread which the wife's hard toil has to earn for her dear ones and herself,—how heavy the heart must grow with the care of the morrow! How weak the hands must feel in doing the work which cannot keep fire enough on the hearth or bread enough on the board! And where is the leisure for teaching the children all too poorly fed and too barely clad to be sent to school? And if the overtaxed mother should find heart and leisure to instruct the little ones that multiply and grow up around her cheerless hearthstone, even should her own examples be most angelic,—can they be efficacious to counteract the words, the deeds,—the profane and blasphemous language, the violent and brutal conduct of a father who is either always intoxicated or always suffering from the irritability and half-frenzy consequent upon habitual intoxication?

Oh! if there were religious orders of men and women whose exclusive vocation it would be to go to the succor of such mothers as these—and they are so numerous! they would yearly save millions, who are willing to be saved, but who must be lost without some such interference of Heaven-sent charity!

Of all the most deserving—so often the most heroic—members of their flocks, none more than these mothers appeal to the priestly zeal of our devoted pastors. Our voice can scarcely reach these brave souls fainting on the road beneath their intolerable burden, or it can only come to them through the generous hearts this page may move with

pity for Christ's dearest ones. May he speak to every one of you, and impel you to aid where to aid is the divinest mercy!

If you prefer another voice,—of one most gifted and most blessed,—but blessed with a heart all devoted to the poor, and her life crowned with a death earned in their service,—then read at your leisure the following lines,—and think, while you read, of how many mothers near your own home, perhaps, their every word holds true.

"Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I:
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grew cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.

Patience, baby, God will help us,
  Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
  Where no want or pain can be.
    Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
    God is good, but life is dreary."

Such the plaint that, late and early,
  Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us,—but the thunder
  Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel,
  Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
  Bring such poor ones joy and peace!
    Listen, nearer while she sings,
    Sounds the fluttering of wings.*

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* Adelaide Anne Procter.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE MISTRESS OF THE HOME AND HER SOCIAL DUTIES.

Art sets before us the images of some who by the path of love have conducted men to God; for such is the mission of those whom we have already met upon the road of the domestic home and life.—DIGBY.

Oh! beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights.

See—those are never objects of praise who indulge in delights, who are devoted to worldly dissipations, whose pleasure is in vanity after the manner of the Pagans. But our law is that of the Beatitudes.—ST. EPHREM.

THE words "society" and "social duties," as they are to be understood here, have received from the real follies and criminal vanities of worldly-minded women an odious meaning, which must be at once corrected ere we can enter on an explanation of the noble part which a Christian woman has to play in the social circle to which she is born and to which she is bound by so many duties and charities.

The word "society," as understood by the world of fashion and vanity, means simply assemblages of the wealthy, the worldly, and the dissipated, into which women go to be admired and sought after; where the great purpose of life is to display one's self to the best advantage, to outshine one's neighbors, and to decry them by a thousand arts. Women who have never gone into such society but to shine in this way, and who rear their daughters with the same notions of social life, and introduce them to "Vanity Fair"

for the same purpose of dazzling and outstripping all competitors in the race of extravagance, will teach their children, as they have taught themselves,—that their sole duty in life is so to dress and to charm in these gatherings that they shall become resistless:—these are the persons who have given an odious and almost criminal sense to the terms "society" and "social duties."

And not without great reason. For such women there is no true home with its sacred duties and godlike virtues, with its serious labor of self-culture and spiritual advancement, followed by the sweet repose and delightful amusements of the family circle. There is no home-life for these votaries of vanity. Home for them only means the retirement in which they rest between one round of dissipation and another, and in which, when they have slept a part of their weariness away, they wearily prepare for the next social meeting. The husbands of such women are only looked up to as the prime ministers of their pleasures, as a happy convenience for providing the moneys necessary to their unlimited extravagance.

The care and regulation of a household, the education of children, when they elect to be burdened with any, the improvement or comfort of their servants, or the needs of the poor who knock at their gate,—are to these weary ones an intolerable nuisance. Vanity,—Self, rather, under another name,—is the only deity these heartless ones worship,—and pleasure is the sole end of their miserable existence. But let them view the deformity of their own lives and the certain ruin of body and soul toward which they are hurrying, by the contrast presented by the life of a true Christian woman of the world, by her notions about society and social duty, and her conscientious discharge of the obligations imposed by her position.

## THE "WOMAN OF THE WORLD" AND THE "WORLDLY WOMAN."

Truth is like the broad light of day in which the eye sees the reality of things. In that light let us behold what is

the difference between a woman of the world, in the fair and obvious sense of the words,—that is, a true Christian woman living in the world, discharging faithfully every known duty, and a "worldly woman," who lives for self, for human opinion, and mere enjoyment. We have already seen the dark side of the picture, let us now see the bright.

Most women have to live in the world. It is the sphere of their labors, often heroic, beneficial to everybody around them, and glorious to God and his Church. St. Monica lived all her life in the world, and discharged most admirably all the duties of daughter, wife, mother, mistress of a household, a member of the sorely-tried Church in her day, and of the more than half-pagan society around her. So was it with many others of her contemporaries in the East and West: St. Macrina, the grandmother of St. Basil the Great, and St. Emmelia, his mother, were women of the world, living together in the same house, and together laboring to rear the sons of the latter, three of whom have been revered as saints by all succeeding Christian ages. Near them, in their native province, lived another family of saints, that of St. Nonna, the mother of St. Gregory Nazianzen, who also converted and made a saint of her husband. Nor were such women and their families by any means so rare as one might be led to think. In Africa, we have at the same time the glorious defender of Catholic doctrine, St. Athanasius, whose mother declared that "it was her intention to devote her life to making of this her only child a true servant of the Church." She alone educated him, trained him in learning and goodness, till she made of him the wonder of his age. Under this most wise and loving guide the boy became an apostle even before he had ceased to be a boy. For even then he was wont to assemble the pagan children of his own age, in his home or in the street, instructing them in the Christian faith, and when he had given them the desire of being baptized, baptizing them with his own hand.

And this man, become the bishop of his native city, Alexandria, having experienced the powerful influence of

a true Christian woman in his own early formation, employed the Christian women of his church as the most zealous apostles of the truth and the most eloquent denouncers of Arianism.

We have already mentioned Anthusa, the illustrious mother of St. John Chrysostom, who lived and died a woman of the world, without ceasing to be a model of virtue. History has also preserved the names of many of the saintly women who helped John, when raised to the perilous episcopal chair of Constantinople, to combat the vices of the court, to stem the torrent of extravagance, luxury, and corruption which swept over the new capital and the surrounding provinces. At the head of these virtuous and most noble ladies stands St. Olympias, and among them may be mentioned St. Pentalia, St. Sylvia, Percuta, Sabiniana, Bassiana, Chalcidia, Asyncritia, and St. Nicareda, of the highest nobility of Nicomedia, the mother of the sick and the poor, who lived and died in her own house, shedding around her on every side the hallowing influences of her spotless life and her most generous charities.

In the West, Italy offered a like spectacle of womanly holiness and zeal. Rome beheld the great St. Jerome literally enlisting the patrician ladies into the service of the poor and the infirm, or into the ranks of the monastic life. One has only to remember such names as St. Paula and her daughter St. Eustochium, and forthwith a galaxy of glorious Christian women arise before the mind's eye, who made of the Rome of the fourth century the worthy parent of the Christian Rome of the nineteenth, before it became the prey of Piedmontese infidelity and unblushing corruption.

Further to the west and the north we meet with St. Ambrose, the spiritual parent of Augustine. Ambrose,—the great magistrate, become a great archbishop and teacher, owed also his education and holy training to his mother. His father, who was governor of all Gaul and a great part of Germany, died while Ambrose was in his infancy. The mother, left with three children, succeeded in making saints of every one of them, Marcellina, her only daughter, being

afterward of immense utility to her great brother in spreading the reign of Christian piety and the practical knowledge of the higher life in Milan and its vicinity.

In the next generation the family of St. Gregory the Great, as well as that of St. Paulinus of Nola, may be quoted as illustrious instances of the heroic Christian spirit sanctifying all the spheres of active life in the world, as distinguished from the life of the cloister.

### NEED OF TRUE CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

Indeed it is the homes created by such women as Macrina, Emmelia, Nonna, Paula, and Monica which become the fruitful nurseries of the men and women who make the priesthood venerable and monastic life flourishing and fervent, while blessing at the same time the world itself with the sweet active virtues characteristic of Christianity. Mothers who fulfill beneath the eye of God, and with a full sense of their responsibility, the duties of motherhood, will rear the very men God needs from whom to choose both the apostolic priest and the model Christian gentleman and statesman; —they will also form to their own image and likeness the maidens whom the Divine Spirit will as surely direct to follow the Lamb in the paths of his apostleship, or to remain behind to create and sanctify homes of their own.

But the mothers who rear such sons and daughters,—and such of these daughters as God wills to remain in the secular life to perpetuate the precious virtues learned from their parent,—have other duties beside the education of children, the happiness of a husband, the economy of a household. The wife of the laborer or the mechanic has duties toward the neighbor, duties toward the Church, duties toward the various institutions of education and beneficence in which every family and every individual in the community are interested.

But this is much more true of the wife of the wealthy man, of the magistrate, the legislator,—of the large proprietor, the nobleman, and the prince. Beside their most important and most onerous household obligations, these

women have others which they cannot dispense with, and which, properly and conscientiously fulfilled, are most conducive to the interests of religion as well as to the benefit of the community at large.

## IMPORTANCE OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S SOCIAL DUTIES.

Treating as we are of the duties of women in the world,—of women of all classes,—it surely will not be denied that the wives and daughters of sovereigns, of chief magistrates under any form of government, and those of public functionaries of all degrees, are bound to receive and entertain, to appear in public on certain occasions, to accept invitations to certain social gatherings. This is, this has ever been, and is likely ever to be, considered a real and most important duty inherent to the position filled by all such persons.

In our own age,—not to seek examples too far off,—we all have known or read of women, at once most exalted in rank and most exalted in virtue, who felt themselves bound to honor their position by showing a courtly grace in every circle in which duty compelled them to be the central figures, by dispensing a right royal or princely hospitality on every occasion,—indeed on every day of their lives;—who knew on these very days, early or late, to visit our Lord in the persons of the needy and sick. In the queen, the princess, the noble lady of whatever rank, in the gentlewoman, the merchant or the mechanic's wife, the Spirit of God will be sure to manifest his presence by the light on the features or in the eye, by the words dropped in conversation in the reception-room, at table, or even in the strictest privacy.

Every one knows,—even France which upset the throne of the husband has not forgotten the angelic virtues and noble charities of the wife and her daughters,—how the late Queen of the French, Marie Amélie, was the light of Louis Philippe's court, and "the providence" (as they were wont to call her) of the poor far and near. There never was one word of scandal uttered about the royal circle. She

was a devoted and worshiped wife; and the sons she has left behind show by their lives how well she discharged her motherly duties. But her daughters reflected in an especial manner the virtues of their admirable parent. One, above all the others, walked closely in her mother's footsteps, Louise, Queen of the Belgians, whose memory to this day is venerated in every Christian home in the land. Such women were worthy of the blood of St. Louis.

Not less admirable were the princesses of the royal houses of Savoy, Bavaria, and Austria. More than one of them are at this moment candidates for the honors of canonization. What though the king who disgraces in the Quirinal, his line, his faith, and his station, should be the son of a saintly mother? Solomon was the son of David, and Roboam was worse than Solomon. The virtues which adorned so many princes of the ancient house of Savoy reappear in the prince who resigned the crown of Spain, and is now content, like another of his near ancestors,* to become, after his young wife's death, the humble member of a religious order.

No one who has approached the ladies who grace the thrones of Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal, or who are the companions in exile and in private station of the royal families of France and Naples, but are as cordial as they are unanimous in praising in them the courtly graces which lend a luster to their exalted rank, and the unaffected piety which adorns their private life. Wherever they are, the poor far and wide soon learn to bless them.

### CATHOLIC LADIES EVERYWHERE TRUE CHRISTIANS AS WELL AS WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Our American travelers who have spent a single season in London must have been struck by the multiplicity of good works to which English, Irish, and Scotch Catholic ladies of high rank residing there, devote themselves. Indeed one has only to glance over the notices in the London *Tablet*

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* Charles Emmanuel II. died a Jesuit lay-brother.

or *Weekly Register*, to see how active they are in promoting public charities of every kind. And yet only a few of these appear on the surface; the greater number, the most costly to the noble patronesses or founders, are carried on quietly, far away from the public eye. One of these noble women, Cecilia, Marchioness of Lothian, died in Rome during the month of June. It is only since her sudden and lamented death that most men have heard of her unlimited generosity and indefatigable zeal in providing for the manifold needs of the London poor. But Scotland had also most touching stories to tell of that charity which could not help giving, but loved to give in secret, like the life-giving warmth of the sun which works through the long hours of the spring and summer and autumn, long after the great luminary has withdrawn his light. Another, no less noble and no less devoted, was with Lady Lothian when God gave her rest in the City of the Holy Apostles; of her numberless charities England as well as her native Ireland could tell many a thrilling tale. But she is still among the living; and so is another of world-wide fame as a writer, as good as she is noble,—a passionate lover of poverty, devoting to the poor not only the proceeds of her literary labors, but every thing she can spare from her necessary household expenses. And these are only three among thousands on both sides of the Channel who do not think they can dispense themselves from complying with the duties of their social position, while being most exemplary in the accomplishment of every obligation of family life.

### AMERICAN LADIES MODELS IN PUBLIC AND IN PRIVATE.

Although American society is not divided into distinct and acknowledged classes, there has been, from the beginning, in every one of the colonies out of which the republic has grown, a well-defined and recognized "good society," which is almost if not quite as exclusive in its intercourse as any of the aristocracies of Europe. Families which rise from the laboring and industrial classes are not always easily admitted into the home circles of the old families.

At any rate, the cities which had originally a large Catholic population, such as Baltimore, St. Louis, and New Orleans, have also had at every epoch a large, distinguished, and influential Catholic society. Other cities throughout the Union do, indeed, surpass these in the numbers of their Catholic inhabitants; but these do not possess the charm of comparative "antiquity," are not looked up to by "the Americans of the Americans," and have to establish their social credit by culture, public services, and a sustained reputation.

Nevertheless there is in every large city throughout the country a steadily increasing population, whose educated classes could form among themselves very creditable social gatherings, but who, very properly, prefer to mingle on all social occasions with families belonging to other religious denominations.

The first occasion, for instance, in which the best elements of the Catholic population of New York City were brought together conspicuously, was during the great charity fair for the Eleventh Street Hospital, gotten up in the Crystal Palace in 1856. The numbers and respectability of the Catholic population were only then revealed to the persons most interested in ascertaining them. But, save when some great purpose of religion or charity happens to call Catholics together, they wisely abstain from forming among themselves exclusive social circles, and mingle with neighbors and acquaintaince of their own class like other citizens.

## HOW CHARITY AND RELIGION ARE PROMOTED BY SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

One thing is certain,—that where mothers have been careful to educate their sons and daughters in the elevating and refining atmosphere of "the Gentle Life," which is born of enlightened piety, they cannot fail in a republican country to be welcome guests in every circle. Where a man of good standing and education shows himself to be truly "the scholar and the gentleman," there is no circle into which

he may not be admitted; and where his sisters have all the solid and graceful accomplishments of the true Gentle Life we have been sketching under so many forms, there is no circle which they cannot ornament, shining wherever they appear with a light which will hurt the eyes of none, while it serves to diffuse the influence of genuine goodness and gentleness.

Every true Christian mother who has had herself experience of the power of such goodness and gentleness in an accomplished woman, will deem it her duty to prepare her sons and daughters for their appearance in society. If her home-life, her home-education and amusements have been in conformity with the rules laid down here and there in the preceding chapters, their "coming out," as it is phrased, will be no sudden and abrupt transition from obscurity into dazzling light, or from simple, homely manners to the strange stateliness and ceremonial of a superior world.

As these remarks are addressed, principally at least, to educated women of position whose sons and daughters are supposed to display in their daily home-circles the accomplishments of music and song, there will be for them but little of novelty and no strangeness in their displaying their best powers for the delight of the first great company assembled in their own honor, or for the amusement of any circle, even the most brilliant and cultivated, in which they may subsequently appear.

The piety they have drunk in with their mother's milk, will be a sure preventive against the foolish vanity which troubles some light brains. Where singing, playing, and all the conversational arts are an every-day exercise in good families and in presence of guests who are good judges of proficiency, there is as little ground for vanity in the display as there is of novelty. What is done habitually is soon done unconsciously,—and with the naturalness arising from habit come that ease and grace which are the great charm of those whose home has ever been for them the school of "the Gentle Life."

Of course, while an experienced and thoughtful mother

is thus training her sons and daughters within her own home-sanctuary, she is fully aware of the importance of the social duties for which such training so admirably prepares them; but she is also most careful that they shall not know that their education is directed toward any such purpose. If this long home preparation be carried on beneath the eye of God, with a final view to his honor, by making his religion lovely in the person of its professors, and by thus drawing to the truth souls for whom Christ died,—will this not be the highest charity? and will not religion win the only triumph aimed at both by the pious mother and her worthy children? And,—in very truth,—how many souls, among the best, the purest, the most gifted have been gained in the past, and are still daily won to God by the unconscious charm of an accomplished but innocent young man or woman.

So long, therefore, as society exists, the charities of neighborly intercourse must be a duty incumbent on all, and, above all, on the professors of the true religion; for true religion there cannot be without true charity,—active, practical, and aiming at the highest good of others. Neighborly intercourse means for each mistress of a home that she will exert herself to make it a center of attraction for all who can benefit her children and herself, or who can be benefited by them, and that her visitors shall go away delighted to return again and again. It also means that she and her children will, in their turn, grace the family circles of these same friends and neighbors.

The influence of the Christian mother's home-circles, and the very charm which she and such as she exert in the social gatherings where they appear, are the only possible and the most powerful corrective to the corrupting influence of that world so well denominated "Vanity Fair."

## ELOQUENT FACTS

We shall suppose,—both to instruct and to encourage the reader,—a young woman, a wife and a mother, reared ex-

actly in such a Christian home as we have been painting,—to find herself led by the hand of Providence where public wants and abuses of every kind demand the labors of superhuman zeal. We shall not suppose it to be a new settlement in our Western wilds, or an infant colony in Australia or South-eastern Africa, where all has to be created, and where every living soul is but too glad to obey the voice and follow the lead of a young and noble-hearted woman. Instances there are on record of the good achieved by such women in such places in past times and within this present year of grace. But we shall take a concourse of circumstances far more formidable to the bravest heart,—a scene where, to all appearance, woman's influence will be as feeble against the adverse influences around her as the current of the Mississippi, the Orinoco, or the Amazon to freshen the bitter waters of the South Atlantic Ocean.

Here is a country long settled, with an upper class belonging to the proudest, most sensitive, and unchangeable of the ancient European races, with an inferior population of the pure aboriginal natives, and a mongrel mixture of half-breeds. The climate is a most enervating one, rendered unsafe by fatal endemic diseases and by the most terrible visitations of the plague. Commerce has no marts or outlets, industry offers no stimulus to labor, invention, or progress; morality is low, and religion is both hampered by state legislation and rendered powerless by the ignorance, the inertness, or the vices of its own ministers. The institution of matrimony, as the Church intends it and as it operates on home-life and public society, where religion is free,—has long ceased to be respected in this God-forsaken land. Unions, among several of the wealthiest, the most influential, are mere engagements formed on convenience or inclination, to be broken when the parties weary of each other, or a new passion arises; and the inferior classes are not slow to imitate the examples of their betters. And so, unblessed of God, and with but little thought of craving his blessing, the current of social life moves sluggishly on in its impure channels. Add to all this, that sanguinary

political revolutions are as frequent there as changes in the moon.

One of the noblest sons of this unhappy country is sent for his education to a great distance, and, while breathing its free religious air, is drawn within the influence of a Catholic home where all is purity, peace, piety, and refinement. The eldest daughter is remarkable, not for striking beauty of person, but for that indefinable charm of superior goodness which is felt like a most potent spell by all who approach her, for extreme grace of manner, rare intellectual culture, and that divine gift of song which, possessed by angelic virtue, becomes in the possessor a charm that can tame the wildest and soften the most obdurate.

The stranger wins this gifted maiden; she prefers him to many men more wealthy and more attractive, because he is good like herself and holds out to her,—already in her own native city the apostle of the poorest of the poor, of the outcast and the slave,—the prospect of their laboring together to improve the social condition of the country in which he was born. And, her young heart filled with such God-given hopes, she tears herself away from her idolized parents, her brothers, sisters, home, and the many hearts her charities had bound to her,—to labor in the far-off field where there is no apostle to aid, to direct, or to encourage her.

In her new home the magnetism of her presence draws to her every member of her new family, and their numerous dependants; the children and the poor have soon found her out, and thenceforward continue to besiege her. The impression made by her charming manners is more than confirmed by the first song she sings. Have we not read in youth of the famous Thessalian who sang so divinely that the very wild beasts trooped after him from mountain and forest? But it was not merely the untutored and sadly neglected Indians and half-breeds who would crowd to the, till then, forsaken church when she woke the organ and poured forth her magnificent voice in prayer and praise; but, from far and near the best families, one and all, would

come to hear the little enchantress. For enchantress she was by the magic of her humility, her gentleness, and the ardent love she felt for these neglectful and erring souls. They came to see, to hear, to be delighted, and went away subdued, edified, thinking of better things, and longing to return to their lovely kinswoman once more.

The children were attracted,—and a Sunday-school was soon organized by the young missionary, some of the most zealous of the neighboring ladies and gentlemen lending their cordial assistance. A choral union was also formed, which comprised the most distinguished and cultivated in the local society, and its members were induced to make the Church offices more solemn and attractive by their voluntary services. The public celebration of mass was, at the time, forbidden to all priests who did not sign the schismatical terms dictated by the head of the government; and in consequence many churches were closed altogether. But our little apostle, trusting to her quality of an American citizen, either evaded the prohibition or openly defied it, and thus succeeded in restoring to divine worship more than its wonted splendor and a pious feeling unknown there since the days of the ancient missionaries. Even the priest, who had suffered himself to float listlessly down the current of evil custom, was recalled to a sense of his sacred obligations by the eloquence of such examples in one so young and so devoted to God's interests.

And so the hallowed springs of piety were reopened in church and homes and hearts. The ladies far and wide were enlisted in pious associations designed to foster individual piety and the virtues of home-life, to promote the religious and secular education of the poor and the instruction of the Indians, to care for the sick and the needy,—as well as to keep alive the sweet neighborly charities which had begun to revive and to produce such incalculable good on every side.

Without noise or outward effort on the part of her who was the soul of this great revival, all who were living together in violation of the divine law hastened to repair the mischief done. Weak souls, in high and responsible

position, who had sacrificed conscience in the hour of persecution, were led to recant their error. And so the little stranger, while suffering severely from the dreadful climate and fulfilling with a calm, joyous spirit all the duties of her large household, found time and means to urge on and accomplish good works innumerable.

Meanwhile a fearful civil war had broken out, blood was being daily shed, and there was no one to care for the wounded and the sick. Though sick herself, and having her infant daughter to care for, the brave little woman lost not a moment in organizing a band of nurses; and, though naturally so timid as not to be able to bear the sight of blood, she nerved herself to follow the surgeons from sufferer to sufferer, as they did their dreadful work, helping to bind up a shattered limb or to dress the festering wounds of some poor wretch who had been too long overlooked in the torrid weather.

It were needless to recall the superhuman fatigues of these terrible days. God alone could have sustained her, for it was for him that she worked and to him she looked up for the needful strength to endure what else she could not have borne for a single hour. That she was praised and blessed and worshiped by the townspeople, as well as by the sick and wounded themselves, was to be expected.

When death called her away from the labors she had so lovingly assumed, there was a proposal made to erect, at the public expense, a monument over that early grave. But that would have been utterly in opposition to the spirit which had guided the little heroine, as well as to her own well-known wishes. Her memory lives in every home in the land, and the good she did has not perished with her, while one of her most cherished hopes has been realized since her death,—that of seeing her adopted people governed by a truly apostolic bishop.

## SOCIAL VIRTUES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The lessons of the young and fruitful life, so prematurely closed, are lessons repeated throughout our country in the

north and south from the Middle States to every portion of our territory bounded by the two great oceans. Women to whom Providence has given a superior social position, women unmarried as well as married, feel the responsibilities of their rank, and devote themselves heartily to the good works within their reach ; and they have met with a most generous cooperation from their less favored but no less devoted sisters. It is a matter of notoriety that the foundation and support of our numerous and splendid establishments of charity and education, without mentioning the churches themselves, are chiefly due to the self-sacrificing zeal of women of position in each community, heartily sustained by the wives and daughters of the tradesman and the mechanic, by the exhaustless charity of our unmarried laboring women,—shop-girls, factory-girls, and house-servants. God alone knows and he alone can adequately reward the toil, the hardship, the humiliations, the sacrifices of time, money, health, and self-love which the women of every Catholic congregation within the land have had and still have to face, year after year, in their joint industries and endeavors for the support of church, schools, convents, asylums, hospitals, and other local charities.

## WORK OF THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF HER HOME.

With all these the woman of the world has to become acquainted ; an interest in them is as much her own interest as the education of her children or the well-being of her household. Who does not know that in France the magnificent Society of the Propagation of the Faith, with the millions raised annually, penny by penny, from poor and rich alike, with the fruitful missions founded and sustained in both hemispheres,—on every point of the English-speaking world as well as among the heathen,—is mainly the work of French women? And so is the "Association of the Holy Infancy," founded by the chivalrous De Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, and which yearly rescues from

death so many heathen infants in China, and provides for their education? These are only two of the great works carried on in France by women of the world. Their sisters in Canada do not belie this well-earned reputation. One has only to live a single week in Quebec or Montreal to feel that the heart of woman there is ever open to all the noblest impulses of charity, her head quick to conceive generous plans, her tongue ever ready to plead them, and her hand well practiced in working for every form of distress.

### WOMAN'S WORK IN ITALY AND GERMANY.

We are not to believe that the women of these two great countries have been idle lookers-on while their respective governments were either destroying with a sort of impious rage all the fair and glorious institutions of eighteen centuries of Christian life, or ruthlessly cutting down at the very roots the noble tree of clerical and apostolic zeal. Long before the names of Bismark or Victor Emmanuel had come to be ranked with those of a Pombal and a Henry VIII., Germany and Austria had their own admirable associations rivaling in efficiency the noblest organizations of French religious zeal, while Italy was covered all over with guilds of women—the highest in rank and foremost in virtue—who only kept up by their charitable labors the traditions of so many centuries of ancestral piety. The breath of revolution—albeit as keen as the blasts which descend from the glaciers of Monte Rosa on the vine-clad hills of Upper Lombardy, and as destructive in their course as a tropical tornado—has neither killed nor chilled the soul of charity in the women of Italy. As the storm grows louder and fiercer, and the Radical crisis becomes more and more imminent, the women who, from the Alps to the southernmost cape of Sicily, boast the blood of hosts of canonized saints, display more courage and energy in pleading the cause of Religion defamed and despoiled, and in providing for the needs of the countless poor, whose increasing numbers and sufferings are the one unquestioned

result of Radicalism. Even the fell persecutor Diocletian was wont to refer the distressed Christians of his empire to the charity of the Roman Pontiff, whom he knew to be looked up to as the common parent, and whose benefactions he wisely encouraged. But our modern Levelers will not allow the Church or the priest either the right or the means to relieve the poor or to comfort the distressed. And so to Catholic women alone is left the divine mission and ministry of seeking out Lazarus at the gate of Cæsarism or Radicalism,—where even the dogs are not allowed to lick the sufferer's sores. To them it is given and permitted to raise him up, and house him, and feed him, and to prepare his soul for that eternal repose where all wrongs are righted and all the ills of time most amply compensated.

Bismark may succeed in imprisoning or banishing the last faithful bishop and priest in the German Empire,—but he can neither banish nor imprison the zeal and heroic devotedness of German womanhood. Victor Emmanuel, or the Mazzinian Radicals who misgovern Italy in his name, may suppress the last monastery and convent, and sequestrate the last remnant of the once magnificent patrimony of the poor; but the spirit of St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Frances of Rome cannot be suppressed; the generous piety which the Deacon St. Lawrence inherited from his Christian mother will defy all the edicts of the Italian parliament and outlive not only Victor Emmanuel and his dynasty, but the last representative of Young Italy and the Revolution.

Let our readers only peruse the accounts which reach us of the noble doings of Italian, Swiss, and German women, and they must be convinced that we have not exaggerated the importance of woman's social duties and social mission at the present time and in every Christian land.

## PART OF THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.

But have we not,—it may be suggested,—left the woman of the laboring classes a very unimportant part to play in

social life, and in the discharge of what we have termed "social duties"?

By no means. The advice so frequently given, and the rules addressed to women of these classes in the preceding chapters will teach them how to make of their own homes so many schools of "the Gentle Life," of their sons and daughters apt and accomplished scholars in the true courtesies and graces of society,—how to make their evenings at home most delightful, entertaining, elevating, and refining to their own as well as to the guests attracted to their fireside by this twofold charm of refinement and bright cheerfulness. The pleasures,—pure, heartfelt, ever fresh and welcome,—which the good wife of the laboring man is as careful to provide each evening for her dear ones, as she is to prepare them a wholesome and plentiful meal,—will encourage others of her neighbors and acquaintance to follow her example. And thus there will be other firesides, regulated in all things on her own pattern, which will be a safe and welcome place of enjoyment for herself and her children. To such alone ought she and they to go.

Are such homes as these very rare among our people? No, thanks to God's fatherly care over them; and all due praise be to the wisdom and piety of so many true women well known to their religious guides, and better known still to all of their own class who love true goodness!

## HOW THE GOOD ARE DRAWN TOGETHER.

For, there is an occult freemasonry among the good, among those who truly live as becomes children of God, just as there is among worldlings. They find each other out in a neighborhood, they are drawn to each other in a crowd, their lives seem to be governed by the laws of a "supernatural selection," which unconsciously and irresistibly throws them together. Have the good angels anything to do with this? Most certainly.

Cast a handful of gold dust into a vessel full of coarse sand, and shake it,—if presently you seek for the shining

speckles of the precious metal, you find them not,—they have sunk to the bottom, and there they cluster together. Nay, place the vessel on some place where it may be heated slowly, without melting the golden particles, and after a time the mysterious laws of affinity will draw them together, separating them from the earthy mass, and impelling them downward, away from the surface. Again, watch a flower garden in springtide, when your plants are in full blossom; you will not find the bee and the wasp sucking the same flower. The bee seeks the honey to bear it home to the hive, fasting and toiling herself the while; she is thinking of others while she is abroad and seeking the loveliest and most fragrant daughters of the spring; and she hastens homeward laden with her treasures, only to hoard them up for her sisters during the long winter months. On the contrary, the wasp seeks the honey to enjoy it. Unselfish, unworldly, and motherly women are like the bees; they go abroad to make honey for their dear ones, not for the purpose of gratifying their appetite, like the wasp, or of displaying their beautiful wings, like the butterfly; and God gives them the instinct of knowing each other and trooping together, while they work with one accord and untiringly, as long as the day lasts, to treasure up sweet stores of enjoyment for others. Wasps, like selfish and pleasure-seeking people, also know each other; but they do not work well together,—they quarrel and sting each other to death, or victimize some innocent, harmless bee, because it incautiously seeks the same flowering shrub with themselves.

Even so will true-hearted women, guided by the divine instinct within them, seek each other's society to encourage each other in living godly lives, to learn how they can improve their methods of educating their dear ones and of brightening their homes, as well as to plan means for relieving the poor, for providing for the needs of a church in debt, or of saving from want, temptation, and ruin the youthful and destitute of their own sex.

Oh! blessed shall be the day when, in this great city of

New York, we shall see such women as these forming associations for the purpose of protecting innocent and inexperienced girls arriving on our shores, from the many snares set for them by fiends of their own sex, and by men who can never have known a mother! There has always existed in Catholic Italy associations of this sort, which provided asylums for the homeless and unprotected, where they could learn trades and work for their own benefit till they found a suitable match; then the association added to the little store laid up by the bride, and thus secured her a handsome marriage portion. Moreover, it has been the immemorial custom for sovereigns, for popes, for noble ladies of every degree to bestow yearly, on certain feast-days, a dower on a number of poor but portionless girls. This was often done by noble ladies on the day of their own bridals, or on some such joyous occasion, or in thanksgiving for some great favor from on high.

We dare not make a suggestion. These lines may inspire some generous womanly heart with a noble emulation of the charities of other lands.

In our own there are surely souls ready to respond to every breath of the divine inspiration. For we have in our midst women of the world who seem to have no other occupation but that of benefiting others,—women who give up every pleasure to open homes for the young and houseless of their own sex. What though their labors do not always prosper as they wish? or though men do not praise or befriend their efforts? Is He for whom they work blind or forgetful or ungrateful?

Generous women, whoever you be, forget not that you labor for the eternal God, and that your reward is not to be enjoyed on this side of eternity. To all of you, being what you are, we would fain commend these lines on "Hoarded Joys," should you be tempted to repine at the slowness with which either success or repose cometh for you:

"I said: 'Nay, pluck not,—let the first fruit be:
Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red;
But let it ripen still. The tree's bent head
Sees in the stream its own fecundity
And bides the day of fullness. Shall not we
At the sun's hour that day possess the shade,
And claim our fruit before its ripeness fade,
And eat it from the branch, and praise the tree?'"

But to the worldly women, who, born of Christian mothers and reared to the knowledge and practice of better things, allow the spring and summer of life to pass away without a single flower or fruit of ripened goodness for themselves or others,—what shall we say? They have resolved, and resolved, and resolved, and not one resolution has ever ripened into performance. Their virtues are like the fruits buried long centuries ago in the royal sepulchres of Egypt: they fall to dust on being brought to the sunlight.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## MAIDENHOOD.

Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
  And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
  Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.
So held she through her girlhood; as it were
  An angel-watered lily, that near God
  Grows and is quiet.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John),
Between the naked window-bars
That spacious vigil of the stars?
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Would'st rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor;
And, finding the fixed terms endure
Of day and night which never brought
Sounds of His coming chariot,
Would'st lift through cloud-waste unexplored
Those eyes which said, "How long, O Lord?"

THE SAME.

## GIRLHOOD OF THE VIRGIN-MOTHER THE MODEL OF MAIDENHOOD.

THE virtues and qualities which the poet attributes to MARY in her girlhood, are those which every Christian mother will endeavor to develop in her daughters: the deep-seated piety that makes conformity to the divine will

the first and last study of every hour and day and year, till the vail is removed and the dutiful soul beholds face to face Him who through all eternity will study to fulfill her will;—the "profound simplicity of intellect" which is but the illumined eye of faith beholding God first and last and middlemost in all this wondrous world and in the complicated course of human history;—the "supreme patience" which springs from the certain hope that such faith begets, and makes the trials of time seem as nought compared with the eternal possesion already begun in faith;—these twin virtues of Faith and Hope, like the wings of the soul, lifting the maiden to the divine bosom even "from her mother's knee;"—that "wisdom in charity" which consists in filling the heart brimful with the chaste love of the Supreme Good, in order to pour all the unselfish devotion it inspires on the home first, and then on all outside the home, according to the enlightened laws of charity;—the invincible fortitude that nerves the soul to struggle unceasingly against the warring desires of earthly concupiscence, while bearing with unruffled serenity the ills which befall, no matter whence they come;—and that "circumspect pity" which makes the soul careful, while succoring the distress of others, and showing divinest pity to their most loathsome ills, not to be herself defiled,—just as when mercy leads one to plunge into a roaring flood to save a poor drowning wretch, one takes care not to be swept away by the swift waters.

With all this strength of soul the Christian maiden must be near the maternal bosom and beneath the sweet light of a mother's love, like a lily within the close of some august sanctuary watered daily by angelic hands and growing up in gentleness and the perfection of all loveliness.

## MARY'S PUBLIC LIFE THE MODEL OF WOMANHOOD'S TRIALS.

This gentle nurture within the home will give a girl's soul that adamantine firmness as well as purity which will bear without injury the terrible trials of after-life. Maidenhood

had scarcely begun for the Most Blessed One, when the divine purpose was unfolded to her, and her share in the Work of Ages * was foreshown, the bitter road from the Manger to the Cross; and then the long stay on earth after him in the house of John, with her full participation in all the manifold woes of the infant Church. She who was the Mother of the Bridegroom,—who had pillowed his infant head on her bosom through the long journeying, back and forth, of his exile, and who, at the foot of the Cross, received on that same agonized bosom the dear thorn-crowned head taken down from the wood, was predestined to watch over the birth and growth of His Bride and our Mother.

As she suffered in Him when scourged at the pillar and nailed to the bitter tree, so she suffered in his members during the first persecutions,—was scourged in Paul and John, and beheaded in James, and stoned in Stephen, being meanwhile the model of all in faith that never faltered, in hope that never was dimmed, and in that all-bearing love which waiteth for His coming throughout the interminable years.

How true a mirror of maidenhood and womanhood! How clearly can one view in the life of that Mother of Sorrows the lot which all true women must accept! And how consoling for all these classes of toilers, sufferers, and waiters whose trials, labors, duties, and virtues we are now going to set forth.

## I.

### THE DAUGHTERS OF THE WEALTHY HOME.

We have no further concern here with maidens who remain beneath the roof of their parents till they have chosen a home of their own in matrimony or in religious life. What has been said must suffice for them, inasmuch as we suppose their mothers to have faithfully discharged

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* Habacuc iii. 2.

toward them all the offices of motherhood. Our present concern is with the daughters of wealthy families, on whom poverty has fallen while still unmarried.

### GIRLS REARED IN AFFLUENCE AND FORCED TO LABOR.

1. We approach this large and most interesting class with a feeling of infinite reverence. We know that their numbers have much increased of late years even in our midst, and in spite of all the securities which surround the wealthy in a country untroubled by socialism, in spite, also, of the facilities afforded in a young and prosperous community for recruiting impaired fortunes. And our reverence is founded on the magnanimity with which so many young girls, brought up in luxury and with the most splendid prospects, accept the reverse that befalls them, and set to work to lighten the hard lot of father and mother,—and, not unfrequently, to provide for the wants of their whole family.

### RESOLUTION AND FORTITUDE CHARACTERISTIC OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

It is one beautiful feature of American womanhood, this resolute facing the inevitable, this heroic determination daily manifested of undertaking any kind of honorable toil, in order to be self-supporting and to be a help to the dear ones at home. Men are born to be the providers in the home: they are formed by nature and still further fitted by education for every species of toil. Theirs is the battle of life on sea and land. The home with its quiet, its obscurity, its sanctities, is for woman: she is made to grow up in the shade. Man's strength of soul and body, his physical and moral qualities, liken him to the mountain-oak which waxes strong in the sunshine, the wind, and the blast. The sturdy trunk, the rough bark, the gnarled and wide branches,—like mighty arms stretched out to contend with the storm,—all bespeak struggle, strength, and victory over the elements. But woman is like the lowly vine, which needs support for itself and the delicious clusters that it bears, and needs,

too, whether in valley or on hillside, to be sheltered against the fierce cold winds that may happen to sweep over its native soil.

### HEROIC WOMEN IN ADVERSITY LIKE CHOICE VINES ON A BARREN SOIL.

It will serve our purpose to pursue this comparison a little farther. The vines which bear the most renowned fruit and produce the wine most eagerly sought for, are not those that grow on the rich and sheltered lowlands; just as the women most admirable for heroic endurance and perseverance are those who have to grow up in toil and trial and self-reliance. Let us listen to this description by a recent traveler of the port-wine district in Portugal:

"As I ascended the ridge of mountains which separates the valley of Villa Real from the port-wine district, I became entangled in a network of paths. . . . On either side of the river Douro lies a district about twenty-seven miles in length and six or seven in breadth, of steep hills, with narrow, ravine-like valleys; the soil a naked, yellow-brown, slaty schist. . . . Looked at from where I now stood, and seen in the thin atmosphere of early morning, with every detail sharp and clear as in a photograph, with hill beyond hill extending confusedly below, the appearance was that of a wilderness of utterly bare and arid peak and valley. . . . All over the sides of each acclivity stone terraces have been built, in lines running parallel with the horizon; and in the poor schistous soil thus kept from being washed away by the rains of winter, the vines which make port wine are grown. . . . If Portugal were to lapse into an uninhabited wilderness to-morrow, this monument of man's accumulated handiwork would probably outlast every single work of Roman, Goth, Saracen, and Portuguese. . . .

"The flavor of the wine here produced depends upon the nature of the soil, certainly not upon its richness; for the surface of the vineyards looks like the rubbish thrown up

from a stone quarry; and it depends also upon the great heat of the summer in a district shut off by lofty hills from the north and the northeast. The cold of winter among these high-lying lands, is, however, for Portugal, very considerable; snow falls and lies, even in the valleys, and frost often lasts for the whole twenty-four hours. This comparative cold arrests the winter-growth of the vine, and gives it the rest which the plants of temperate climates require, and is probably one cause of the superiority of produce of these vines over those grown in other parts of Portugal. . . . The upland vine is less productive. but makes a finer wine than that grown in the plain." *

## INSTANCES OF THIS SUPERIOR VIRTUE DEVELOPED IN ADVERSITY.

If ever the history of this phase of American womanhood is written, it will show that during the momentous years which elapsed from 1861 to 1878, the severe trials which fell on so many homes during the Civil War and afterward, only served to call forth in our women,—in those especially born in affluence,—qualities worthy of the highest admiration. The political whirlwind which swept over the country ruined the upper classes in the seceding States, upset many solid fortunes in every portion of the others, while the fearful loss of life among both belligerents left thousands upon thousands of homes dependent upon the sole industry of women, accustomed till then to ease and luxury.

While men, suddenly stripped of wealth and thereby fallen from their position, or compelled without due preparation to face the manifold hardships of a career they have never tried, are not rarely tempted to give way to discouragement and intemperance,—these noble women, with the self-denying fortitude which is an attribute of their sex, offered themselves to any sort of remunerative labor.

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* John Latouche, "Travels in Portugal," pp. 121–123.

The Federal Government gave employment to a few,—very few in comparison with the number of applicants, and fewer still in comparison with the claims of so many widows, wives, and mothers, who had given their dearest to the country in her need. In France, after the desolation and distress brought to so many firesides by four years of slaughter,—the Government would have thrown open to these most deserving women every position they could possibly fill in the treasury, post-office, and other departments; this was a laudable practice introduced into the French administration long before 1870. The local State legislatures among us should have urged upon telegraph and railroad companies the patriotic necessity of handing over to women the many posts which they could have filled most advantageously to the public service.

It would have been—it would be now—an administrative reform full of wise economy and large-minded forethought. But Congress, at that epoch, in spite of all the noisy professions of patriotism made by the dominant party, cared as little for the economical interests of the nation as it does at the present hour, and held the most sacred debts of justice and gratitude toward the families of the patriotic dead or disabled to be very cheap in comparison with the claims of the ravenous political following that beset the doors of every Federal minister, senator, and representative.

It is time still to do justice to so many families reduced to want and destitution by the very devotedness of their male members. And we raise our voice here for the twofold purpose of claiming that some justice be done, even at the eleventh hour, and of urging on the attention of statesmen and other public men the wisdom of giving up to women, trained for the purpose, so many positions of labor and trust, in which men have shown so little of laborious husbandry, and so much of untrustworthiness.

### ADMIRABLE CONDUCT OF IMPOVERISHED AMERICAN WOMEN.

Much is known to the general public of the hardships so patiently and silently borne by these two armies of Ameri-

can women impoverished by the war; but that much is but very little indeed of the distressing reality.

Even now we could point out the descendants of men who filled with honor the very highest offices in our State and Federal governments, reduced in old age to seek a precarious means of subsistence by the exercise of some liberal or industrial art. And how many others pine in obscurity and neglect, after having sought in vain for honorable and lucrative employment!

We have said there were "two armies" of such women: for if this distress is so widespread and so deep in the States which remained faithful to the Union, how incomparably more so has it been among the once wealthy classes of the South and Southwest! Southern women, whose every male relative fell in defense of what they considered the honor and independence of their homes, had nothing to expect from an administration bitterly hostile to them:—and even had it been possible to secure them any portion of the places at the disposal of the Treasury or the General Post-Office, they would neither have asked for them nor accepted them.

Hence the distress and destitution among the very best classes of Southern women were, and are still in very many places, a something inconceivable. It will touch their sisters at the North to know, that, amid the long and hopeless darkness which settled on these once bright and ever-hospitible homes, their mistresses allowed no complaint or murmur to escape them,—no despondency to cast them down; but with a firm trust in God and a calm resolve to bear what could not be remedied, they set themselves to make thrift out of their very poverty, and to share generously with the many poorer than themselves all around the scanty store of comfort they could still dispense. How many stories have reached us, from every point of the vast territory over which the contending armies swept successively, of a heroic spirit of resignation, and a regal pride and generosity in homes formerly the centers of hospitality and refinement, but now reduced to bare walls, with the adjoining plantations ravaged or occupied by some insolent intruder! Wo-

man was there standing a queen amid the ruins of her once happy kingdom, but still a queen, with loyal hearts to worship her, and with a right royal soul to share with these the unfailing treasures and resources of a love that is only strengthened by adversity!

### HOW WOMEN ARE OFTEN TREATED BY FEDERAL OFFICIALS.

Before we offer a few words of practical advice to the persons who are fortunate enough to obtain positions under government, one little trait will afford the reader a glimpse of the most unmanly spirit of intrigue and treachery which, we fear, is not altogether a thing of the past in Washington or in any of the great centers where the Federal patronage is extensively felt.

A widow lady, belonging to one of our oldest and most honored families, had been utterly ruined by the civil war. She had five or six children absolutely dependent on her exertions, and, though highly accomplished, her talents could avail her nothing in a community where all her acquaintance had been, like herself, reduced from affluence to total indigence. She was as devout a Christian as she was a devoted mother, and, after sacrificing every thing she could dispose of to keep a roof above her children and to provide them with needful clothing and food, she had recourse in her extremity to Him who is at once the protector of the widow and her orphans, and the inspirer of men's hearts. She told Him in her prayer that he must befriend her in her utter need;—and, trusting in him, she applied for a clerkship in one of the departments of the capital, and obtained it, to the great surprise of her friends. The place thus given her was one of great trust. She filled it, as she would have discharged any duty, with the most conscientious fidelity, and was looked up to by all the other officials with unfeigned and involuntary respect. The emoluments of her place enabled her to complete the education of her children, applying herself, with the sagacity of a true-hearted mother, to form every one of them to be self-reliant and self-supporting in the future. Besides, as her salary was barely sufficient

to cover the most necessary expenses for her household, she was advised to do what the misery of the times forced so many of her class to do,—to accept a few select boarders. One of the persons thus admitted into a family circle far above his own in social standing, was an under-secretary in the department. He was charmed at first with all he saw in mother and children, of goodness, piety, innocence, and the thousand charms diffused by that gentle life which is the natural atmosphere of truly Catholic homes.

Like many other of the superior and inferior officers of government, this young man had his own "following" of needy and greedy dependants. They had cast their eyes on the very office filled by the devoted lady with whom he boarded; and as she was connected with the "Lost Cause" through her family, it needed only some trumped-up charge to have her dismissed. Thrown as this young man was, into the intimacy of that home, he could not but hear both the children and the friends who visited them expressing their sympathy with the South, or their dissatisfaction with the acts of the Federal administration. A man of gentle birth, and with the high honor of a gentleman, would have died rather than disclose to the outside world any of the secrets of the family in which he lived. But the soul of the under-secretary was not so highly tempered as this; he revealed not only what he had heard, but much more than he had heard. As he possessed the unlimited confidence of his chief, the poor lady's fate was soon decided.

Suddenly, without warning being given or any reason for the act, she was dismissed; and no pleading availed to obtain an interview with the high and mighty secretary. This was utter ruin to the widow and her orphans. They were literally on the verge of starvation, suffering from hunger, when, three or four months afterward, chance brought to Washington a gentleman much esteemed for his public worth, but unconnected with any branch of government. His wife was with him,—high-minded, independent, like her husband, and the fervent, fearless advocate of right against wrong.

Both had rendered great services to government during the war, and their authority was such as could not be set aside. The wife was no sooner informed of the wrong done to the widow and her orphans, than she flew to the secretary, insisted on an instant interview, and set before him in the clearest light the wrong which had been done under his name, and which had not, in fact, a shadow of justification. The order for dismissal was immediately canceled, and the under-secretary was directed to reinstate the widow in her former office. He, however, trusting to the speedy return to New York of the enemy who had discovered and denounced his treachery, deferred from week to week the execution of his chief's instructions, keeping the latter meanwhile in complete ignorance of his disobedience, and watching incessantly the approach to the secretary's door, lest a second visit should disclose his delinquency.

Meanwhile the poor widow was almost driven to despair. Day after day she had to stint herself and her children, doling out to them what was barely sufficient to keep them alive. While in this condition she heard that her benefactress was still in Washington, nerved herself to go to her hotel, and gasped out her tale of woe.

There was not a moment to be lost. Her friend, leaving the sufferer in her own room, after ordering her refreshment and giving her means to provide her children with temporary relief, went forthwith to the secretary. She found his aid watchful at the door and determined that she should not go in. But she walked calmly by him into his chief's presence and related what had occurred. This time disobedience was out of the question. The widow was reinstated that very day, and held the office till her latest hour.

But she was careful thereafter to avoid any sort of intimacy or social intercourse with the government officials.

And this is the first advice we give to you, ladies, no matter what may be the position you occupy in any department of the administration.

### HOLD NO COMMUNICATION WITH OTHER OFFICIALS.

There is a twofold reason for this, of which one must be apparent from the facts just related. The other is that one does not always wish to form an acquaintance with the motley crowd whom political intrigue and influence obtrude into responsible offices under government. To be civil and obliging to all, is proper and politic; to be familiar and open to all, is most imprudent, if not most improper in persons of your sex. We suppose you to be true Christians and true women; then respect yourselves infinitely, and others will ever show you infinite respect. With that, be most scrupulously exact in the performance of every part of your duty, and thus you will avoid all cause of blame or suspicion. There is another reason for the extreme and religious reserve of which you must make a cardinal rule; and that is the evil report which of late years has gone abroad from more than one department of government about the relations between high officials and their female subordinates. Necessity,—a sad and sore one,—compels you to seek and accept positions which may have been dishonored. The atmosphere of reserve, modesty, self-respect, and womanly dignity, which you will bring there with you, will honor the office as well as yourself.

### EXPECT TO LOSE TEMPORARILY YOUR OWN POSITION IN SOCIETY.

For the reason last mentioned, and for others, you will be tabooed by many of your former acquaintance,—by the vain, the light, the worldly-minded especially, by some very estimable persons, who are carried away by the current of general custom because they have no weight of character or independence of their own; but not by the good and truly noble who know you, appreciate your motives of self-sacrifice, and honor you so much more for the obloquy you undergo perforce; most certainly not by your religious guides. . . .

The comfort of a fatherly word from these will be one of your needs during this period of labor and humiliation: fear not, God will know to place on priestly lips the very words that will light up the gloom in your soul and make you feel sure that your trials are only rendering you more dear to the heart in whose depths of tender compassionateness is all our sufficiency.

Amid your clerical duties do not neglect either your own cherished devotional exercises and pious reading, nor the other studies favorable to a higher culture. Do not "let yourself down" to the level of the common herd, because you have to consort with them for the time being. Your exercises of piety will always help to lift you up higher and higher; and the studies which contribute to refine and elevate will be a delight to you amid the depressing and intolerable monotony of office-life.

Above all things,—if your health and time in any way permit,

### HEAR MASS DAILY.

We have seen * that, among the rules which every Christian knight had to observe faithfully, the very first was, "with pious remembrance, every day to hear the mass of God's passion." If this was a sworn observance of every gentle knight, how much more so was it and ought it ever to be of every true and gentle lady? In the dear old city of Quebec, where the writer was brought up from early boyhood to manhood, one of his most vivid recollections is the sound of the cathedral bell calling the working people,—the market folk particularly, who are very early risers,—to mass at four o'clock every morning of the year. And he who took on himself the duty of being thus ever ready at the altar of the Lamb each morning was the most venerable and most learned man among the entire clergy of Canada.

Later, when many years a priest himself, the author

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* Chapter XV., Part II., p. 270.

remembers being touched to the depths of his soul by the simple and heroic piety of a poor servant girl, who, from year's end to year's end, never could retire before midnight, and "who had made a pact with her Guardian Angel to wake her up daily in time for the first mass" at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Everywhere in Catholic countries it is the custom to ring the Angelus bell so early that workmen of every description may have time to assist at the Adorable Sacrifice before attending to their daily labor in house or field. Thus, if you chance to be passing up the Rhone valley in June or July, you will see at the first sound of the Angelus bell all who are not already in the village church hastening thither, taking with them their implements of labor, which they leave outside in the porch before entering the sacred precincts. Shall we, in this New World, where we are so free and so encouraged to plant and cultivate the loveliest flowers of Catholic piety, shall we not delight in sanctifying our daily toil after the manner of our forefathers? And will your own consciences, oh Christian women and maidens! not upbraid you with the neglect of such mighty graces as are thus daily within your reach?

> "Ah, wasteful woman! . .
> How given for naught her priceless gift,
> How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Believe it: the moral hardship endured in such occupation as we here treat of needs supernatural strength, and how one half-hour spent early before the mercy-seat, in sweet communion with Him who is the bread of life, and whose blood applied to us in the sacrament intoxicates like wine and lifts us above ourselves, will send us forth filled with an energy and a joy all divine to brave every thing and undergo every thing for his dear sake! Be the supernatural woman in your present trial; be a true child of God,—and he will be with you!

## LADY COMPANIONS AND GOVERNESSES.

2. Although we did not expressly mention this most interesting and deserving class of ladies, when instructing the mistress of the home in her duties toward her children and dependants, we meant that all that is said in various places * should apply in a special manner to those whom she associates with herself as a companion, friend, and adviser, or as an assistant in educating her children.

The lot of most governesses is a hard one; but, nevertheless, it is far preferable to that of the very uncomfortable person known as a lady companion. A governess has work to do, hard work very often, and oftener still most miserably requited. But her very hard work is her salvation from discouragement and despair. A lady companion, generally, has no defined position in the family, no definite duties to perform, no set work at certain hours to which she can give her whole heart and mind,—forgetful of all else, for the present hour, but of the pleasure of doing work and good work on souls or for souls in his honor who is the passionate lover of souls.

A lady companion for the most part is a kind of slave to the caprices of an aged, infirm, and whimsical person,—tied down to every caprice of her selfish old tyrant, unable to apply herself to any improving or congenial occupation, and continually humiliated by the neglect of the family or the petty insults of the domestics, unable to resent either the odious pride and uncharitableness of the former or the studied insolence of the latter.

Happy the sensitive soul, born to better fortunes, often born in a sphere far superior to that of her present employers,—who chances to fall on a truly noble-minded and large-hearted Christian woman! For there are many Christian women whose little minds and selfish narrow hearts, in spite of their long profession and practice of a certain kind

* Chapter VII., pp. 81, 102, 103; Chapter XIII., pp. 205, 236, 237; Chapter XVI., Part II.

of piety, would justify the very common belief,—that they were as surely born with an intellect as narrow as a linnet's, or a heart as small as a mouse's, as some people are born stone-blind or deprived of arms and legs. No education (but such women cannot have been educated!) seems to have enlarged their very small notions of things, and no practice of devotion has made a place in their hearts for any thing but their little self.

## ADVICE TO LADY COMPANIONS.

But no matter what may be the rank of the family in which a lady companion is admitted,—from royalty down to the latest fortune,—she who resolves to accept such a position must expect to find it one of the most irksome servitude. For one elevated and religious womanly soul who will treat a companion with the respect due to gentle birth and breeding and the delicate considerateness due to misfortune, there will be found ten unwomanly natures who will think it is due to their own place and importance to make a dependant feel her inferiority at every moment of the day and night. Where there is great intellectual culture united to solid piety, there is little to fear of the constant humiliations inflicted by those who are conscious of no superiority but that of rank or riches. True piety is always humble, charitable, considerate, kind, and courteous. Happy the young lady who becomes the companion of such a one! She will find motherly care in one who is her elder, and a true sisterly friendship in one of her own years.

But this is a rare case; and when it happens, the fortunate companion has only one rule to follow,—to devote herself, heart and mind, to the comfort and interests of one fitted to appreciate every gift of mind and heart.

God, in his admirable ways, has a most important mission for lady companions,—and that mission is most remarkable in our own days. Numberless families in countries where unbelief or skepticism is general, have been enlightened and

converted by the agency of a pious, high-principled, and cultivated lady forced by circumstances to accept the position of companion to the mistress of the house. This occurs not unfrequently among ourselves. But it is of still more frequent occurrence in England and on the European continent. While in France we heard instances quoted of most remarkable conversions effected among the Russian nobility by persons thus selected for their goodness and accomplishments to serve as lady companions in great families. One, however, which happened in France itself, and which resulted in making most fervent Christians of an entire family given over to unbelief, may serve to show both what a thoroughly good lady companion can do by example and teaching, and what is expected that a true woman, well-bred, refined, and alive to the claims of hospitality should do in all cases.

Though some readers may fancy the good fortune of the young lady here mentioned to be an ideal, or, at least, an exceptional case,—it is certainly to our own knowledge not so rare. Let it, however, serve as a mirror for ladies blessed by fortune and in a position to befriend a class of persons most deserving of all their tenderest and most delicate sympathy. We shall see afterward the "reverse of the medal."

### TRUE KINDNESS REWARDED BY HEROIC DEVOTION.

While the so-called "Tractarian Movement" was at its height about 1840, an aged English gentleman with his only daughter, a lovely girl of nineteen, had sought during the winter months the mild climate of Southern France, with the vain hope of staying the approach of death. He was of a good family, of cultivated mind and refined taste, deeply interested in the controversy then agitating the English universities, and looking forward with an earnest longing to the day when the churches of Western Europe would be again one in faith and communion. Some years before, while seeking health among the valleys of Tuscany and Umbria, he had been fortunate in forming an intimate

acquaintance with a noble and ancient family in which deep faith and practical piety went hand in hand. The Englishman's intellectual objections against the Church of Rome were met with masterly skill by the amiable and accomplished head of the house,—and his inveterate prejudices concerning Roman superstitions and idolatry found an eloquent refutation in the lives of his friend's wife, children, and dependants. Frequent and delightful excursions among the beautiful villages and historical sites which abound in that paradisaical region, enabled the invalid to convince himself that the Italian country-folk were solidly virtuous, that their piety was any thing but blind superstition, or their attachment to religion and its teachers one founded on fear and self-interest. He could not help contrasting the comfort, the refinement, the bright and quick intelligence, and the courteous manners of the mass of the rural population, with the stolidity, ignorance, and coarseness of the same class in his own country.

Still his convictions only led him to see that there were only fewer objections than he had fancied toward the reunion of the apostolic Church of England with the equally apostolic Rome. His stay in France afterward did not tend to bring him nearer to the truth. It was only a few months before his end that the conversion of his daughter became the occasion of his own. She had been a warm admirer of the writings of Keble and Newman. The sweet songs of the "Christian Year" had been favorites with her from childhood; but the celebration of the great feasts of the year in the beautiful churches of Italy, far more than the festivals of France, convinced the girl that the great Reality conceived by Keble was to be found, not in the empty Anglican liturgy, but in the time-honored worship of the Church of Rome. She had also read with deep interest Newman's beautiful sketches of the early Fathers, and of their love of monastic life. She found in France as well as in Italy religious communities of men and women whose life was in perfect conformity with the pictures contained in the writings of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. John Chry-

sostom, and St. Basil. Father and daughter compared their impressions and their difficulties: she besought and obtained permission to be received into the Catholic Church, and her rapt happiness on the day of her first communion so powerfully moved the parent, that ten days afterward the same happiness was his own. Thenceforward till his peaceful end came, the bliss of both was only clouded by the grief of the approaching separation, and the thought on the dying father's mind that he left his child totally unprovided for.

The estates which he owned were entailed, and, as he had no sons, they descended to his nephew, a Low Churchman, to whose mind both the deceased and his child were the worst kind of apostates. She was informed, a few days after her father's burial, that her family had entirely cast her off, and that she could have no further claim on them for support or sympathy.

The generous girl did not lose heart on that account: she had a firm trust in Him for whose sake she was prepared to make any sacrifice, and was determined to support herself by her own exertions, without ever appealing to her relatives at home, or accepting aid from strangers. She was a proficient in music and painting, spoke five languages, and had been trained during her constant companionship with her father to be eminently practical.

A noble French lady who had made their acquaintance at Florence some years before, happened to live in the neighborhood of the town in which they had been staying. She felt a warm sympathy for the lovely orphan, whose many accomplishments and beautiful character she admired. She was exceedingly kind during the last illness of the parent, made her husband superintend all the arrangements for the funeral, and then insisted on taking her young friend home with her for a few weeks' repose and distraction from her bereavement.

A low fever, brought on by long bodily fatigue and severe mental trials, compelled a stay of several months with the family, at the end of which the lady proposed that she

should make the castle her home for the next year, hoping that, in the interval, the relatives of the interesting English girl would relax from a rigor which she could not understand. Her young guest, in her perplexity, seeing no avenue open to her through the difficulties of her lonely lot, yielded a reluctant consent. There were five children in the house, two sons and three daughters, the oldest of whom was a girl of fifteen; they were under the care of an elderly lady, who acted as governess; and these with the grandmother, a titled and stately old dame of the last century, with a large retinue of servants, composed the household.

Not till after a week's stay in the castle did our heroine, whom we shall call Miss Edwards, discover that the old dowager was a rank Voltairian; that her son, the count, was an avowed materialist, while the countess only clung to the religion of her fathers by her attachment to the legitimist cause. The children were brought up in open and avowed unbelief, although the governess still seemed to keep up in private a few simple practices of devotion.

The dowager-countess, who had followed her family into exile during the Reign of Terror, spoke English fairly, and was in all things a great admirer of England, save, as she was wont to say, "the absurd and superstitious reverence of the English for a church establishment which was only Popery without the Mass, and with the reigning prime-minister for Pope." She took a great liking for the beautiful orphan, insisted on her having her apartment next to her own rooms, and put forth all the graces of a cultivated mind and the charm of most fascinating manners, in consoling her during her first grief, in soothing her suffering during her illness, and in amusing her loneliness during convalescence. The old lady was kind-hearted; her skepticism was the result of her early training and associations;—and it was very seriouly shaken by the unaffected piety and deep, unquestioning faith of the little convert.

The latter had to relate to her venerable friend the whole story of her own and her father's conversion. This was told in presence of the count and countess, who, for the

first time in their lives, felt an irresistible attraction toward the recital of interior struggles of two superior souls seeking for a perfect religious faith, and, when found, giving up the whole world to secure and enjoy its possession. Unconsciously the little convalescent was drawn into giving her own explanations of Catholic doctrine and practice; the perfect harmony history establishes between the Church of the nineteenth and that of the fourth and fifth centuries; the beautiful significance of the sacramental system, and the power of the solemn Church ceremonial in lifting the soul up to God. Then came a most interesting discussion of Catholic theories of art. Indeed the first acquaintance of the count and countess with their eloquent little teacher—for such she now was—had been made while the latter was sketching some of the most beautiful frescoes of the Baptistery in Florence. Now as she progressed toward perfect health, these sketches were exhibited, and the children were invited with their governess to be present at the charming stories about medieval Christian art and artists which the young girl poured forth as one inspired.

And she was. During her fever she had almost vowed—at any rate she had made herself a promise—that she would devote herself to the hospitable family into which, in her extremity of distress, she had been received and treated with such respect and tenderness; she would not quit that interesting household till she had enriched it with the only treasure she possessed in the world,—a living faith.

The countess, who had conceived a true motherly affection for the gifted girl, protested that she would never part with her, and the dowager declared that Miss Edwards had become necessary to her. So, to quiet the latter's scruples and laudable self-love, it was arranged that she would stay in the family as companion to the old countess, who, on her side, wanted to adopt the girl as her daughter.

About ten weeks after her father's death, Miss Edwards received the visit of a young cousin traveling with his mother, and who was all but betrothed to his fair relative. They had spent the winter in Palermo, and had learned in

Rome of the death of Mr. Edwards, without, however, hearing then of his having died a Catholic. The son was deeply attached to his cousin; he was the heir to a title and a splendid fortune, and would have laid both at her feet if she consented to renounce what his mother called "the papal delusion." But, though the mother pleaded earnestly with her niece, she found her proof against all the arguments she could draw from theology, love, and ambition; and mother and son left the castle without any offer of marriage being made.

It was a keen pang for the young and fortuneless orphan: she loved her kinsman, though she said not so; and when he had gone, she was found in an agony of tears by the countess, who, touched to the heart, employed all the tenderness and delicacy of a true womanly affection in soothing her friend's bitter distress.

Let us abridge this narrative. The dowager, before a twelvemonth had elapsed, died reconciled to the faith of her childhood, blessing her whom she called her daughter and angel-guardian as the minister of God's mercy in her own behalf. From her son, with her dying breath, she exacted the promise that he should follow his mother's latest example, rear his children as true practical Catholics, and have especial care of the Christian education of his servants and numerous dependants.

The promise was faithfully kept. The conversation, the angelic life of Miss Edwards, the influence which her piety and goodness exercised on his children and the entire household, had made a deep impression on him. Since his first communion, he had never approached the sacraments. But the deep peace which had settled on his mother after her reconciliation with God had recalled the sweet happiness of his own innocent years. Then he gave his cordial support to Miss Edwards while she set about, at his request, instructing and preparing the three oldest children for confession and communion.

Nor was this all; the servants were also drawn to the beautiful young stranger. She took it on herself to in-

struct them likewise, and said with them the rosary and night prayers every day, explaining so interestingly this beautiful devotion that, at length, the whole household joined in night prayers, the count himself reciting them.

All this while the countess remained proof to every argument and example. Tenderly as she loved and greatly as she admired Miss Edwards,—the worldly education she had received, and her intimacy with one of the foremost female infidel writers of France, seemed to render her impervious to the light of truth and the influence of others' holy life. Nevertheless she consented to aid her young friend in restoring the beautiful little family chapel in the castle. It had been neglected for more than sixty years, and served as a lumber-room. But as she was herself a great lover of art, she gratefully accepted her friend's offer to decorate and paint it with her own hand. Miss Edwards had secretly vowed to do so in order to obtain the grace of the countess's conversion.

So the good count had the chapel cleared of every profane article, had the windows repaired, new furniture purchased, and a temporary altar made, the rector of the parish being invited to celebrate mass. It was quite a family festival for the household and the numerous tenantry.

Thenceforward Miss Edwards and the countess labored together to prepare designs for the frescoes, the illumination of the wood and iron work, and the restoration of the mutilated stained glass in the windows. The two oldest children by this time were able to work at some of the details. For our little apostle had been forced by her noble patrons to open a little school of art in the castle, and she found or created enthusiastic pupils.

And so the years sped by. Inside and outside of the castle the zeal and charity of the two ladies were felt in many a home, and their names mentioned together in many a heartfelt blessing and fervent prayer. It was precisely what our little heroine wanted, that her friend should seem to have herself the initiative in every good work, so as to remove all cause of jealousy,—and that she should have before

the people the merit of every charitable deed. Thus all were in reality praying for the noble lady's conversion.

Miss Edwards would persist in calling herself the countess's companion, though the latter loved her and treated her as the dearest of sisters. They spent two seasons together in Paris, where the countess's friends were surprised at seeing her assiduous, together with her husband, at divine service on Sundays and holy-days, devoted to every prominent work of charity, while she continued to be attentive to all the duties required of her by her position in society. Some of her friends affirmed that Miss Edwards must be a female Jesuit, sent by the crafty order to the family of the count to convert his mother and himself, and to make sure after his death of a good share of his property. All this absurd gossip did not serve the cause of unbelief in the estimation of the countess. Still the false shame called human respect held her back from avowing to her husband or to her dear young friend that she yearned to have their faith. For she did not, and, as she thought, *could not believe.* Nor could she be induced to pray.

Such was her state of mind when the revolution of February, 1848, drove Louis Philippe into exile, and inaugurated once more a republican form of government in France. The count was elected a member of the National Assembly, and this circumstance led the countess and Miss Edwards to accompany him to Paris at the very moment the cholera was raging most virulently. The countess, alarmed, was just preparing to return to her family, when she was seized by the plague. Her friend at once, as by a sudden inspiration, offered her own life to God in exchange of that of the countess, on the condition that He would bestow on that dear soul the gift of faith. The sacrifice was accepted, the countess was spared to live and die a most fervent Christian; Miss Edwards was carried off by the pestilence, rejoicing that God had heard her prayer, and beseeching him to remember in his mercy her friends in England, and one above all others, whose love still lived in her faithful heart.

## UNLADYLIKE AND UNWOMANLY CONDUCT.

It should never be forgotten by families whom God has blessed with wealth, all the more especially when that wealth has been accumulated from the labors of the poor, —that persons forced to accept the position of lady companions, are, without exception, deserving of the kindest sympathy, and accustomed to be treated with respect. They are not born to such a position, nor prepared or trained for it from girlhood, but compelled to seek for it by misfortunes for which they are in nowise accountable. They are ladies not unfrequently born amid wealth equal or superior to that of the family of which accident makes them inmates,—ladies of refined feelings, sensitive nature, and very superior education.

To such is always paid by the true woman and the true lady the respect due to one's own sex and to the requirements of the former position, as well as the reverence due to unmerited ill-fortune, and the delicate attentions and cordial hospitality which make a shrinking, sensitive stranger forget the old home in the affectionate warmth of the new.

Our kind and generous-hearted readers will easily understand the lesson conveyed in the contrasted conduct of the two women mentioned in the following narrative, every detail of which is taken from real life in our own community. They will appreciate, we are confident, our endeavor to make of every mother who may take kindly to our teaching one able to fill her sons with that spirit of Christian chivalry we have already eulogized. One of its fundamental laws was reverence for woman and life-long devotion to her service.

A family of gentle blood and very superior culture had been involved by the imprudence of one of its members in disasters that swept every thing away but a bare competency. They settled, thereupon, in a remote part of one of the middle Atlantic States, and betook themselves to farming on a large scale, while some of the elder sons pursued the studies

already begun in the liberal professions. The daughters inherited from their mother remarkable mental powers, which the most careful home education had developed to the utmost. But with this devoted mother's death other calamities befell her husband and children, and one of the oldest daughters, ambitious to be of help to her younger sisters, and much against the wishes of the whole family, sought the place of governess.

It so happened that the person who first answered the advertisement belonged to the class not then very numerous and called by the French *grands industriels*. His wife was the daughter of one of his business connections. There was wealth; there could, there ought to have been, if not the high breeding and refinement which come naturally with gentle blood and training, at least the gentleness, the delicacy of tact, and the courtesy which are the inseparable accompaniments of a true womanly nature. What there was, and was not, in the wealthy man's home, we shall see presently.

The oldest brother of the young lady, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade his self-willed sister from a course which deeply mortified him, felt himself bound to see that in the family she was going to there should be every thing to secure her comfort and self-respect. The mansion was far away from the city, and, though only a summer residence, it was magnificently furnished and surrounded by beautiful grounds. Both the master and mistress received the young gentleman, already most favorably known in his profession, with the most profuse assurances of interest in his sister, and reiterated promises that she would be treated in every respect as their own sister and a member of their family.

He, however, felt exceedingly uncomfortable amid the loud luxury of this splendid abode, and not at all reassured by the spontaneous promises of its masters. A last effort, on his return to town, was tried to dissuade the inexperienced and simple girl from her purpose; but she persisted.

To her surprise,—almost to her dismay,—she was received

with the coldest courtesy; a French maid, destined to be to her a perpetual annoyance, conducted her to her room, notifying her that in half an hour she would be called to dinner. The half-hour of expectation gave the new-comer ample time for contrasting her own hospitable and refined home to the cold and gilded vulgarity which stared at her from every side. When, presently, she went down to dinner, she only found the children in the dining-room; and, though surprised at not finding any other member of the family there, she so far mastered every painful emotion as to greet all her young pupils most affectionately, keeping up a most pleasant conversation with them till the meal was ended.

The mistress of the house, who, in her total ignorance of what good-breeding and courtesy demanded, had deemed it beneath her to welcome a governess on her arrival in the house, now majestically sailed into the drawing-room, overdressed, for her afternoon ride, and, without further preliminary, informed the young lady (whom we must designate as Miss Porter) of what she was expected to do. Beside her hard and impracticable task of teaching a half-dozen naturally good-hearted, but self-indulged and neglected children, Miss Porter was expected to teach their mother French. She was always to dine with the children, and, as they were in the country, she was to take tea with the master and mistress. But this great privilege was to be withdrawn on the return of the family to the city.

There was, happily, no time for reflection. The girl of seventeen was making her first experiment of self-reliance; and she nerved herself to the work before her. The training which her pious mother had given her enabled her to conceal a proud high temper beneath unruffled gentleness, the habitual result of conscientious self-restraint. She threw herself at once into her work of winning the children, and at once made a conquest of every one of them. This affection at least, she thought, would be one sweet compensation for the trials which she instinctively foresaw; and she would have pleasant and engrossing occupation in

cultivating the young minds and hearts intrusted to her, after the same manner her worshiped mother had developed her own qualities.

She was not a handsome girl; but intelligence, innocence, and goodness lit up her refined features with a radiance far superior to mere beauty of outline or complexion. Her simple black dress, too (for she was in deep mourning), lent her the additional charm of interest in the eyes of her sympathetic young pupils; and thus the afternoon was soon passed, to their extreme delight, in a variety of anecdote and illustration, which instructed and charmed them.

At tea, the unwary and unsuspceting girl was drawn out by her host, Mr. Z——, on a number of most interesting historical and literary topics; and she, who had always been accustomed to hear such matters discussed in her own family, very naturally answered him to the best of her power, displaying not only remarkable and extensive culture, but great originality of thought and uncommon conversational power. He was delighted,—but not so his wife. Had the simple-hearted girl but caught the eyes of Mrs. Z——, and noticed the strange light that filled them, she might have been warned in time.

The conversation was kept up after supper; and the sincere enjoyment felt by Miss Porter during this first evening in her new home would have gone far toward removing the feeling caused by her chilling reception, if the mistress of the house had not suddenly and without any apology broken up the little circle by retiring very early.

Once in her own room, the sense of loneliness overwhelmed the poor orphan girl like the sudden rush of a mighty wave, and she gave way to the tears she had so long struggled to keep back. But her sweet exercises of devotion afforded a timely and most blessed relief. A chapter of "The Imitation of Christ," taken at the first opening of that golden book, gave her delicious words of light and comfort, as if they had been just written there for her by the hand of the Master himself; and then came the night prayers poured out as if she knelt visibly before the entire court of Heaven,

and she almost felt that the Blessed Mother was interceding for her, and as if a sensation of nearness to her own saint-like parent stole on her soul like a soothing and blissful presence.

Happily, too, she knew not as she lay down to her much-needed repose,—that her mistress had already become her enemy, and that the French maid had sworn to be her foe from the moment she had crossed the threshold. Mistress and maid from that very first evening had exchanged opinions about the governess, and each found that she could make use of the other to render that young life miserable while within their reach.

Ah! if that selfish, under-bred, jealous mother had only known what a treasure she and her children possessed in the young stranger,—a child almost, who had at length lain down to slumber so peacefully beneath the watchful eyes of her heavenly protectors, how much she might have profited by the talents which afterward proved to so many a blessing beyond all price!

But with the very next morning began a series of petty annoyances on the part of the maid, and of vexations and humiliations on the part of her vulgar mistress, which went very near breaking that sensitive young heart and ruining the child's health forever.

The breakfast and dinner with the children,—though she felt the humiliation deeply,—would have been acceptable to the governess, because it afforded her opportunities of teaching her pupils good manners, and of reciprocating the delight her company never ceased to cause them. But the French maid, with a mock humility, found means of informing her in presence of the children, and of one or two servants, that her mistress never allowed governesses to dine with her. When the hour arrived for giving Mrs. Z—— her lesson in French, the coarse nature of the purse-proud thing showed itself in some pettish remarks about Miss Porter's not pronouncing French as well as the maid; and to decide the question the latter was called in to give her judgment on Miss Porter's proficiency. Yet the brave little

orphan resolved that she would keep both her temper and her place, were it only to improve the children who grew hourly more fond of her. And so she began her term of service, of servitude rather, resolved to work and

. . . "Wait from weary day to weary day."

Shall we detail the trials to which the unprotected child's patience, temper, and self-denying generosity were put by two women tacitly leagued to humiliate and wound her at every turn? And how, under all this unkindness and malignity, the young heart began to faint and sicken, and the brave, self-reliant spirit to grow weary of the intolerable burden it had to bear? For there was no one to whom she could, even if she would, open her full heart.

Then, although the children had their drives regularly each forenoon and afternoon, their governess was never permitted or even asked to accompany them, while the French maid became their almost constant companion in these recreations. Whatever outdoor exercise the poor drooping girl wished to take, she took alone in the grounds. Mr. Z——, it was but too apparent, had been lectured by his wife for presuming to draw out Miss Porter in conversation; and, for peace sake, he was as dull as he could be both at the tea-table and in the drawing-room. But what was most galling to one who was a gentlewoman by birth, and accustomed to the very best society, whenever strangers visited the house she was not only excluded from the dinner-table but from the tea-table and the drawing-room.

At length the sad tone of some of Miss Porter's letters to her family awakened the suspicions of her brother; and one afternoon he and one of her sisters suddenly made their appearance in the house. It so happened that at this very moment some of Mr. Porter's most valued friends were visiting Mr. Z——, and the governess, for whom the visitors had a warm affection, had been, with an ingenious cruelty, debarred from every opportunity of speaking to them.

Nevertheless Mr. Porter was received with the utmost courtesy and apparent warmth, and proffered all the hospi-

talities of the mansion. But there was evident embarrassment in the politeness of Mr. and Mrs. Z——. The cause was soon made known by the young governess herself, who threw herself into her sister's arms with the joy and relief of one who escapes from the rack. And yet it was with extreme reluctance the poor girl told her tale. The brother could scarcely contain his indignation, and would have his little sufferer return with him that very evening. But her three months had not yet expired, and she was determined to fulfill her engagement. So, at her most pressing entreaty he consented to allow her to remain ; and it was agreed that no hint should be given to Mr. Z—— or his wife, of the revelation Miss Porter had been forced to make. The people were, he justly thought, so much beneath himself and his sister, that they must scorn to show either anger or resentment.

So Mrs. Z—— was not gratified by witnessing either the exhibition of Miss Porter's feeling as she wept on her sister's neck, or when she leaned her head on her strong brother's shoulder, and promised him, through her tears, that she would do all the good she could to the children during the remaining weeks of her stay, and seek in prayer and communion with God the comfort which never would be refused to her.

She was thenceforward, if possible, more patient and more devoted ; she certainly was brighter and stronger. She felt that the strong current of welcome sympathy flowed daily to her from the hearts of her dear ones at home ; and from on high a still more powerful current of interior life lifted the young heart upward and bore it joyously forward amid the increasing persecutions she had to endure.

At length the three months came to an end. Before the end, however, another family at Washington, fitted in every way to prize Miss Porter as a companion and an instructress, had eagerly solicited the privilege of possessing her. They had become acquainted with her brothers and sisters, and were drawn to them by the twofold sympathy of

the same religion and the same gentle blood and refined tastes.

Mr. Z——, when it was too late, remonstrated with his wife on the loss of the invaluable governess, to whose worth he had never been blind, and reproached her, very uselessly, with her most unkind treatment of a woman who, he declared, was infinitely her superior in every way. This did not mollify the heart of his partner or dispose her to regard the departure of her victim with any feeling akin to regret. The leave-taking cost the children sincere pain; they had been vastly improved by their beloved teacher, and never forgot her beautiful instructions and still more beautiful character. Her influence, however, was like the passing foot-prints on the sands of a stormy beach, soon blotted out by the next waves and the rubbage they left behind in receding. Their parents have long since been dead, nor shall the mention of their names on these pages lift them up from the utter nullity in which they and their fortune lie buried. Their children have built after them neither a name nor a fortune.

In Washington Miss Porter became in very deed the joy and delight of her new friends. She was loved as a sister by the noble woman who prized to their full value all her extraordinary gifts. The children fairly worshiped their teacher, and made under her uncommon progress both in learning and in the science of self-control and self-denial. But their generous mother, impervious as her unselfish nature was to any thing that savored of jealousy or littleness, seemed to make it her delight to bring forward her young friend on every possible occasion, using every industry to call forth her powers. Thus Miss Porter unconsciously found herself one of the most brilliant stars of Washington society, shedding around her a light and a warmth that created no envy, made her hosts of friends, and left her the same simple-hearted, pure-minded girl she had been at her mother's knee. Of her after career we say nothing. God knows it, and she would not have the world praise it.

## PRACTICAL RULES FOR GOVERNESSES.

The two preceding narratives must dispense us with much counseling. We have in them touched upon some of the principal difficulties and hardships that this numerous, hard-worked, little understood, and ill-paid class of persons have to meet with. We trust in God's blessing on this book that wealthy mothers who read it,—especially if they be such as would listen respectfully to a priest's instruction or adjuration,—will be touched by His grace to deal kindly, gently, generously,—in all Christian charity and courtesy,—with those to whom they commit the whole or part of their own sacred function of teaching and educating.

Parents, of whatever rank, should remember that young women who fit themselves by long and careful training for the sacred functions of educators in families, are persons whom it is almost sacrilege to treat with any sort of disrespect; what then must the guilt be when such persons are degraded systematically, not only in the eyes of servants and other dependants, but especially in the eyes of the children whom they are expected to instruct and educate.

Surely mothers,—Christian mothers, alive to the surpassing importance of a thorough moral education, and conscious, too, of the sacredness of the duties they devolve on all persons to whom they intrust the training of their children,—ought to be also aware of the absolute necessity of securing to such persons the utmost respect and consideration within their own households. The reasons for this are peremptory. In the first place, these persons represent the mother herself (represent indeed both parents), in her most sacred office of teacher. Now reverence for the mother's person, and for this her office, demands that all who fill her place shall be reverenced in like manner. The second reason, akin to the first, is, that to teach, one must have authority; for, as we have said in another chapter, "without authority there can be no discipline, and without discipline there can be no education." A third reason is, that

the dearest interests of both parents and children are involved in the result of this education; the interest of the parents, whose happiness must depend largely on the moral and intellectual advancement of their offspring,—and, above all, the interest of the children, whose future, temporal and eternal, is mostly secured or sacrificed by the training they receive.

It would seem inconceivable, therefore, that even worldly-minded parents should be so blind to what they owe themselves and their children, as not to choose their governesses with exceeding care, and to treat those of their choice with equal affection and respect. But that a Christian mother, fearing God and her own accountability to him, should not deem it a most conscientious duty to have her governess reverenced as she would have her own self, and aid in securing her the regard and affection not only of her pupils, but of servants, friends, and acquaintance—is simply monstrous.

We appeal, then, to the worshiped and zealous mothers whose whole heart is in their home-work,—in making of their sons and daughters children of God,—to welcome to their families the governess they have scrupulously selected as they would an own sister, and to make her feel that she is regarded as such.

This is one of the home charities,—and it is also good policy. We now address ourselves to the governesses themselves.

## WHAT A GOOD GOVERNESS MUST OBSERVE.

She also must have her heart in her work; loving it for its own sake, and for the sake of Him who is to be both her chief helper and her magnificent rewarder, and for the sake of the children, whose welfare and future ability must depend so largely on her labors.

Bear this well in mind; your success,—even supposing you could succeed without His ever-present help,—would be a barren and a joyless one without having your heart set on seeking and pleasing God before and above all things.

This is the *sursum corda* of the divine sacrifice, the lifting of our hearts and aims to Him from whom are light and knowledge and docility of soul, and progress in all the ways of true wisdom and true happiness. Cultivate and cherish this loftiness of heart.

Be conscious of your own fitness for every branch you have to teach,—and do not rest satisfied with a half knowledge of any science which may be necessary or useful to you. Remember that, so long as you live,—devoting yourelf as you do to teaching,—*you must study to improve yourself*. This conscientious desire for perfecting yourself in every thing worth the knowing, and the knowing well,—will be to you a most precious resource should you happen to be with a family where you are left to yourself. In religious orders, one of whose chief labors is that of teaching, professors after their class-hours are left to the solitude of their own rooms. He who writes these lines has himself thus taught for a good part of his life; and he knows by experience how sweet is that solitude in which one may refresh one's heart in brief and sweet communion with God, or in completing one's knowledge on some topic of actual interest or probable future necessity.

Be most conscientious in preparing the matters you have to teach, as well as in taking the very best means to communicate your knowledge to each one of your young hearers. If your heart is in your work, you can scarcely fail in this. Study carefully the characters, dispositions, and ability of each pupil. Love them, make them love you. Omit no art or exertion which can make them consider the school-room as a delightful place, and school-hours as a time of real enjoyment. There will be true enjoyment for them, if each hour and each lesson makes them feel that they have learned something. The ripe fruit from the tree of knowledge, which you will gather for them and present to them daily, you can make the daintiest and most appetizing of fruits, if you only use your woman's skill and cunning in preparing it.

With those who are slow be patient. Do not confound

slowness with dullness. In looking back over our own college years, and those spent in teaching, we can now see many, very many boys who were considered dull because they had not the retentive memory or quick apprehension of others among their school-mates. But many of the men of quick wit and powerful memory have come to nothing, like trees blossoming before their time, and dropping their unformed fruit before autumn had arrived; while we now see the slow men, some even of the reputed dunces, foremost in the senate, at the bar, on the bench, or gracing the priesthood.

Form the judgment and intelligence of your pupils well, without, however, neglecting their memory. Make them understand every thing, give them a reason for every thing; illustrate what is difficult or obscure by comparisons or analogies. All this will give the young minds you are forming a thirst for study, and will attach them to you. For just as women of your age can make the very birds, beasts, and fishes troop together to be fed by them, or even take their food fearlessly from the well-known hand, even so will the minds which you feed daily with sweet and dainty food yearn to be with you for fresh nourishment.

Be gentle, calm, self-possessed, well-bred, and reserved. There is always in a true womanly heart a good deal of motherly affection and tenderness,—which children will feel as they would the sparks from a charged electric receiver. Let them feel that in your heart there is that genuine pulse of motherly kindness, while you restrain it, and keep on it the check of reserve and dignity. Outside of school-hours, let this lady-like and dignified reserve never quit you.

Then, again, never omit an opportunity of increasing your pupils' love for their mother. This is one of your duties, and its faithful discharge will not fail to make her your fast friend. Show her yourself the utmost respect; and avoid seeking to be familiar or confidential, no matter how much you may be disposed to be so.

You will need great patience with all children; with some

you will need extreme patience. You must endeavor to school yourself to *supernatural* patience, — practiced for His love who consummated our redemption and bought our souls from Hell by going to the pillar and the cross like a lamb to the slaughter. Few are the souls,—no matter how stubborn, how vicious, how perverse,—which are not overcome and won by meekness and forbearance.

*Bear and forbear*, then,—if you are sensitive, and know yourself prone to exaggerate or to create, in your trouble, phantoms which disappear with the return of serenity of soul. Precisely because you are thus sensitive and fanciful, never act or speak under irritation or emotion. How often have we to regret what is spoken or done impulsively! How often do over-sensitive and imaginative persons make themselves utterly miserable over a word or a look, to which their own fancy lent a meaning and a coloring without any existence in reality!

Be strong enough, brave enough to bear with a great deal, both because all have to bear with much, and because the very patience practiced at the present moment may purchase for us the grace which shall secure all our future happiness. It often happens that in a family, the mistress whose looks or words offend others, all unconsciously to herself,—is sadly burdened with many cares and griefs, and most deserving of your heartfelt compassion. If the sore heart, which she heroically conceals while filling all the duties of her station, were laid bare to you, you would kneel down to worship its goodness, instead of taking offense at the look of pain never meant for you, or the unconscious word wrung from her as from one on the rack.

And *forbear*,—from judging, from speaking, from acting hastily even on your good impulses. Be *mistress in the house of your own soul*, especially while you are under the roof of another; and this discipline will enable you, when God's good time has come for you, to be truly *mistress of your own house*, governing it patiently, gently, lovingly, and wisely; loved of your husband, your children, your servants. All this will come of that sweet womanly for-

bearance learned and practiced by you while dependent on others.

Imitate to the utmost of your power the examples of the lovely girl mentioned in the section on lady companions. Should the family in which you find yourself be one lost to all sense of religion, see what your example may do to enlighten them. Perhaps God has sent you to them to be the means of their salvation. Perhaps their conversion may be the sole work on which your own eternal salvation depends. It may even be that there can be for you no place in the Company of the Blessed, save on the condition of having these souls now given to your zeal as a living crown around you there. Is it not worth while to try what you can do with them? And,—then, again,—is not the Divine Workman with you, in whose hand you are only an instrument? Ah! we do not consider often enough, all of us—priests and laymen, men and women, young and old—how much good He would do with us, poor weak instruments though we be, if we would only leave ourselves passively, humbly in the Almighty hand! Nor do we take time to reflect that even a living instrument, a living heart,—which will not obey that wise and loving hand, exposes itself to be cast into the fire. . . .

Persons who have been well brought up, and have had from infancy all the opportunities and graces necessary to form both mind and heart, are but too apt to misjudge families which have never enjoyed these advantages,—families that have risen to opulence through a brave struggle with obstacles of every kind, and in which the parents are either unconscious of their own deficiencies, or deplore them most bitterly. When brought suddenly into contact with such persons, we are shocked and repelled by their rusticity, their rudeness, their apparent lack, not of culture only, but of all religious principle. We judge rashly.

One most dear to the writer, and who is now with God, happened to be situated in some such circumstances as these. A privileged and beautiful soul himself, and blessed from his birth with all the divinest influences of a Christian

home and training, he found himself all at once living with people foreign to him in religion, in culture, in manners, even in the way they spoke his language and judged of all things human and divine. There was discontent, aversion, and a repulsion so great that he was on the point of withdrawing from a place to which, as events proved, he had been providentially led for the benefit of this very people.

On the eve of the day fixed for his departure, he dreamed that he was traveling in a mountainous region and had to scale a lofty chain which opposed itself like a wall to his further progress. As he climbed with his guide the fair slope facing the south and east, their path lay through a succession of lordly oaks and chestnuts, to the fir and heath-covered region near the top where every variety of wild flower grew and scented the air. But the steep northern acclivity offered a barren and almost naked wall of rock, on which a ray of the sun never rested, and deep dark ravines running down to the gloomy valley beneath. As our young traveler gazed amazed and impatient at this scene of weird desolation, murmuring against the barrenness and horrors of the place, and contrasting it with the smiling and fruitful slopes they had just passed, he was reproved by his mysterious guide. "See you not," said he, "that the cause of all this wealth of tree and shrub and flower that you have been admiring and praising, is the sunlight which floods it the whole year round,—while not one ray of the beneficent light ever warms these steep walls of barren rock, or cheers the deep gloom of yonder fearful ravines?"

The sleeper awoke to understand that man's soul also needs the sunlight of divine grace to warm its barren and rugged nature, its dark and dangerous sides, into life and fertility and moral loveliness. So he remained true to his post, and the spot where that vision was sent him now blooms with the fairest flowers and fruits of supernatural goodness.

Let us also be warned by our own very fretfulness, impatience, and uncharitableness that it is not the Spirit of God

who inspires our distaste or aversion ; and let us gain his blessing by applying ourselves, with his aid, to bring light into the dark places, and to make what is barren and naked bloom like the garden of God.

Where this inferiority of culture is apparent in the mistress of the home,—it must be your study never to allow her to feel that you perceive her deficiency or that you are conscious of your own superiority. On the contrary you must endeavor to be more respectful and deferential than if she were your superior in intelligence and accomplishments, as she is in wealth or social position.

Should it so happen, however, that you cannot remain in the family,—no matter from what cause,—there are two things which it behooves you to observe in leaving : the one, that you continue to the very last moment to show yourself the true lady, not permitting yourself either complaint or quarrel, though never so bitterly provoked,—that not a word escapes your lips that can lower you in your own esteem ; the other is, to make every sacrifice of feeling, temper, and even interest, rather than not part in perfect friendship with the family.

But, supposing the worst,—that you cannot leave, and that your life is almost made intolerable,—we cannot impress on you too strongly the necessity of strengthening your soul by prayer, by the sacraments, and by an unfailing trust in God. There is a precious lesson in this well-known song :

"One by one the sands are flowing, one by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going, do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee, let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,—learn thou first what these can teach.
One by one (bright gifts from Heaven), joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given, ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ; do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee, shadows passing through the land.
Do not look at life's long sorrow ; see how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,—so each day begin again.
Every hour that fleets so slowly has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy, when each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting, or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting, look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token, reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken, ere the pilgrimage be done." *

Were it given to every one of you,—as to an only and beloved sister in the chivalrous days of old,—to arm your brother as God's own knight, and to send him forth to do and dare and bear the utmost for the cause of the oppressed and the captive, would you hold him back because it might become his fate to be taken prisoner by the infidels or by some rude son of violence and blood and detained in bondage for years? The annals of these glorious ages say that many a brave youth so detained made of his bonds the means of enlightening his infidel captors, or of converting from their evil ways unchristian Christians.

You, women,—you, young women, particularly,—are to revive the chivalrous spirit of old, by arming yourselves with an invincible faith and patience—and seizing every opportunity and employing every occupation of yours to illuminate the dark places, and to plant the cross of Christ and the love of the Crucified in every home and heart to which you have access. So,—be brave-hearted, work, and wait!

"A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing;
And the lime branches where soft winds are blowing
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the Spring!

"A little longer yet—a little longer,
Life shall be thine; life with its power to will;
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

"A little longer yet—a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear;
And thy true heart, that now beats quick to hear them,
A little longer yet shall hold them dear." †

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* Adelaide Anne Procter.

† *Ibidem.*

## SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

The rules given above to governesses, as well for their spiritual advancement, as for their intellectual improvement, their thoroughness in every branch they undertake to teach, their devotion to their pupils, and their general deportment, apply to this most numerous and most respectable class of women,—young women, for the most part, in our country.

To parents who destine their daughters for this most important and most honorable profession, as well as to young girls who feel impelled toward it, there is one suggestion we feel bound to make. Let no influence or temptation ever induce the former to send their daughters to mixed colleges or normal schools, or the young girls themselves to consent to go there. It is one of those extreme cases where parents who fear God, instead of using their authority to throw their innocent children in the way of certain danger, are bound on the contrary to use it in dissuading and preventing them from a course fraught with peril.

## SPECIAL TRAINING FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS: IN ENGLAND.

We are addressing our advice to Catholic parents, of course; to those of other denominations we have no right to speak. In England the pupil-teachers who are preparing to graduate as school-mistresses receive a special training from the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, or from the Sisterhood of the Holy Child Jesus, both of which were especially selected by the Government, in conjunction, with the bishops, as the persons best fitted to train young girls for this vocation.

## IN CANADA.

In Canada, Government has intrusted the female department of the Laval Normal School to the Ursulines of Quebec, and in Montreal to another sisterhood equally eminent for

their method of imparting instruction. The professors of the normal schools repeat their lessons in the convent, a grating separating them from their pupils, and one or two members of the community always presiding during this course of instruction. They, as well as the junior members of their own order who wish to profit by the special lessons thus given, see every thing without being themselves seen by the gentlemen professors.

Let no one say that such a manner of proceeding is prudish or monkish or medieval: all we know is, that it has covered the country with most admirable school-teachers, while affording the latter the inestimable benefit of living beneath a roof which protects their innocence, and of being associated with the sisterhood in their magnificent schools, which thus serve them as a practical training-school.

### HIGH STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

This continual seeking after the highest excellence, both in the sciences to be acquired and in the methods of communicating knowledge to others, has a most elevating effect on the Sisters themselves as well as on the pupil-teachers. It compels the former,—even were they inclined to be satisfied with a low standard of excellence,—to aim at having in their own professors and in their methods the very highest ideal, and of never being satisfied with mediocrity or a wretched system of make-shifts.

It is the wish and the aim of the hierarchy in the United States to have for all Catholic schools teachers trained to this twofold superiority of knowledge and method, as well as moral purity. This is a result which all good Catholics and good citizens are bound to promote by every means within their power. For on our success in forming school-teachers equal at least, if not superior, to all others in attainments and practical ability,—and decidedly superior in living faith and practical piety,—depends not only the welfare of the Republic, but the honor and prosperity of religion itself.

So, in religious communities, where such young girls are formed, no pains or sacrifice should be spared to make them perfect and unexceptionable in every way; every such pupil sent out from our academies ought to be enabled to take her stand at once before the public as an accomplished teacher and a trustworthy teacher. In our parish schools the formation of these young girls ought to be for the pastor, and for all who assist him in the divine labors of education, a matter of unremitting zeal. While directors of conscience, when they have discovered what is the bent of these young girls, ought to bestow on their guidance and instruction in solid and enlightened piety more than ordinary care.

The whole future of the Church and the country lies in this very point.

## IMPORTANCE OF PROPER REMUNERATION.

To our magistrates, legislators, and public men who have not only the making and administration of our laws, but the distribution of the public money and the remuneration of every public trust and service,—we would earnestly represent: that of all the professions devoted to the service of the commonwealth not one is more worthy of respect and liberal support than that whose sole occupation is to educate the sons and daughters of the laboring classes,—and not one, at this writing, is more exposed to be sacrificed to the illiberal and ignorant cupidity of our municipal politicians.

Defenseless young women, who have spent all their years since early girlhood in fitting themselves for this most important function of public teaching, are not only overworked, but they are underpaid, and are threatened with a further reduction of the wretched pittance received from the people's money.

They are the daughters of the people,—intrusted with the performance of the labor of all others most affecting the homes and happiness of the people. We appeal to

the people to see to it that their hard-earned money go rather to the support, independence, and necessary comfort of this devoted class of teachers, than to swell the already too rich gains of so many functionaries without any thing like a serious function to perform.

### ADVICE TO THE TEACHERS THEMSELVES.

To the teachers themselves we cannot too earnestly recommend a sincere love of their profession, a firm determination to rise daily to a higher degree of excellence both in their knowledge and method of teaching, a love of their holy work for the sake of the work itself, and a fervent piety which will not only enable them to see God present in the school-room and aiding their own earnest labors, but God's angels too, invisibly present and seconding every effort to enlighten the young minds and hearts intrusted to them.

### DEVOTION TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Never begin your class without a prayer to the Guardian Angels; make your little ones join you in it. Give them an early knowledge and love of these glorious spirits; teach them what their ministry is toward us,—who are God's adopted children. This will easily seize upon intelligence, imagination, and affections. This sweet and most beautiful devotion to the holy angels appeals easily to the heart of childhood; and, besides, it places the mind of youth in the central truth of the entire supernatural order of which Christ is King, and these great spirits are the administrators in our behalf.

### PATIENCE WITH PERVERSE PUPILS AND PARENTS.

Do not be cast down or discouraged in your divine work of doing the best you can with every child committed to you, either by the rudeness or perverseness of the children themselves, or by the ignorance or stupidity of the parents.

Well do we know how much the work of education depends on the sympathy, the support, the cordial co-operation of the parents. Well also know we how dispiriting it is to find any thing but sympathy or support from those to whom one would naturally look for both; how the head aches and the heart burns, when a superior is cold or indifferent where he ought to be fervent in his praise and most zealous in his assistance, or when a stolid father or peevish mother interferes to prevent all reformation or progress in a child, or to ruin discipline by taking away from the teacher all authority.

## IN DEEPEST DISCOURAGEMENT SEEK CHRIST.

These hardships,—of general and daily occurrence,—make the load a poor teacher has to bear intolerable: and what can we say to each one of you, who faint beneath your burden, without a voice to cheer you or a hand to raise you up? This: Look to Him who is ever by your side, especially in your hour of trial. "The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom: and dost thou seek for thyself rest and joy? Thou errest, thou errest, if thou seekest aught else than to suffer tribulation; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries and everywhere marked with crosses. . . . Set thyself, then, like a good and faithful servant of Christ, to bear manfully the cross of thy Lord, for the love of Him who was crucified for thee." *

And here is the voice of human wisdom and common sense helping to cheer you on your way:

> "I think we are too ready with complaint
> In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
> Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
> Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
> To muse upon eternity's constraint
> Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
> Must widen early, is it well to droop
> For a few days consumed in loss and taint?

* "Imitation of Christ," b. ii., ch. xii.

O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be better in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
'Because the way is SHORT, I thank thee, God!'" *

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* Mrs. Browning.

# CHAPTER XX.

## THE TOILERS OF THE SHOP AND THE LOOM.

'Tis also well to tell thy heart
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.
But bitter hours come to all:
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comforts call.
Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee,
As one of a great family.
Then strive more gladly to fulfill
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every living will.
ONE only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet:
Then thou mayst take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years;
And through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.
And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw
Where all is good. And life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## THE DIVINE COMFORTS OF POVERTY AND TOIL.

VERILY, without this magnificent brotherhood between angels and men, and between man and God himself incarnate in the son of Mary and become the elder brother of us

all,—there would be but little light to cheer the dark places of perpetual and hopeless toil, but little comfort to warm poverty shivering over the expiring embers on her hearth-stone, with scarcely a morsel of bread for to-day and naught but bitter forebodings for the morrow. What would the world be,—even the labor world of our free America,—without the faith in Him who said, "Blessed are the poor! . . . For theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" Oh! fools, fools that we are ever for one moment to forget or overlook the sublime, the all-embracing REALITY, that we are the heirs of eternal bliss, toiling, suffering, humiliated for a little space of life, to rest, to enjoy, to be glorified everlastingly.

We are drawing near Christmas-tide, with its entrancing memories,—its cavern by the roadside, the crib, the Babe, the two worshiping figures of Mary and Joseph, the exultant music that streams down from heaven, and the poor shepherds hastening to the new-born King. The Church cannot contain the joy which floods her maternal heart at the sight of our Elder Brother thus beginning his life of toil and poverty and suffering, and at the heavenly glory which floods that wretched cave, floods the hills around with their poor weary watchers, floods the crowd of poor worshipers round that manger throne, the royal maid and her carpenter husband, and these shepherds with their garments all wet with the heavy dews of midnight; and so, even after the joyous season has passed, she sings, as her look is upward to the "multitude of the heavenly host," and to the open gates of the everlasting city:

*Dies venit, dies tua,*
*In qua reflorent omnia*
*Lætemur et nos in viam*
*Tua reducti dextera.*

"The day returns, this day of thine,
And all's again in bloom arrayed:
Led safely by thy hand divine,
May we the gladsome chorus aid!" *

* Breviary Hymn.

Hail, then, ye daughters of toil and poverty, infinitely dear to the heart of Jesus Christ, dear to the heart of his poverty-loving mother, and most dear to that of royal Joseph,—Joseph the carpenter, whose existence was devoted to unwearied toil for the support of these two, and whose blissful privilege it was to die in their embrace, cheered by their voice, and made infallibly sure of the eternal joys by the presence and the word of the Redeemer of Israel! May he inspire us with words of light and strength that may find their way to your minds to show you in what a right royal road you are traveling, if yours be the path of hard and unceasing toil,—and reach your hearts to make you love this divine company of toilers in which our Jesus is ever chief, and in which his most beloved companions are the mother who bore him and the faithful man who watched over his infancy and boyhood! We approach the ranks of this great army of women laborers with reverence and awe, seeing at their head these three august personages, the most so of all whose feet have ever touched and hallowed this earth of ours. And beneath the eyes of these three we desire to write every sentence, every word in these remaining pages, that so, the good done thereby and the consolation brought to sorely tried hearts, may be the pleasant crown of our toil in this book.

## TOILERS IN THE SHOP.

In those Christian ages when religion was free to lighten gradually and then to break forever the yoke of the bondsman, to lighten also the burden of the laboring man, to give to labor its dignity and to secure to the laborer by her edicts and influence a just remuneration, there was offered to the world no spectacle so sad, so disgraceful to the manhood of Christendom as these millions of women who in the most civilized (!) countries are, at this moment, subjected to labors more intolerable, and accompanied by prospects of livelihood much less certain, than the worst criminals ever condemned to the galleys!

## HOW THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH FREED THE SERF.

It may be well to see, just as our boasted nineteenth century,—the great century of *humanity*,—draws toward its close, how the Church in the year 1060 raised the poor serf, tied down to labor on the soil, to the dignity of a freeman, and in whose name she did it. We are in a monastery where a solemn assemblage of lords ecclesiastical and temporal is held to bear witness to a solemn act of emancipation. Here is the instrument:

"In the name of God, the Almighty Father, and in the name of his only Son, who was incarnate to deliver men from the slavery of sin, and to adopt them as his sons, we, that He may deign to remit us the sins that we have committed, restore to liberty our men who have been subject to the yoke of servitude: for the Lord God has said: Remit and it shall be remitted to you: and in speaking to his Apostles, He said, You are all brethren. Therefore if we are brethren, we ought not to keep any of our brethren in a servitude which they do not owe to us, as Truth himself declares, Let no man call you master,—blaming less the arrogance of human pride, than the injustice of domination: that is why we emancipate from all servitude our serfs, both men and women." *

## HOW SERVITUDE IS RESTORED IN OUR MIDST.

How happens it that in this great city of New York there is an army of women,—young for the most part, some of them scarcely emerged from early girlhood,—whose numbers are daily increasing, and who are as helplessly, almost as hopelessly, the slaves of our wealthy shopkeepers, as if they were born bondwomen on their hearths,—and bound to give their taskmasters unlimited labor without the legal right to be housed, clothed, cared for in illness, or secured by their owners against sheer starvation?

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* *Archives de Congues dans les Mémoires sur le Rouergue.*

Taking those among the weary toilers who are supposed to stand at the head of their class, the head dress-makers and saleswomen,—though compelled to wear costlier attire than their sister seamstresses, they are not much better off in the way of remuneration. A head dress-maker has to serve an apprenticeship of several years of the hardest labor and closest application before she can hope for steady employment. During this long and laborious preparation she has to support herself and to dress well; and, when she does succeed in finding a position, her scanty wages go almost entirely toward providing herself with the stylish and costly raiment which her employer insists on her wearing, in order, as he says, to please the fashionable customers who daily pass through her hands for measurement, etc. . . . Then, again, she is responsible for the work of her aids and of all the seamstresses who work under her direction. Stuffs lost or spoiled, dresses wrongly made, etc., are placed to her account. We say nothing of the jealousies and countless annoyances inseparable from such a position.

## HARD LOT OF DRESS-MAKERS.

Together with this cruel responsibility there is toil without cessation, both for the head dress-maker and for all under her. How ill requited are these interminable days, and, not unfrequently, sleepless nights, we need not say. The strongest constitutions soon give way, and the ruin thus wrought is irreparable. No medical skill avails to build up again a frame overworked long before its maturity, or, what is more, to raise up the spirit hopelessly broken by a long struggle against fatigue and poverty, intolerable tyranny and utter despair, at an age when a young girl needs the open air and the sunlight, and all that is most pleasant and cheering in God's bright world.

There are other hardships, other dangers—of a still more serious nature, and to which we would fain not be forced even to allude. Let us, therefore, give this class one word of advice and exhortation.

## ADVICE TO DRESS-MAKERS AND SALESWOMEN.

Respect yourselves sovereignly; and, precisely because you are poor, dependent, and constrained to do hard work for very little money, never permit any one placed above you in your labor, so much as to breathe a word capable of bringing a blush to your cheek. That you are dependent on your labor is not a shame, nor a disgrace, nor a sin; your poverty is honorable, your anxious desire to make your labor yield aid and support to the dear ones at home as well as to yourself, is most honorable to you;—but your virtue is God's treasure as well as your own most precious fortune: guard it with the spirit, the pride, the indomitable courage that become one who knows herself to be "a child of God."

You need not be told whence these dangers threaten you in your sacred honor: they come from the very necessity, sometimes, of being dressed above your means,—more frequently still from that natural vanity which makes one desire to appear as well as persons of one's own age and class, and whose rich dress seems to make them beings of a different order. "Handsome is who handsome does!" Remember it well.

Then, be punctual to hours, be faithful and conscientious in your labor; be strictly and most scrupulously careful never to keep or lose or waste the most trifling portion of what is committed to you. And to this high-principled honesty add a truthfulness that would scorn to equivocate or prevaricate in any circumstance, even when your horror of falsehood may cost you your place.

There is a class of women toilers worse off even than the seamstresses or milliners; they are the saleswomen, who have to dress very expensively, to be on their feet twelve or thirteen hours daily, without being permitted to sit down once! and yet they are exposed at any moment to be discharged without warning or reason. There is not a morning on which, at their arrival at the shop door, they are not liable to be told that their services are not needed!

## MODERN LEGISLATION HEEDLESS OF THIS SERVITUDE.

We hasten over these details with an indignation which we can but ill conceal; and yet we only touch very, very lightly on a few points, and not the worst points either, of a system which is daily growing in its oppressiveness, its pitiless cruelty toward the young of the weaker sex; and no manly voice is raised to protect them!

Besides, our indignation is all the more righteous, that our boasted civilization and improved statesmanship aim daily at ignoring more and more the protecting agencies employed in former times by the august Mother of nations and individuals, to shield women of every age,—the girl and the maiden, particularly,—against the tyrannies of labor, the sufferings of extreme want, and the many temptations to which youth and poverty expose the sex. Alas! the day is past when that Mother could raise her voice and compel the manufacturer and the shopkeeper, under pain of ruin temporal and eternal, to be just, to be kind, to be chaste, and fatherly; and compel, if need were, the sovereign, the legislator, and the magistrate to interpose their authority between pitiless greed and helpless indigence!

## AN INSTANCE ILLUSTRATING A SYSTEM.

One instance may here show both the magnitude of the evil we complain of, and the simple heroism to be met with in the class which are its victims. "Happening"—says our lady informant—"to have some dresses ordered for myself and my family, I went into one of the largest of our city establishments. After purchasing the silks needed, I was taken up stairs to the head dress-maker,—a pale, sweet-featured, and simply dressed person of about twenty-three years of age. She was exceedingly respectful and ladylike, and made quite an impression on me by the air of fatigue which was apparent in her very voice as well as in her eyes, and by the lines of extreme sadness and sweetness about

her mouth. It was, however, only on my second visit, and while fitting on some of the new dresses that, finding herself alone with me, the poor girl ventured to open her heart. 'Forgive me, madam,' she said, 'if I make so bold as to address you on something personal to me. I knew, the moment I saw you, that you were a Catholic, and felt drawn to you. . . . Indeed I need counsel and sympathy, for I am almost in despair. Since ever I came to this place, I have labored most devotedly to make myself useful, to please both my employer and his customers; and I have reason to think that in every respect but one they have good cause to be satisfied with my work. This sole cause of dissatisfaction—though they have not expressed it in words—comes from my not dressing as stylishly as they wish. With true ladies or gentlewomen like you, there is no difficulty: they do not object to my plain but neat black dress, and as I treat them with all proper respect and am successful in suiting their tastes, they always go away well pleased and are sure to return to me. But there are other fashionably-dressed ladies, who are not of your class, and do not know much about good manners or the refinement and gentleness that a true lady shows in dealing with her inferiors. These on coming up here and seeing me so simply dressed cannot conceal their contempt and dissatisfaction. This is noticed by my assistants, who, as you see, are much better dressed than I am, and who are, besides, jealous of my position here,—though, God knows, neither look nor word of mine has ever wounded them. I am satisfied that they have reported all this to my employer, for this very morning I saw an advertisement in one of the daily papers calling for a head dress-maker who can afford to dress stylishly. . . .

"'I have an aged father and mother absolutely depending on me at this moment,—for my brothers have been for more than six months idle, and have vainly sought to find work of any kind. Thus, living as we do, not only economically but poorly, and refusing ourselves every thing that is not strictly necessary, you can imagine how impossible it is for

me to dress stylishly. I know that there are others around me who do so, and can no more afford it than I can. But God forbid I should accept rich robes and jewelry at the price they pay for theirs! So, you see, how heavy my heart is, and what a relief it is to unburden it to one like you. For, to my employer I could never make known the distress and poverty of my father's home.'"

How it has fared with this interesting and conscientious girl our informant could not tell us. The case, on the whole, is a very mild one. But it affords a glimpse of the aching heads and weary hearts that are to be found in these great palaces of fashion to which our wealthy women daily resort, without ever knowing or caring to know aught of the tragedies that fill the lives of these heavy-eyed and heavy-souled girls who stand behind the counters or wait on them in the milliner's rooms.

## WOMEN IN MANUFACTURES.

We have mentioned the words milliner and seamstress; they form an army by themselves. Of the still greater army of women employed in fabricating the rich and gorgeous materials that fill our merchants' warehouses, as well as the hundreds of other articles that are known to trade as the special industry of women,—we could now wish to speak befittingly. It is a hard task. But let us draw a picture of these mighty hosts of women toilers from a work just now passing through the press, and compiled from the most authentic and the best official sources.

## THE GLORIOUS SIDE OF MODERN INDUSTRY.

"What is called *la grande industrie* has given birth in the present age to so many wonders, and so many marvelous creations, that we are too apt to forget what has been the cost of all this progress. When we go into one of these exposition buildings where all the masterpieces of strength, patience, skill, and taste lie before us in splendid array, we

cannot help yielding to a warm sentiment of admiration and gratitude toward that resistless power which is laboring unceasingly to transform the face of the earth. Here are light, soft, silky tissues whose mingled colors remind one of the brightest flowers,—cloudy-looking gauzes whose warp and woof are invisible to the eye, sparkling gems which the miner dug up from the earth under the shape of a dull pebble, and whose artistic setting combines all the elegant fancies of every age and clime. Over there are still greater wonders; . . . telescopes, which shall soon leave the firmament without a single unexplained mystery, and render daily the impress of the divine hand more manifest; microscopes, which in exploring the infinitely small almost equal in analytical power the creative power itself. Further on you see these prodigious furnaces that produce weekly as much as two thousand tons of iron, these stupendous pieces of machinery with which you might think you could move the world, these mechanical forces which, if combined, would equal the force of gravitation of this terrestial globe; and then, again, the wonders of steam navigation, of railroad traveling, and photography; in fine, that electric cord which will soon inclose the earth in a symbolic circle, place us in instantaneous communication with our antipodes, and thus enable science to begin to realize the great unity of the human race foreshown by the gospel.

"In presence of such an exhibition one almost feels one's self becoming a pagan, deifying over again human might and genius. . . .

"Such is the song of triumph and thanksgiving which industry breathes into her sons, and which all of us, on certain occasions, find ourselves singing. But we should soon change our language if we could only see the wonder-worker at her task in her own laboratory. We should wonderfully moderate our enthusiasm if we only knew how much the masterpieces displayed to our view have cost, and are still costing, of suffering, tears, and blood,—of lives of men and women and children! The inventor has not been the only victim sacrificed to his love of science and human-

ity; not rarely entire generations have sacrificed their health in bringing about a single industrial progress.

## THE MURDEROUS SIDE OF MODERN INDUSTRY.

"What is still worse, the most frequent victim of industry is not man, fitted by his nature for the struggles and dangers of active life and outdoor labor;—it is woman, it is the child which the implacable necessities of trade opposition and of the laws of cheap production sacrifice, against all the laws of nature, to the unceasing toil of the factory. . . .

"Medical science has drawn up a list of the diseases which women infallibly contract while pursuing this sort of life. We must summon courage enough to read this long and mournful catalogue.

"First of all comes the woman worker properly so called, who belongs to all ages and countries,—the seamstress. Bent over her work during whole days, and sometimes whole nights, she loses her erect form and becomes round-shouldered; she frequently becomes a bloodless, consumptive thing, and almost certainly loses her sight. If she works on a sewing-machine, its continuous pulsations are sure to produce the most serious organic disorders.

"Girls who work at the loom are equally to be pitied: they are often quite young children, and with their little undeveloped bodies, and feeble strength, are forced to spend eleven, twelve, and thirteen hours standing upright near a loom, the continuous clatter of which never fails in the long run to disturb the nervous system.

"The woman, the young girl, whose skilful hands have woven the richly-colored stuffs which delight our eyes, is subject to various ulcers and other serious disorders of the circulation of the blood, arising from this compulsory habit of standing all day; nay, she may be troubled with the painful disease known as the noise of the shuttle evermore re-echoing in her chest." *

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* René Lavollée, *La Question du Travail des Femmes*, in *Le Correspondant* of October 25, 1877.

### DISEASES OF COTTON AND SILK SPINNERS.

We are all but too well acquainted with the chest diseases and hemorrhages caused by the fine cotton dust or film floating in the atmosphere of large factories: they destroy yearly numberless victims. Lace-works and fine embroideries send numbers to an early grave; and so does the manufacture of silk in all its stages. The putrid emanations of the cocoons, and the steaming processes to which the threads are subjected, produce consumption, vomiting of blood, and putrid fever; while the carding, etc., is accompanied by sore eyes, cerebral fevers, and inflammation of the lungs.

### MORAL DISEASES.

We fear to dwell on this point. Moralists and economists have drawn up a far more formidable list of the disorders begotten in the soul by the atmosphere of the factory and the workshop, than the distempers with which the body is afflicted. Nor must we Americans flatter ourselves that we have preserved our manufacturing system and our industrial establishments from the terrible swarm of evils which have settled on them in Great Britain or on the neighboring continent, and have been as fatal to home-life, to the growth of all the fair flowers and fruits of domestic virtue, innocence, and happiness, as the locust plague periodically proves to the fairest and most fertile regions of Africa.

### GODLESS INDUSTRY A SOCIAL PLAGUE-SPOT.

Serious students of history, scientific men, and travelers will appreciate our purpose in thus warning, by these illustrations, the public conscience in our own midst. One* whose unrivaled pen has written so many most beautiful and instructive volumes, thus describes the beginning and progress of that fearful plague:

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* John Henry Newman.

## ILLUSTRATED BY THE AFRICAN LOCUST PLAGUE.

"His finger was directed to a spot, where, amid the thick foliage, the gleam of a pool or of a marsh was visible. The various waters round about issuing from the gravel, or drained from the nightly damps, had run into a hollow, filled with decaying vegetation of former years, and were languidly filtered out into a brook, more healthy than the vast reservoir itself. Its bands were bordered with a deep broad layer of mud, a transition substance between the rich vegetable matter it once had been, and the multitudinous world of insect life which it was becoming. A cloud or mist at this time was hanging over it, high in air. A harsh and shrill sound, a whizzing or a chirping, proceeded from that cloud to the ear of the attentive listener. What these indications portended was plain. . . . Agellius and his guest looked at each other in dismay. 'It is the locusts,' they whispered to each other, as they went back into the cottage.

"Instances are recorded in history of clouds of the devastating insect crossing the Black Sea to Poland, and the Mediterranean to Lombardy. It is as numerous in its species as it is wide in its range of territory. Brood follows brood, with a sort of family likeness. . . . Even one flight comprises myriads, upon myriads, passing imagination, to which the drops of rain or the sands of the sea are the only fit comparison. So dense are they, when upon the wing, that it is no exaggeration to say that they hide the sun. And so ubiquitous are they when they have alighted on the earth, that they simply cover or clothe its surface. . . . Not only the crops and fruits, but the foliage of the forest itself, nay, the small twigs and the bark of the trees are the victims of their curious and energetic rapacity. . . . They take pains to spoil what they leave. Like the Harpies, they smear every thing that they touch with a miserable slime, which has the effect of a virus in corroding, or, as some say, in scorching and burning it. And

then, as if all this were little, when they can do nothing else, they die;—as if out of sheer malevolence to man, for the poisonous elements of their nature are then let loose and dispersed abroad, and create a pestilence; and they manage to destroy many more by their death, than in their life." *

## DANGERS IN A NEW AND FREE COUNTRY:—THE ARMIES OF WOMEN TOILERS.

To estimate the risk in a new country, with immense undeveloped agricultural resources, the danger to population and to morality, threatened by the probable increase of the manufacturing industries, we have only to glance at the number of women and children employed. In 1860 there were already 73,605 women employed in cotton factories alone; in 1870 the entire manufacturing establishments of the Union employed 323,768 women, and 113,088 children. Taking the intermediate year 1865, we find that the single State of New York had 32,000 women in its factories, while Pennsylvania counted 60,000 women, and Massachusetts had 83,000,—women in this last State being as three to one in the woolen and cotton factories. We are now near the end of another decade, with a fearful increase in these numbers, in the proportion especially of women and children,—for manufacturers, not to be driven off the market, will turn out cheap goods, and in order to do so, they must employ the cheap labor of women and children.

## NUMBERS OF FACTORY WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

Surely we are within safe bounds when we say, that, at the beginning of 1878, there are no less than 500,000 women and children employed daily in factory work throughout this great republic, without counting that other smaller host of toilers in our city stores and shops from year's end to year's end.

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* "Callista," ch. xiv. and xv.

## THE PRODIGIOUS HOSTS OF WOMEN TOILERS IN EUROPE.

Think of these numbers,—and then look beyond the Atlantic to the fearful hosts of the same degraded and sickly toilers to be found in European countries. In Switzerland, where the population is primarily one of farmers and shepherds, manufacturing industry does not offer the physical or moral dangers that it does even in our own Northern States. Nevertheless, in 1870, Switzerland counted in her various factories 62,396 women and 9,540 children.

In Germany, on December the 1st, 1875, there were 257,000 women employed in the various industrial establishments throughout the empire, of whom a large proportion were children. Belgium has upward of 400,000 women toilers; linen fabrics alone occupying 113,000 women. England and Wales, in 1871, had 1,522,000 women workers in their industrial establishments; and of that immense army 428,000 were under twenty years of age. We had rather not speak of Scotland.

Such are a few of the statistics that enable one to estimate what is the lot of the vast majority of women in the new democratic era, and under the benign influence of the socialistic civilization whose approach is daily predicted.

## SOCIAL OUTLOOK FROM THESE NUMBERS.

The debasement, the enslavement, the physical, intellectual, and moral ruin of woman;—the destruction in the child of the fairest and loveliest promises of womanhood;—the destruction of the poor man's home by the very toil to which industry subjects his wife,—the physical impossibility of rearing children, when the mother cannot be a true mother to her offspring, nor the father the protector of his wife, or the teacher of his children;—and the planting by the hearthstone of every laborer, instead of the cross of Christ and the sweet belief in the Father of the Poor and the Orphan, the symbols and the creed of the new humanity and fraternity:—this, and much more than this, of hopeless

misery and moral desolation, is to be the outlook of that Christendom which the Church of our fathers had created?

### THE ANCIENT CHURCH THE SOLE HELPER OF WOMAN.

No,—please God! She is still living to speak to the minds and hearts of the toiling millions, to cheer and sanctify and guard their homes; to bless the union of the working-man with his chosen companion, to baptize their children, and protect their souls and bodies from the advance of these odious doctrines, and the hosts of impure and loathsome creatures that undertake to propagate them.

There is no authority, no living institution, no power on earth conscious of its ability to save woman, to save our homes, to save society and civilization from the joint destructive forces of an industry without a conscience and a socialism without a God, outside of that grand old Catholic Church, to whom alone have been made the promises of immortal life and unfailing love for the nations.

Would to God that a spark of the divine fire which ever burns in the heart of the great Mother, could glow in our words, as we now address ourselves to all enlightened readers in favor of these mighty armies of women toilers the whole world over!

### APPEAL AGAINST HEARTLESS INDUSTRY.

We warn manufacturers and capitalists of every kind, who employ large numbers of persons, that they cannot persist in violating the laws of conscience, of humanity, of nature, without at length turning and banding against their heartless greed all the forces of the moral world,—nature, humanity, and conscience, marshaled against them by a revolted public opinion.

Spare little children, spare girls of tender years, spare women who are burdened with the cares of maternity. You need the labor of the poor man; you shall need, presently, the labor of his sons and daughters: pray tell us

what sort of children can that overworked, bloodless, consumptive woman rear,—if you persist in thinking, or in acting as if you thought, that her nerves and muscles can outlast the iron and steel of your machinery? And how often have your looms broken down or got out of order, since she began her long labors by day and her vigils by night in the midst of their ceaseless clatter? You are careful, however, to repair your looms, or to renew a broken shaft, or wheel, or bolt;—but what care you for the restoration of that poor, pale woman's health when it gives way at length, or for its preservation by plentiful and wholesome food, by a warm and comfortable home, by refreshing sleep, and the simple, sweet delights of her own fireside?

### IT CUTS DOWN THE TREE TO GATHER THE FRUIT.

Foolish man! You do not cut down in your garden the peach-tree, the pear-tree, or the apple-tree to get at their delicious fruit,—for, you are mindful of the needs of another season;—you would not set fire to the cotton-field in spring because a late frost had impaired the prospects of the next harvest: are the homes of your workmen, and workwomen, less dear and less precious to you,—even in view of your industrial prospects, than the field in which the cotton they manipulate is grown? Is the peach, or the pear, or the apple, a fruit more rare or precious in your calculations than the children of your devoted toilers?

### IT DESTROYS THE CHILD, THE WOMAN, AND THE HOME.

Your are careful to prune the tree, to manure it, to take every measure that the currents of life, each year, shall be renewed and reinvigorated in trunk and branches; and you exhaust the currents of life in the veins of your working men and women, and care not what may befall them, provided that your mills turn out so many bales of goods at a stated time. The child you employ is crippled even before she enters girlhood; the fresh and blooming

girl before she reaches womanhood is like a half-opened flower, drooping, colorless, and wilted on its stem; while the once healthy and happy mother affords no nourishment, or only sickly nourishment to her puny offspring.

Is not this an outrage on the most sacred laws of nature? on what the moral world holds to be most dear?

### LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

But there is worse than this. We hold up as a mirror the following description of maidenhood and womanhood in European factories, and leave it to our experienced readers to say if the features seen therein are those of any of the girls or women employed in our great American establishments.

### BIRTH OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

"Moralists show us the factory girl born amid want and corruption, almost entirely separated from her mother by the requirements of the workshop, forsaken rather than reared in one of those wretched burrows which are the only home of the working-man, and in which the only examples set before her childish eyes are scenes of drunkenness and dissipation: these examples follow her first footsteps as she begins her industrial career, while still a child. For even at that tender age she can sift the coke cinders and watch a few spindles, or perform some other light labor not above her strength.

### HER GIRLHOOD.

"It too frequently happens that by applying her to such untimely and barren labors as these, no time is left for religious instruction, for attendance at school,—nay, even for the outdoor exercise so necessary to physical development. Thus the child grows up to adult age, and becomes an apprentice.

"At this critical epoch begin for factory girls the terrible

trials that so few of them pass through victoriously. Left alone and unprotected, without experience or instruction, in the midst of vast and crowded workshops, subjected to daily labor lasting eleven, twelve, or thirteen hours, obliged to be at work before dawn and to leave it after nightfall, obliged also, too often, to work side by side with men, and almost invariably underpaid for their labor,—these poor girls are exposed to ever-present temptations and allurements to sin.

### HER MAIDENHOOD AND ITS DANGERS.

"Should it happen that the sexes are separated in the workshop the girls are still under the direction of the male superintendents, who, from their authority and influence, can do great mischief. In fine, during the long working hours in the unavoidable half-intimacy arising from proximity in the same occupation, conversations are carried on in half-whispers, and very unedifying confidences are made by one girl to another, which open up to an innocent soul an evil world unsuspected hitherto. Then, there are coarse jokes, indelicate allusions, raillery more fatal than outspoken obscenity,—and, above all, the contagious example of their associates,—all combining to destroy the very last remnants of native modesty preserved beneath the paternal roof. . . .

### HER MARRIED LIFE.

"The industrial labor of women,—and this is its most serious result,—tends to the utter destruction of the working man's family, and the desertion of his home. Leaving the house before sunrise and returning to it after dark, and tied down to her post in the workshop during the daytime, the working-woman is only in name a wife and a mother; she is degraded down to the nature of a factory hand. There are no more meals in common, at least during the day; for she has no time to prepare them. There are no fireside joys

for her: how can she tidy and brighten things in her poor little home when she comes back to it after twelve hours of hard labor, harassed, exhausted, and only yearning for rest and sleep? There are no sweet meetings at evening, after the day's toil, between husband, wife, and children. The husband knows that he will find no fire on his hearth, no warm food to cheer him, nothing but a dirty and untidy room, and a nervous and ill-tempered woman. So he will go, like his mates, to the tavern, to eat and drink with them there, and to go home at midnight, if he goes home at all.

### HER BARREN AND DESOLATE HOME: BABY-FARMING.

"There are no children in these desolate homes. They are a nuisance to parents who have to work all day,—they take up too much time. Scarcely are they born, when they are sent to nurse in some of these well-known 'baby-farms,' where the deaths among these little innocents yearly amount to 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, and 70 per cent. . . . All are thus deprived of this tender care so needed by infancy, of these first teachings given by a mother through her tears or her smiles; they lack that first education on a mother's knees (*l'éducation des langes*), which no after-training can supply." *

This then is the plague-spot, this the nature of the pestilence. Assuredly there is any thing but exaggeration in this statement. There are manufacturers, we gladly acknowledge it, in our great industrial districts, who are careful both of the health and comfort, and of the morality of their working men and women.

### AMERICANS SHOULD BE AN AGRICULTURAL AND SEAFARING PEOPLE.

But ours is, or ought to be, by the very force of circumstances and from the splendid bounty of nature, an agricultural and pastoral country,—a country of prosperous far-

* *La Question du Travail des Femmes en France et à l'étranger.*

mers and hardy seafaring men. Such avocations ought to secure the republic, for ages to come, happy, peaceful, virtuous homes, healthful and robust parents, with a robust and healthful and numerous progeny. Our industries, if carried on extensively, should be regulated by the same wise laws and the same spirit which prevail in the cantons of Switzerland.

### SUCH WAS THE IDEAL OF THE PURITANS.

As things are, or threaten to be in the near future, the Eastern States, the proud cradle of American freedom and thrift, are threatened with the total and speedy extinction of the original population; and that which will fill their places for a brief time will be swept away in their turn by the pestilential blight which is now on the homes of the Puritans.

### INDUSTRIAL NEW ENGLAND REALIZING THE LOCUST PLAGUE.

Shall we point in vain to "the plague of locusts," and the pregnant lessons it teaches?

"The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body, as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mold or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the huge innumerous mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. . . .

"Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on. . . .

"After they had done all the mischief they could by their living, when they had made their foul maws the grave of every living thing, then they died themselves and made the desolated land their own grave. They took from it its

hundred forms and varieties of beautiful life, and left it their own fetid and poisonous carcases in payment." *

Assuredly the brave-hearted men and women who first landed in Massachusetts Bay, and who reclaimed from the forest and the inhospitable climate and the hostile forest-tribes the rugged soil on which they planted their own homesteads, contemplated the creation of a commonwealth and a race devoted principally to agriculture, and next to seafaring. It never entered their minds that, with a whole continent as their birthright, their descendants should cramp their souls, stunt their bodies, impoverish their blood, and make their homes barren and desolate, by turning the fair land into a vast workshop.

### THIS EXTENSION OF INDUSTRY A BLUNDER.

Thank God, this plague-spot, which is a political, a social, and a moral blunder, is as yet confined within narrow limits;—and in the Middle States, in the South and the growing West, American homes are still sanctuaries of domestic virtue and happiness, woman is not degraded to a something little better than a machine, and man is not likely to become a socialist, "a working-man made drunk and poisoned with the wine of communism and unbelief," and becoming, living and dying, like the locust plague, the curse and blight of a continent which God has made so beautiful and so wealthy.

But, impossible as it is to reach or remedy this enormous evil in its effects on family life, on women, and young girls, we can, at least, try to make our instructions and exhortations reach the homes and hearts of these vast armies of poor toilers,—noble toilers, so many of them,—worthy of all the sympathy and zeal of true-hearted men and women throughout the country.

### REMEDIAL MEASURES FROM RELIGION.

Can we wonder that the Church, in her infinite tenderness for human souls tried by suffering and exposed to the most

* Newman's "Callista," ch. xv.

terrible temptations, feels so anxious to multiply her orders and communities of religious women, for the sole purpose of ministering to the bodily and spiritual wants of these hosts of their needy sisters? At this moment, our American women, remembering all that their own dear ones endured during our late civil war, are zealously employed in organizing relief associations for the sick and wounded of the two great armies contending on the battle-fields of Bulgaria and Armenia. That is laudable.

But let our charity, O American women, begin at home; and let us turn our eyes and hearts toward the bodily sufferings, the heart-aches, and the deep, deep misery of the five or six hundred thousand women, girls, little children, whose lives are poisoned, whose bodies and souls are destroyed, and whose homes are made desolate and utterly ruined, by the excessive abuses of industry!

## HOW THE CHURCH PROTECTED WOMEN TOILERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

We have related above how the Church, in the ages of faith, freed the slave and the serf from their bondage; we might have told how she protected labor and industry of every description, encouraging both the freedmen farmers in the country, and artisans and laborers in the towns, to form associations for mutual aid and defense. She only interposed her authority to prevent such associations or guilds from becoming oppressive to their own members or aggressive toward others. She limited her care over them to the securing of obedience of the laws of God and the State by every one of their members, and to the practice of justice and brotherly charity toward each other. As early as the twelfth century the industry of the Low Countries (comprising the present kingdoms of Holland and Belgium) was very much developed, while, on account of the very narrow limits of arable land, agricultural occupations were confined in some parts to comparatively few. Hence there were many obstacles toward the settlement of

poor girls or obtaining proper employment for them, and a large proportion of persons of the sex were thus forced to live in celibacy and left without any certain means of subsistence.

It was a sad state of things, for which the Church alone, the common parent, could find a remedy. Just when this multitude of homeless and unprotected women were at their worst, God sent a holy priest called Lambert-le-Bègue (or Lambert the Stammerer), who united these poor defenseless girls into communities half monastic and half industrial, where, living under a rule and obeying one common superior chosen by themselves, all could unite a life of retirement and prayer with a life of profitable labor,—all who chose making the ordinary vows of chastity and obedience during the time they chose to remain within the protection of the community, the others binding themselves to observe the rules while living there. Both the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities united to secure such a blessed retreat from danger or intrusion of any kind; and thus the women toilers who swarmed over the land found there either a sweet, safe, and permanent home, if they chose to abide there and accept the light yoke of the rule, or they found a secure and blissful home—as compared with the lot of their sisters outside—while they labored for a time in laying up provision for the future and practicing all the virtues they might bring with their savings to an independent home of their own.

### LAMBERT-LE-BÈGUE AND HIS LABOR COMMUNITIES.

From the holy founder, Lambert-le-Bègue, these women were called by the people Béguines,—a name which the virtues they practiced and the countless services they rendered to the public caused to be blessed all through the land. The chief cities of Holland and Belgium were but too glad to favor the establishment of branch communities, and thus down to the present day the dense and hard-working population of the Low Countries has found for its

women toilers a most blessed refuge and protection in the creation of a poor priest.

At this moment the city of Ghent possesses two vast Béguinages, both founded in 1234, that of St. Elizabeth, containing some seven hundred inmates, and the other upward of three hundred. These resemble little towns in the midst of a great city, each being an aggregation of separate houses or convents under their own immediate superiors. They have a parish church of their own, and a cemetery; hospitals and infirmaries. From the very beginning they devoted themselves to sewing, weaving, embroidery, lace-work, and all other work congenial to the strength and habits of their sex. Of course they were bitterly assailed from age to age by the guilds or associations of weavers, etc.,—as well as by some of the religious orders, who disliked a mode of life which partook both of monastic discipline and secular liberty. Other establishments, founded in imitation of that of Lambert-le-Bègue, while copying some of the main features of his rule, added others less favorable to that union of religious fervor and application to labor which was his great aim. These spurious Béguines fell into various disorders, became infected with heretical opinions, and threw great discredit on the name throughout Germany. Nevertheless, the original establishments maintained their hold on the public esteem, and were protected by bishops and magistrates against foes of every kind.

And so the industrial centers of the Middle Ages were preserved from the double plague-spot of physical degeneracy and immorality. Surely, in our own dear country, the day may come when our hard-worked young men and women will be shielded in like manner beneath the folds of her mantle, who is alone upon earth the true mother of the children of God.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN IN FACTORIES.

As things are in our midst,—we can only encourage, in our manufacturing towns, young women working there, far

away from their families, to be most careful in choosing both their boarding-houses and their companions outside of labor hours. Would to God there existed in every great industrial center some religious order of women who would provide comfortable, airy, and secure homes for these unprotected girls, and take a motherly interest in finding them safe companions, rational and improving amusements,—all the means of sweet rest for mind and heart and body after their long hours of factory work! In such retreats, where the pure and pious atmosphere of home affection would surround them, the Sunday would be truly made for these weary ones a day of spiritual and bodily recreation,—heart and limbs would recover strength enough to face anew the labor and trials of the coming week; and from amid the fatigues and depression of the week, these poor young toilers could look forward to the repose of Sunday, and to the loving care of holy women who would combine for them the tenderness of a mother and the trustfulness of a sister.

### HOW THEY ARE TO REFRESH HEART AND MIND.

The first need of a young girl, thrown a stranger into a large workshop, is to find a girl of her own age on whom she can lean, and to whom she may open her heart. This is an imperious necessity; and the danger is, that, in yielding to it, an untrustworthy companion may be chosen. There are many ways to avoid a choice so disastrous to the newcomer. It is impossible that there should not be in every large workshop, certainly in every factory, some one girl, or several, distinguished for goodness, prudence, and charity. These are well known to their companions, and a stranger anxious to find out one such who may be a guide and counselor to her, has only to look about her at first. Her own instincts, if she be truly good and God-fearing, will soon direct her safely,—in virtue of that rule by which like soon discovers like. Besides, if God places on your path a true priest, a man of God, who knows his flock well, he will easily and willingly direct you, a stranger, and desirous of

saving your own soul, to some person who will prove a true and trusty friend to you. There are, too, in every village and town, in every manufacturing center, several families at least, whose goodness is as well known to all as the town-hall or the parish church. Seek an acquaintance with these. If you be what we have supposed you to be, they will have no hesitation in showing you kindness and hospitality at first, and then, when they know you better, in admitting you to their intimacy. It will be a priceless blessing for you to find some such a household where your heart can be rested and refreshed once a week or more, by breathing the atmosphere of purity and peace that fills it, by letting the loving kindness of true hearts flow into your own just as the silent dew or the soft, warm summer rains sink into the thirsty and parched earth. And when you are privileged to be received into such a household, show how highly you value it by seeking no other so long as they are contented to allow you to find your needed rest and recreation there. Let your respect, your gratitude impel you to be more attentive, more kind, more devoted daily to every member of the family.

## VALUE OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Should you not find a family of this description, God will send you a true friend,—and be both thankful and devoted to her. Two hearts drawn to each other by that love which has God for its principle, will find a thousand ways of pleasing each other, will be each a rest to the other from care and grief and discouragement. Two girls truly devoted to each other will not fail to devise from week to week new methods of recreation and amusement. Their good share of woman's wit will be good security against wearisomeness. But being, as we have said, God-fearing, they will both seek together in their exercises of piety and the frequent use of the sacraments the surest and sweetest heart-rest within reach of the lonely and the toilworn.

Yes,—for every one of you, poor children of toil, no mat-

ter on what part of the busy, noisy, wearisome factory-world you happen to read this, be sure that there is no refreshment so great and strengthening as that which you will get in the heart of a friend full of God's love and grace, and in going frequently to his heart who is your Redeemer and your chiefest rest on earth and in heaven.

### READING AND MUSIC.

But the mind also needs repose and refreshment. If you have neither books nor other safe amusement, try to have the conversation of a friend, when you are freed from toil, and talk of pleasant things, forgetting the workshop, with its sights and sounds, and the whole world of labor and wretchedness connected with it. If there are libraries from which you can borrow, then try to have some work that can really rest your mind,—that can take you away into a better and brighter world than that in which you are condemned to toil on from day to day. If possible, read this book aloud with your friend ; read in turns, and as well as you can, improving yourselves thereby. Should there be singing classes anywhere in which you can join, and should God have given you a good voice, then learn to sing, and sing with your whole soul. The exercise will develop your chest, and will give you for after-life a most delightful means of recreation for yourself and others.

Should you be employed on factory work demanding education and a certain culture,—if you have learned instrumental and vocal music,—then indeed will it be your own fault if your leisure hours do not afford you recreation that will be truly refreshing and elevating as well. Cultivate most assiduously both of these accomplishments, and make them useful in lightening the burden and refining the life of those of your sister-laborers who are less fortunate than yourself.

### BEWARE OF EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The temptation to dress as well as the best, and then to outshine the most dressy, is one to which many girls weakly

yield. They forget that this temptation leads to others far more fatal,—to the love of admiration, and to the road to ruin. Dress neatly always, never showily; and never be tempted to dress beyond your means, or even to go in dress to the full limit of your means. Neither men of sense nor women of sense admire showy girls; because they are not girls of well-balanced minds, or, but too frequently, of trustworthy virtue. Be anxious to cultivate both your mind and your heart: store the one with useful knowledge and the other with the fear and love of God. Showy hats and fine feathers often cover brains little better than a peacock's; and a showy silk dress is but a sorry covering for a fickle heart or a shaky reputation.

## BE SAVING OF YOUR WAGES.

No matter how scanty they may be, put by a part, though never so small, every week. Your generosity, while toiling so hard and rewarded so poorly, must be in denying yourself a good many little things which, if indulged in, would not add much to your happiness, and would take far too much from your little purse. Give moderately to such charities as deserve your support: it is not expected of you that you can have much to give. And piety does not demand that you should leave yourself unprovided against the day of need.

## BE PURE-HEARTED AND BRAVE-HEARTED.

You will find among your companions many who have never stained by deliberate venial sin their baptismal robe of innocence. If God has so shielded your soul, that you are thus privileged, then no words we could address to you could convey suitably our sense of the divine mercy in your behalf. You have read in the Old Testament history of the three Hebrew children cast into the flaming furnace by order of the impious Babylonian king. God's angel was with them in the flame, preventing it from harming them,

while they sang a hymn of triumph to the glory of their Almighty benefactor.

You know that your soul is as dear to the God who created and redeemed it as these souls were to him before he became incarnate. You also know that his angel is ever with you, to save, befriend, and protect you in every danger. It depends on you alone to put away that friendship and protection from you,—or to secure it more and more by your humility and fidelity.

### WATCHFULNESS OVER ONE'S OUTWARD SENSES.

You must,—in the trials to which you are exposed, and which are as terrible as the ordeal of the flaming furnace,—have eyes and not see, ears and not hear, hands which never touch any thing that can defile. Never open your soul to any affection, never accept or give love, that you do not feel sure is blessed of God.

Do you wonder how God can preserve a soul stainless, sinless, holy and pure in his sight, in the midst of associations which tend continually to soil and pollute? Then listen, and judge for yourself, and learn to trust your heart to His keeping who made it.

### HOW GOD CAN KEEP A HEART PURE AMID CORRUPTION.

Travelers in the West India Islands, or among the vast forests of the adjoining continent, find swamps covering immense tracts of country, all covered with water made nauseous and poisonous by all kinds of decaying vegetable and animal matter. There are no springs, not one drop of wholesome water to be found for those who journey through these trackless wastes, with the terrible sun of the equator raging over their heads. But God has made a provision,—a most marvelous one, for the need even of the poor idolatrous Indian wandering there. The Indian guide will, when the traveler's thirst is most intolerable, lead him up to a gigantic tree all covered with the serpent-like forms of vines,—and with two blows of his light hatchet the savage will separate a length of two or three feet of a par-

ticular vine, first above and then beneath, stopping up with his hand the lower orifice, and bidding his civilized companion drink. The latter will find the piece of vine thus cut suddenly off, to be filled with a water most pure and delicious to the taste, and which in that extraordinary climate is pumped up from the swampy soil to the extremities of that vine far above in the sunlight.

Will you ask by what process nature enables the roots of that vine to filter the impure and poisonous water all around, separating and rejecting every thing that is unclean and unwholesome, and sending up the water thus purified to refresh and to feed the wild vines of the forest?*

God has never yet revealed to mortal man the secret of how life begins or is carried on in any one living thing, animal or vegetable. But to preserve your soul sinless, to watch over the source of life in your heart, is infinitely more of a care to your Heavenly Father than to send the life-current of sap—pure, cool, refreshing and vivifying—through the wild vine of the forest or the lordly tree that supports it.

## "WELL KEPT IS WHAT GOD KEEPETH."

Put your heart in His hand;—"well kept is what God keepeth;"—and be brave-hearted. Do not be cast down, be-

* In Kingsley's "At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies,"—we find the following passage: "In one of these palm-groves we landed, for we were right thirsty; and to drink lagoon-water would be to drink cholera or fever. But there was plenty of the pure water in the coco-trees, and we soon had our fill. A negro walked—not climbed—up a stem like a four-footed animal, his legs and arms straight, his feet pressed flat against it, his hand clinging round it—a feat impossible, as far as I have seen, to an European—tossed us down plenty of green nuts; and our feast began. Two or three blows with the cutlass, at the small end of the nut, cut off not only the pith-coat, but the point of the shell, and disclose—the nut being held carefully upright meanwhile—a cavity full of perfectly clear water, slightly sweet, and so cold (the pith-coat being a good non-conductor of heat) that you are advised, for fear of cholera, to flavor it with a little brandy. After draining this natural cup, you are presented with a natural spoon of rind, green outside and white within, and told to scoop out and eat the cream which lines the inside of the shell, a very delicious food in the opinion of Creoles."—Ch. xiii., pp. 336, 337. See, also, *ibidem*, p. 159.

cause God is with you,—his child, and most dear to his heart. Accept your toil, every day that rises, in memory of him who toiled for you in the carpenter's shop; and when you stand in the midst of your companions, and the mighty machinery around you has begun to work and to clatter, love to remember that "the carpenter's Son," whose hand rules the motions of this vast and wondrous universe, is near you, that his love and protection surrounds like an atmosphere of peace and light. Lift your heart to him oftentimes through the day,—when you are weariest and faintest,—and think how your moments and heart-throbs are counted by him!

So will the pure heart be the brave heart. And, thinking thus of him who counts your weary weeks and days, and keeps in store for you the repose and refreshment of the eternal years,—you can comfort yourself also with such thoughts as the following:

### WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## SERVANTS IN THE HOME.

Exhort servants to be obedient to their masters, in all things pleasing, not contradicting, not defrauding; but in all things showing good fidelity: that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—ST. PAUL, *Epistle to Titus*, ii. 9, 10.

Servants, be subject to your masters. . . . Not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if, for conscience towards God, a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if sinning and being buffeted, you suffer it? But if doing well, you suffer patiently, this is thankworthy before God. For unto this you have been called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps.—1 ST. PETER, ii. 18–21.

No servant is truly devout who is not laborious; a lazy piety in persons of their condition is a false piety.—ST. ZITA.

What instruction and encouragement must not servants themselves have received from reading the words inscribed over the chapel in Rome (dedicated to St. Zita), *Felixque potuit duobus dominis divino humanoque fideliter inservire.**

## THE PATRON SAINT OF MAID-SERVANTS.

To very many of the readers of this book the mountainous and lovely region which gave birth to St. Zita,—a servant-maid from her twelfth to her sixtieth year,—will have a special interest in that it was the scene of the apostolic labors of one of St. Patrick's most glorious disciples. For to Lucca,

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* "And happily could serve two masters—a divine and a human—with faithfulness."—DIGBY, *Compitum*.

about the year of grace 550, came St. Frediano (Frigidianus), a native of Ireland, who revived religion and piety in that part of ancient Etruria watered by the rapid and turbulent Serchio. His eminent virtues caused him to be chosen bishop of Lucca in 560, and he governed its see till his death in 580. No city in northern or central Italy is more deserving of a visit from the traveler,—the traveler, especially, who is seeking for health,—than this beautiful city, "Lucca the Thrifty," situated in a plain which seems a paradise in the lovely springtide and early summer, with its silk factories dating from the age of Dante and its woolen industries of still more remote origin. It was a liberty-loving country also; for Lucca was, it is thought, one of the cities which formed the ancient Etrurian confederacy, and for three hundred years (1055–1342) maintained its independence as a Christian republic.

One stupendous miracle is recorded of its Irish apostle-bishop. The terrible Serchio annually flooded the fertile surrounding plain, and not unfrequently devastated it. But the holy bishop, acting under an inspiration from on high, sallied forth one day when the waters were rising and spreading desolation on every side, and while his people were praying to heaven for relief,—and seizing a plowshare, he traced a new course for the devastating river. Into this channel the obedient waters rushed, and through it they have flowed ever since! In the next century two of the Lombard kings, Bertharic and Cunibert, erected a splendid basilica over the tomb of this great public benefactor,—and within that beautiful and venerable church is the tomb of her whom the gratitude of six hundred years has loved to call the patron saint,—the model and protectress of servants,—St. Zita.

## WHAT A COUNTRY GIRL COULD DO.

Look we one moment into the mirror of her heroic life. She was the daughter of a peasant family living in the mountains some eight miles from Lucca,—a family, what-

ever may have been its poverty in worldly goods, most rich in those of Christian virtue ; for one of her uncles died in odor of sanctity in his hermitage on Mount Lupelia, among the Apuan Alps, and one of her sisters, Margarita, lived and died a saint in a Cistercian convent.

## A SERVANT IN HER TWELFTH YEAR.

When Zita was in her twelfth year she accompanied her father to market, taking with her a basket of beautiful flowers, an offering, it may be, for the shrine of St. Frediano, which was the loved resort of pilgrims from all the country far and near. At any rate the father and his child were met by a nobleman of the name of Fatinelli, whose dwelling was next to the basilica, and with him the little maid was left as a servant by her parent. This happened in 1224. From that day till her death, on the 27th of April, 1272, Zita lived in that household, near the shrine of her revered St. Frediano, fulfilling, as the years went by, all the offices of a faithful and most pious servant, and embalming the whole of Etruria, the whole of Italy, with the sweet odor of her angelic virtues and heroic charities.

Her noble master, who little knew how much the fame of his own house was to depend on the sanctity of that lowly maiden, spared her neither hard labor nor harsh treatment. But his children testified, long after he had passed away, that unkind words and harsh deeds never called forth from the much-enduring maiden a word of remonstrance or a sign of anger or impatience.

She grew up to be a most beautiful girl, simple and sweet, like the bright, fragrant flowers that cover the hillsides and deep secluded valleys of her own native Alps. She had many suitors, but had early given her whole heart to the Crucified, and had to bear many a rude assault to preserve her treasure amid the lawless and armed violence of that troublous period. But more than once, in defense of it, her wonted lamblike meekness was changed into the courage and strength of the lion.

## WHERE ZITA FOUND HER STRENGTH.

She drew this superhuman strength and all her other qualities from constant communion with the divine majesty in prayer, and that absorbing love of the hidden God, which would keep her soul entranced for hours, like that of Monica, near the mercy-seat. Nor did she employ the time set apart for her household work in these exercises of private devotion. Never was she known to leave any part of her domestic service unfulfilled; for she knew well that in serving her earthly masters with upright heart and scrupulous fidelity, she was doing His will to whom alone all right service is paid, and from whom all duty well performed has its assured reward.

In those ages, in free Lucca especially,—all classes, masters and servants alike, deemed it an indispensable act of piety to assist at the morning sacrifice, and much latitude was allowed, even in so industrious a beehive as Lucca, amid her teeming plain and flowering Alps,—to attend evening song. The practice of "Perpetual Praise," which St. Columbanus had brought from Ireland to Gaul, and from Gaul to the wild tracts around Lake Constance, he also established in Bobbio, where he died at the northern extremity of that same mountain range which Frediano had evangelized before him. And this heavenly practice of sending up at every hour of the night and day the sound of adoration and thanksgiving, was kept up by the great Benedictine family who supplanted the disciples of Columbanus, and by the Dominicans and Franciscans, who arose side by side with the Benedictines. The churches of Lucca thus resounded day and night with the voice of sacred song, and all laymen who were at leisure to do so loved to join in the psalmody. Zita, when her day's toil was over, found her delight in joining the worshipers in St. Frediano. She habitually rose at midnight and sang matins and lauds with the monks, or meditated and prayed before some favorite altar, or hidden in the gloom of some remote corner.

Nor did these vigils affect her health or impair her strength for the labors of the ensuing day. No strength is equal to such toil as that of a soul fired with the love of God and the neighbor. Zita came always away from the divine presence filled with a deeper reverence for her masters and a practical humility which showed itself in her unalterable patience and gentle bearing under ill treatment. It mattered little to her that they were in the wrong and she in the right:—whenever she saw them angry with herself or others, if meek and humble words did not suffice to turn away their wrath, she would ask forgiveness on bended knees.

This sweetness of disposition, this humility which was proof against the most unjust and degrading treatment, and which avoided praise or flattery as one would fly from the breath of the plague, produced a deep impression on the Fatinelli family, and inspired them at length with sincere veneration for this angel of their household.

## ZITA'S UNBOUNDED CHARITY.

An angel she assuredly was to all who were in need of bodily or spiritual assistance, this little serving-maid of the Fatinelli. The poor throughout the city and from the surrounding district soon learned to come to her, and where she found means to relieve their wants was the secret of him who blessed the charitable widow's cruse of oil and pot of meal. Her slender wages were all given to the needy, and so was every thing which the generosity of others bestowed on her. Besides, the sweet odor of sanctity cannot be concealed amid the obscurity in which God's humble servants hide themselves and their deeds, any more than the fragrance of the night-flowering cereus can be rendered insensible by the deepest darkness.

It took not very many years for the faithful citizens of Lucca to discover and appreciate the rare flower of holiness that bloomed beneath the shadow of San Frediano and at the very foot of their apostle's tomb. So, they were fain to

make the little maid their almoner,—feeling that a special blessing went with whatever was given by her hand,—and they were fain as well to beg of her in return the precious alms of her prayers.

It was affirmed by those who watched her closely and were in the secret of her good works, that God wrought many miracles through his lowly servant,—miracles which tended, every one of them, to cure or relieve the soul much more than the body.

### HER CHARITY WORKS A MIRACLE.

One day a pilgrim from among the crowds who continually flocked to the shrine of San Frediano, came for food and drink to the hospitable gate of the Fatinelli. It was in midsummer, and the poor man was faint with fasting and travel and the oppressive heat of the weather. But Zita had dispensed her store to the last morsel of bread and meat, and the last cupful of the native wine dealt out to wayfarers. In her unavailing compassion she was about to send him away, when, struck with a sudden inspiration, she asked him to wait, ran off for a vessel full of fresh water, and, making the sign of the cross over it, she bade him drink in God's name. The poor famished man tasted it, and drank a long, deep draught: the vessel was full, he said, of the most delicious wine he had ever tasted!

In the house she put away for the poor almost every thing given to herself for food; nay,—more than that,—she never slept in the neat and comfortable bed assigned to her,—but always managed to have it daintily prepared for the neediest of the poor or the sick who applied to her.

### HER CHARITY TOWARD SOULS.

Her charity toward the needy soul, however, far surpassed her care for the famished and the sick. It was then the custom,—one which has only been done away with by the impious revolutionary crew now controlling the government

of Italy,—that whenever a culprit was condemned to death, the bells of all the churches rang to invite the entire population to beseech the divine goodness in behalf of the sinful soul. Zita, on such occasions, not satisfied with praying with the entire household, would spend whole nights in prayer, pleading with tears and pitiful moans for that obdurate soul.

And so, year after year, from childhood almost to her lovely womanhood, and to the most beautiful maturity of old age, did that glorious life of self-denial and devotion to the welfare of others unfold itself. Long before her bodily strength began to wane, her noble masters, who had learned to prize their pearl of inestimable worth, would have her cease from her labors in their service. They begged her to consider herself a member of the family, and made ample provision for her support. But, as our readers may well imagine, Zita held her service, her dependence, and poverty of too high a value before God, to accept these honorable conditions. Not for one day or hour did she cease to discharge, so far as she was permitted, all the offices she had so long performed so lovingly, so dutifully. No increase of age or infirmity could ever induce her to abate her labors in favor of the poor and the sick, to relax her austerities, or to abridge her long hours of ecstatic prayer.

## THE SERVANT-MAID THE GLORY OF HER MASTER'S FAMILY.

The house in which she lived became almost a place of pilgrimage, during her lifetime; for prelates, princes, the illustrious and the learned, as well as the poor and afflicted, wished to look upon those angelic features all radiant like the face of Moses, with the light caught from long intercourse with the living God,—all were fain to hear sweet words of comfort or encouragement from that venerable woman, who had spent half a century in doing the work of a servant-maid;—princes and princesses, the highest and the best in the land, esteemed it a blessing to touch the hem of

her garment; and the poor and sick would kiss her very footprints on the street.

The public voice affirmed that on that night of April the 27th, 1272,—when Zita's pure spirit quitted its earthly tenement, a star of surpassing brightness shone in the firmanent above Lucca. The children, who worshiped her, as if by a common impulse, ran together toward San Frediano exclaiming: "Come, come, let us go to the basilica,—for Zita, the saint, is dead!" It was a wonderful event, and a most thrilling spectacle that which the glorious republic beheld during that night and the following days: the whole of central Italy seemed to be drawn as by some mighty magnetic force toward the spot on which lay exposed those venerable remains,—the virginal body of that lowly-born mountain maid,—one of the holiest and noblest of Italy's many noble and holy daughters!

### ST. ZITA STILL THE PROTECTRESS OF HER PEOPLE.

No one will marvel that her native republic should have chosen St. Zita for special protectress; nor has the veneration which her name inspires, nor the faith in her unfailing interest in the welfare of her people been weakened either by the lapse of time or the sad changes which political passions and revolutionary impiety have made in manners and institutions and the very face of all things. The new Italian government has discrowned the beautiful city, swept away from her circle of lofty walls and ramparts the shady avenues of grand trees, which attracted and delighted natives and foreigners alike; the voice of "Perpetual Praise" has long ceased to resound over the waters of the Serchio, and church after church has been blotted out with the old convents and monasteries. But they have not, as yet, dared to touch the venerable Basilica of San Frediano,—not through respect for the memory or the work of the ancient Lombard kings, or through reverence for the Irish apostle of the Lucchese, but through a temporary deference to the popular will;—for the people still cling fondly to all

that is connected with the name of their sainted benefactress. And so, even under Piedmontese rule, Lucca, each year, on the 27th of April, just when the spring has filled the land with beauty, fragrance, and song, renews the memory of her proud days of independence,—of the united reign of liberty and piety,—by celebrating with heartfelt enthusiasm the feast of her most glorious daughter.

## ST. MARGARET OF LOUVAIN—A SERVANT IN A TAVERN.

A contemporary of St. Zita's was St. Margaret of Louvain, who lived and died a servant in a tavern. Do not weary if our Mirror should afford you a brief glimpse at one whom the Church reveres and glorifies as a virgin and martyr.

Perhaps some of our readers will exclaim, "What! a saint in a tavern?" Ay, truly, a saintly servant-maid leading a life of supernatural virtue in a tavern, and not only that, but a tavern which its master and mistress made the abode of the most devoted Christian hospitality, as well as the home sanctuary of every virtue which true servants of God could practice. It is a wonderful lesson, but a most pregnant one. So, we pray you, bestow a very attentive look on these three saintly Belgian personages in yonder tavern at Louvain.

Remember, dear reader, that when we speak of taverns we mean those of the thirteenth century—of the year 1275,—not of those of the nineteenth,—in the year 1878. The thirteenth century was the age of St. Dominic and St. Francis, of St. Louis, King of France, and of St. Ferdinand, King of Castile; and the nineteenth century is the age of democratic triumphs and humanitarian creeds, of godless empires and the most abject and hopeless human misery. A tavern in a Christian city in the thirteenth century meant a house kept to afford cheap or gratuitous hospitality to the pilgrim and the wayfarer, in which all his bodily wants were reverently attended to for the love of God much more than for lust of gain, and where his faith, his virtue, his life and his money were alike safe from every danger. A tavern in the nineteenth century,—in

what was once a Christian country, or in one which boasts of its transcendent Christianity, is— . . . Well, we shall spare you a description of such as we know to abound in every thoroughfare of this vast metropolis. God forbid that the immense majority of our readers should ever be compelled to ask or to accept *the hospitality* of such abodes. For the weary pilgrim or penniless wayfarer there is no room in the luxurious palaces that modern progress has substituted to the taverns, the *hospitals*, *hostelries* or *hotels*, of our fathers;—and the poor traveler who can afford to put up at a modern tavern, in this land of liberty, at least,—will find but little that resembles Christian hospitality, and but few safeguards for his purse or his virtue. The scenes of reveling, riotousness, or debauchery which became the habitual characteristics of such places when the Church had lost the privilege of protecting the traveler and the pilgrim, and when these had ceased to be reverenced as sacred persons, were unknown in taverns or hostelries of the golden age of faith.

### WHAT A TAVERN OUGHT TO BE.

Would that all among our people who keep taverns would think a little of the great practical truth which we here hold up to them for meditation, and thus return to the Christian customs of their ancestors! It is because the multitude walk in that road of evil custom which leads to dishonor here and eternal misery hereafter, that we would urge upon the God-fearing the necessity and the merit of taking the right path,—the royal highway of the divine law.

The virtuous master and mistress of Margaret of Louvain followed faithfully that royal road, and their wonderful charity and heavenly life contributed much to confirm their humble maid-servant in the habits contracted in the poor home of her virtuous parents. All three had formed the resolution of forsaking a secular life and joining the Cistercian Order; Margaret had even made a vow of perpetual chastity as a preliminary to her future religious profession.

The tavern and all their other property had been sold by these good people, and the money brought by the sale happened to be in the house, when some of the cutthroats who always thrive in the best communities disguised themselves as pilgrims and knocked for admission after nightfall. The master of the house, wishing to perform one more crowning act of hospitality, admitted them; and, as his store of provisions had not been replenished, he sent Margaret to a neighbor's for a vessel of wine. As soon as she was out of sight her masters were pitilessly murdered and the house was ransacked for plunder.

On her return Margaret was seized and borne away to a desert place. One of the murderers wished her to become his wife; for she was young and fair, and he knew her to be most virtuous. But no threats or persuasion availed to make her consent. She had vowed, she said, to be the bride of the Crucified, and could not without sacrilege accept any other love. The men, who knew not how to dispose of her, became enraged at her resistance, and her would-be husband plunged a knife into her heart. Thus died Margaret the martyr of chastity, crowning by this glorious witnessing the life of perfect faithfulness and humility she had led in her dear master's home. The body was thrown into the river Dyle, but it would not sink, and was borne upward against the stream to the city, where the multitude, and among them the sovereign of the country, Henry I., Duke of Lorraine, beheld the prodigy. The body was reverently taken from the river and solemnly buried in the church of St. Peter.

## GREAT NUMBER OF CANONIZED SERVANTS.

It must not be thought that these two saintly maidens, living at the same time, the one in the south of Europe and the other in the north, were rare moral phenomena in the history of the Church. It is far otherwise. That history places us in presence of a cloud of such heroic souls,—to whom the Great Mother paid the highest veneration, in order to show that she was the worthy bride of Him who said, "Blessed are the poor!"

St. Notburga was a kitchen-maid. "Saints Nereus and Achilleus, brothers, over whose tombs a splendid tomb was raised at half a league from Rome, were servants in the house of Domitilla, a niece of Domitian, and their remarks on the vanity of human pomp led to her conversion. St. Seraphia, martyr, was a servant at Rome in the house of Sabina, a widow lady, in the time of Adrian, who by the example of her maid's conduct was converted, all along with her other servants, and who, becoming herself a martyr, was interred by the side of her blessed maid. St. Maura the martyr was a nursery-maid at Ravenna in the time of Decius, who secretly converted her young mistress, Fusca, instructing her in the faith." * St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, was but a poor shepherdess, tending the flocks of a master in the desert country around the then inconsiderable city. Nor is the enumeration given above of the servant saints in any way complete. Many other revered names have been preserved by her who is the loving and immortal mother of humanity, among whom was the young slave Blandina, who bore such glorious witness to Christ at Lyons in Gaul. "I am a Christian," she would say in the midst of most horrible and repeated tortures, "I am a Christian: no evil is ever committed by any of us!" Among them also was Potamiana, most beautiful and most chaste, who, with her mother Marcella, was put to death in Egypt.

### ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

In presence of this "cloud of witnesses" attesting how Christ and his Church delight to honor the highest virtue in the lowliest condition, we desire to utter solemn words of advice and exhortation to the women-servants whom our "Mirror" may reach. Already we have borne most willing testimony to the boundless generosity of our servants in both hemispheres: God alone can becomingly reward their unceasing and incredible sacrifices. But it is the life-long

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* Digby, *Compitum*, b. i., c. vi.

experience we have had of this exhaustless liberality, this living and large-hearted faith, ever ready to give its all for the cause of God and his Church,—which impels us to be more earnest than ever in showing how we would fain make the most generous return that is within the power of a single priestly heart, by pointing out a few of the virtues and qualities which would raise servants highest in the esteem of their masters and in the reverence of all mankind.

## HUMILITY.

Do not attach a false notion to this word, or the admirable and most necessary virtue which it designates. The world, which does not care to have a correct knowledge either of Christian doctrine or of Christian morality,—the world, which sneers at the terms "humble" and "humility,"—as if to be humble one must needs be a hypocrite, and as if humility was only a mask for villany and deceit,—this world must be enlightened by *your* lives,—by your actions much more than by your words,—as to the true sense of this great and fundamental virtue.

It does not consist in professions and protestations, or in mere interior desires and sentiments. It consists in our being ready to accept, and in accepting willingly, humiliations put on us by others,—especially when they are undeserved. There is no road to humility,—that virtue which prompts us to wish to be beneath the feet of others because we are sinners against God's tremendous majesty,—save by humiliation, by being brought down and humbled before men, put to shame and confusion in presence of those whose honor and esteem we covet.

Take the example of the Divine Master. He took upon himself the expiation of our sins; and as the beginning of sin is in that pride which sets up our own will against the will of the Most High, "He humbled himself, becoming obediant unto death, even the death of the cross." The terrible humiliations of this most shameful death he accepted before taking our flesh as the atonement for the guilt of pride. In taking our flesh, however, he took it with all its

pure and hallowed affections, with every thing that could not mean guilt committed by himself, or any other condition incompatible with the infinite holiness of the Godhead. Among the sentiments and affections inherent in the human heart are a great horror of intense bodily pain and an insurmountable repugnance toward being put to public shame, or charged and branded with an infamy undeserved by one's own deeds.

This is the meaning of that agony of Christ's soul in the garden,—when he felt that Judas and his band were already on their way to seize his person, and foresaw the insults and outrages to be heaped on himself before dawn, as a prelude to the incomprehensible humiliations,—tortures of body, and tortures of soul,—of the morrow. Hence his agonized heart-cry, "If it be possible, let this chalice (this bitter cup of shame) pass from me!" The Divine Person incarnate was to bear in his human body and human soul the dreadful weight of our guilt and of its expiation. His chief merit, as perfect man, lay in the heroic willingness with which he accepted what was most abhorrent to flesh and to spirit,—the torture of his body and the humiliation put upon his soul. "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou [wilt]." Now, see him rising up from his place of prayer, to face Judas and his band, to face Herod and his court, to face the hooting multitude in the street, to face the scourging and the crowning with thorns, to face the shameful cross, and to carry it so far as his strength permitted through the crowded city,—and to stretch himself on it a willing victim for every one of us! And all the while allowing himself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, meekly, silently, uncomplainingly,—he the innocent and the most holy!

This is why the saints, who thirsted to be most like the Master, to follow him most closely, did not wait till humiliation and shame came to them, but went to meet it. St. Ignatius Martyr, condemned (at least so he believed and hoped when he wrote the words) to be devoured by wild beasts in the Roman amphitheater, could not contain his

joy or restrain his impatience: "Would that I could enjoy the wild beasts! Would that I were ground between the lion's jaws, so that I become the wheat of Christ!" And his great namesake, long centuries afterward,—Ignatius de Loyola,—sallying forth in his matted hair and unwashed beard, and sordid raiment (he the proud, sensitive soldier of yesterday!) to court the jeers and jibes of the street rabble of Manresa, that he might learn to keep down his rebellious spirit and the resistance of a soul that yearned for praise and distinction.

There is no humility, then, save through humiliation! If you have caught our meaning, therefore,—you now understand the sense of the words which the Master was wont to address to all who wished to become his followers: "Take up thy cross, and follow me!" As you would take from the hand of a noble general a brilliant uniform to wear in the service under him, or a flag to carry and defend in the foremost ranks of battle,—as in entering a nobleman's service you would put on his livery;—so, in making the very first step in the road along which the Crucified leads you, *take*, *accept*, *love*, *embrace* shame, humiliation,—THE CROSS, in one word, as the glorious livery which distinguishes the sort of courage, of bravery, of heroism, which marks the Christian, the true child of God!

Hence the sublime lesson which St. Peter (to be soon crucified like his loved Master) teaches all servants: . . . . "Unto this you have been called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps."

Oh! do not pass away lightly from this divine lesson. Look well into the mirror which the great disciple's words and example, and the greater Master's life and death hold up to you,—if you would understand aright how you are to make your own service a true following of Christ.

Humility,—subjection, heartfelt and loving obedience, and patience under wrong,—has to be the corner-stone of the edifice of your salvation,—of the salvation and sanctification of every Christian servant. This is the reason that St.

Peter says, "Servants be subject to your masters; . . . not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if, for conscience toward God, a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully."

## THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY.

It consists in accepting with a true and heartfelt submission the service to which you bind yourself, knowing well that such service is not degrading in the eyes of men, but that you can yourselves make it most honorable by your gentleness, your truthfulness, and your fidelity. It cannot but be honorable in the eyes of God, if you only look up to him as the person whom you serve, obey, and study to please in your master and mistress. The very foundation of practical humility is in this supernatural view of your relation to your superiors. If you are guided by low views, human motives, and mere earthly feelings, you will look upon your service as a yoke which degrades you, and perform your duties only because you cannot help yourselves, or for the sake of the miserable wages you work for. God help the Christian servant that allows her mind to be darkened by these low views, or her heart to be narrowed by such false pride and such greed of gain!

Consider that whatever you do and suffer, you undergo and do for his sake who is Lord and Father over all, and in imitation of Him who spent thirty years under the roof of Joseph the carpenter, plying the same trade till he began his public missionary career, and all the while obeying his parents with unfeigned reverence and submission.

If you are a servant after Christ's own heart, you will be gentle,—invariably gentle,—gentle not only when treated with kindness and deference by your masters and fellow-servants, but more especially so when treated with unkindness, incivility and injustice. Let your chief aim be to please him, and obtain his praise, "Who when he was reviled, did not revile; when he suffered, he threatened

not; but delivered himself to him that judged him unjustly." *

Be far more anxious to acquire and increase your store of merit with the Divine Master, by not only obeying faithfully and punctually when you are bidden to do what is pleasing, honorable, and of easy accomplishment, but more particularly by loving and prompt obedience when you are commanded to do what is distasteful, apparently degrading, or most difficult and laborious.

The willingness shown in obeying diligently and accomplishing most difficult things, when you are prompted to do so by kind words, by praise, or by your affection for your mistress,—may be very praiseworthy in itself,—but it is not humility. True humility consists in obeying a harsh order or in doing what is most irksome, and that for a person who evidently dislikes you or is disagreeable in many ways,—solely because you who are a sinner, and a lowly creature, are striving to imitate the obedience, the patience, the heroic perseverance of the Lord and Master.

## OBEDIENCE WHICH IS NOT HUMILITY.

There are very many good servants, who are sincerely desirous of being humble and obedient, but who entirely misunderstand the way of being so. They will do any thing and work themselves beyond their strength to please a mistress or a master who have none but pleasant looks and kind words for them;—these good girls are also very punctual in receiving the sacrament, and fancy perhaps that they are truly pious and pleasing to God. But some of them cannot endure a single word of dispraise, a single unkind look, and will either fly into a towering passion, or become moody and surly, will brood for days over what they consider an injustice or an insult, and will only resume their cheerful looks and good temper when they are again fed with praise. This is any thing but humility.

* 1 Peter ii. 23.

Humility is self-denial as well as self-control. It denies and humbles this natural, proud, vain, praise-loving self of ours,—and is glad when pride and self-love have to suffer and to bleed. One of the first efforts of true humility, which makes us little and of no account in our own eyes,—is to make us patient, silent, self-controlled under reproof, insult and wrong. Let such moody, uncertain, and irascible persons look into the mirror of Christ's example and the examples of his saints, and set about examining their consciences. They have yet to know what humility is, and to make the first step on the road of that virtue which alone can render them followers of the Master.

Let humility, therefore, keep your soul in peace when the sound of harsh, unjust and cruel words is in your ears. But, this same sweet virtue will impel you to be a peace-maker among your fellow-servants. Learn to suffer from them with the same unalterable patience with which you endure the reproaches and ill-treatment of your masters. You are anxious to become more Christ-like every day; then make your profit of every opportunity sent you. It is a necessity for you to have that well-grounded humility which will enable you to amass daily and hourly great treasures of patience. Imitate, therefore, the thrift of the peddler on the street, or the shopkeeper behind his counter. What cares either of them for the quality or rank of the passers-by or the customers who come and go, provided these pay their money for what they buy, and thus increase the gains of the seller?

"A true lover of Jesus," wrote an English priest, dead in 1395, "when he suffereth harm from his neighbor is so strengthened through grace of the Holy Ghost, and is made so humble, so patient, so peaceable, and that so really, that what harm or wrong soever he suffereth from his neighbor, he still preserveth his humility, he despiseth him not, he judgeth him not, but he prayeth for him in his heart, and hath pity and compassion on him much more tenderly than of another man who never did him harm; and verily loveth him better, and more fervently desireth the salvation of his

soul, because he seeth that he shall have so much spiritual profit out of that evil deed of that man though it be against his will. But this love and this meekness is wrought only by the Holy Ghost above the nature of man in them whom he maketh the true lovers of Jesus." *

## TRUE FIDELITY BEGOTTEN OF TRUE HUMILITY.

This uncomplaining subjection to your masters, founded on the love of the Crucified, and practiced in order to become in all things most like to our Model, cannot fail to inspire love as well as reverence for those to whom you owe obedience. "Whatsoever you do, do it from the heart, as to the Lord and not to men. . . . Serve ye the Lord Christ." Such is the rule laid down by St. Paul.

Serve your masters, then, as you would Christ himself. Make all their interests your own. Be as saving of their substance as if it belonged to Christ, and you had a strict account to render to him, at the end of each day, of the employment of every moment of your time and the use made of every thing intrusted to you.

This conscientious fidelity, must always recall to your mind that you are not to lose or to waste; and, particularly that you are not to give away any thing whatsoever, without your master or mistress's knowledge and consent.

Stewards in great families are intrusted with purchasing and buying much;—they are in conscience bound to consult their master's interest in every outlay, and to do nothing through favor or human respect which would bring loss to those whom they serve.

And a cook or kitchen-maid has a like responsibility: she can only make such use of what is intrusted to her as her mistress wishes. But we are touching here on a point which most concerns the good name of all servant girls. We beseech them, therefore, as they love their own honor, to weigh well the advice here given.

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* Walter Hilton, "The Scale of Perfection."

## HONESTY ONE CHARACTERISTIC OF FIDELITY.

It is a cardinal principle that we cannot dispose of what is not our own without injustice or wrong to the owner. No matter how praiseworthy a thing it may be to give to the poor, or to be generous to the Church or to charitable institutions, we must not presume to think that we have a right to feed or to clothe the poor with what is another person's, or that God will reward us for giving to religion or religious institutions what we cannot give without positive sin. I have no right to put my hand in another man's pocket, or in his purse, wherever I may find it, and make myself charitable or generous at his expense. What I thus take and give away I am bound in conscience to restore.

To be sure there may be poverty and want all around you, and your heart may be sorely touched by the misery you see, or think you see, in those who knock at your master's door for assistance. But you are not obliged to give alms for him; you can only dispense in charity at the door whatever your master or mistress places at your disposal. Like St. Zita, you can give your own food or a portion of it, but this is what many, very many can ill afford to do,—as their own pittance is barely sufficient for their sustenance. In no case can they go to the provision closet, and, against their master or mistress's will, take from it wherewith to help either the beggar at the door, or the needy among their own acquaintance. This would be simply stealing.

There is only one thing for you to do: have a perfectly clear and thorough understanding with your mistress about what you can or cannot give, as well as about the use to which all articles of food in your charge are to be put. A mistress may not be charitable or generous either to the poor or to her own servants. But, so long as you are in her household, you have only to be true to God, to your own conscience;—to be faithful to your trust, and never,—no, not in the most trifling matter,—to be dishonest under pretext of being charitable, or kind-hearted, or generous.

### FAITHFULNESS IN NOT DISCLOSING FAMILY SECRETS.

This is still more important than honesty. For the honor and good name of a family are of infinitely more importance than the gold and silver in their treasure chest, or the silks and jewels in their wardrobe. We can put back what we have wrongfully taken or given away,—and yet how hard do we find it to make this restitution? and how many fail in this obligation? But the wrong often done to a family's honor by rashly or criminally declaring what may turn to their disgrace in the public estimation, is a thing which can seldom if ever be repaired.

When you are admitted into a family as a servant, consider yourself, in the eyes of God, as a member of that family, and be as careful of its secrets—even in speaking to your fellow-servants,—as you would be of those of your own father and mother; guard its honor, and defend it as jealously as you would the honor of the mother who bore you. Nay,—that you may look higher than mere nature,—look upon the family as God's own household, in which you serve; and in promoting its interests, and protecting its good name, bethink you it is to the Divine Majesty you are doing service.

These were the rules and the sentiments familiar to those of your condition in the Ages of Faith; they are the sentiments and the rules of the Church. Remember,—especially in a country which is not Catholic,—that your fidelity and honesty redound to the credit of your religion, just as surely as your untruthfulness and your dishonesty redound to its disgrace.

So is it with another virtue closely allied to fidelity,—

### TRUTHFULNESS.

It is said of that "cloud of witnesses" into whose company we introduced you at the beginning of this chapter,—of St. Zita, and St. Margaret of Louvain, and that glori-

ous virgin-band who attend the footsteps of the Lamb in heaven and on earth,—"In their mouth was found no lie; for they are without spot before the throne of God." * This was the beautiful description of the Christian maiden given us by the inspired pen of the virgin-apostle, so dear to the Master, and who had alone of all the Twelve followed Him to the very foot of the Cross: Their mouth never uttered a lie, their purity was as stainless as the new-fallen snow on the mountain-top,—unblemished chastity and unimpeachable truthfulness! What a mirror for the children of God through all time!

Hence it is that the other great apostle—"the Chosen Vessel"—Paul, wrote: "Walk ye as the children of the light: for the fruit of the light is in all goodness, and justice, and truth." †

Were this book to produce no other benefit to souls, than to inspire you, O daughters of the Great Mother,—"the Pillar and the Ground of Truth,"—with the firm determination to cultivate this one virtue as if your happiness here, and your salvation hereafter depended solely on your truthfulness,—it would be a most blessed result to our painstaking. Never, then,—we beseech you,—leave it in the power of man, woman, or child, or even of the angel who watches over your soul,—to accuse you of telling a lie, or prevaricating in the slightest degree or the most trifling matter.

With the great St. Francis of Sales, you must be ever able to say that no earthly love, or hope, or fear could even make you carry a falsehood on your lips any more than a forged paper in your bosom. You, too, should ever say with this great Doctor of the Church:

"I belong to the blood of the ancient Gauls. What is on my tongue is precisely what comes from my heart. The prudence of the world, and the artifices of the flesh belong to the children of the world; but the children of God have no double meaning and no dissimulation."

As true religion would be only a living lie without true

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* Apocalypse xiv. 5. † Ephesians v. 8, 9.

charity in our practice, so you must, as you hope for God's favorable judgment, make it a chief study to cultivate peace and charity among your fellow-servants.

It is always our interest, and should be our policy to be on good terms with all those in whose company we are obliged to live for any length of time. It is a poor excuse to say that they are disagreeable and distasteful to us. There never yet existed a family in which parents, children, and servants were exactly of the same amiable disposition. The practice of charity, of the home charities in particular,—is only so praiseworthy, so meritorious, and so richly rewarded by the Master, because it consists in bearing with each other's infirmities.

St. Paul addressed to the Gauls of Asia Minor,—the first known converts from among the great Celtic race, the following brief admonitions: "By charity of the Spirit serve one another;" * and "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ." †

## CHARITY TOWARD PERSONS OF ANOTHER BELIEF.

Living, as you are often forced to do, in families professing a creed different from your own, and, not unfrequently, bitterly hostile to it,—there are two things you must heed. Judge them kindly, and show them all the respect and fidelity which you would to masters of your own faith. In this respect, your duties toward them are absolutely the same. Be patient toward them when they assail or ridicule your religion: when this happens,—your only resource lies in making no answer whatever, and in not manifesting anger or resentment. Your edifying conduct will be the most effectual means of dispelling their prejudices,—prejudices which are those of birth and education.

The other precaution is,—never to permit yourself to excuse or extenuate what they blame or ridicule. You are not expected to know history or theology, or to give explanation about things far above the common intelligence.

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* Galatians v. 23.

† *Ibidem*, vi. 2.

But be not ashamed of the truth which is in you, and never blush for that Great Church who is the only Mother of Christendom, and whose authority can alone restore the Christian religion to its old-time supremacy over the minds and hearts of men.

Thereby, you will be true to the Truth itself—the servants of God and his Truth.

Of the innumerable and inestimable services rendered to His cause,—the cause of that same Truth,—by servant girls in our day, more than one chapter and more than one book might be written. There is nothing so eloquent, so irresistible as such a life as that of Saint Zita, or Saint Margaret, or any one of the host of illustrious women who have sanctified themselves in the lowly position of servants, and have thus shown that it is not the place which makes the great-souled man or woman, but true greatness of soul that ennobles and hallows the place.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SUPPLEMENTARY.

As we began this book by the description of the home and its sanctities, so do we now return to it before concluding, to point out two of the most precious and meritorious forms of motherly devotion,—in the person of the invalid mother, whom God keeps on her bed of sickness, for years, like a living lesson of heroism in suffering, and the stepmother who takes on herself the painful and difficult duties of motherhood toward the children of another. There are so many of both of these classes to be found in Christian homes,—women of angelic lives, models of perfect patience and long-suffering meekness! Let the lessons their examples teach us thus complete the entire circle of home-duties and home-virtues.

### THE INVALID MOTHER.

A young married woman of uncommon beauty and accomplishments, extensively known for her successful activity in every cause of public beneficence or usefulness, was paralyzed a few months after the birth of her sixth child. She was the idol of her household and her large circle of acquaintance. For she had the rare, rare felicity of creating neither envy nor jealousy by all her shining qualities, and by her untiring labors outside of her own home. She had, in the truest sense of the word, educated her husband, whose mind and heart, both very richly endowed,

had been neglected in consequence of the early death of his mother; she had spurred him on to be foremost in his profession, and he was almost at its head, when this terrible affliction befell them; and she had made him a sincere and practical Christian. She would allow no one to teach her little children but herself,—and her training of them proved that she was just as admirable in imparting knowledge as she was in her facility for acquiring it. She had three sisters-in-law in the house, one her equal in years, and the two others her juniors; she had taught and trained them, making them adore her first, and then inspiring them with a keen appetite for knowledge. And she had made it a duty she never neglected, from the very first day she entered her husband's home, to catechize her numerous servants, teaching such of them as did not know their letters, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

And most touching it was to see the grief and consternation of these good servants, when it was first announced that their worshiped mistress was in imminent danger of death. The coachman who was sent in haste for the priest —a great, burly old cavalry-man, who had seen twenty battles—could scarcely tell his message intelligibly, and wept all the way back to the house. The rest of the servants were in the hall reciting, as best they could, the Litany of the Saints. The little patient herself and her noble husband were worthy of each other,—he holding her hand and whispering sweet words of comfort and resignation to the Divine Will. But God spared that precious life for ten years more. The use of her lower limbs, however, she never recovered.

But—as her husband afterward testified—never once in their most unreserved intimacy, did she express the faintest regret at being thus rendered inactive and helpless in the very prime of all her glorious utility. She would repeat continually, that this was God's crowning mercy to her, the pledge of her predestination, her being thus nailed to her cross with her dear Lord. All her prayers were said, all her daily actions performed during these ten

years in thanksgiving for this most precious boon of suffering.

Nor did she, so far as her physician permitted, and when her recovered strength allowed her, give over to others the care of instructing her children, or of finishing the education of her younger sister-in-law. Nor did she discontinue her efforts to benefit the poor of the city and neighborhood, or to encourage every project in favor of religion. From her sick-bed she still directed all her former fellow-laborers who more than ever revered her and followed her counsels.

But who can speak worthily of the devoted care of every individual in that household for one so unselfish as was their beloved invalid? Her sisters, her children, her servants all vied with each other in their ardent desire to do her every service her condition required. They could scarcely endure to see any, even among her near relatives, allowed the privilege of waiting on her during her long nights of torture. For the last eighteen months of her life were one long agony. Life seemed to retreat slowly from one member to another, till she could move nothing but her head; but there the sweet soul dwelt serene to the end, like the mistress of an inundated house, as the destroying waters rise steadily around her, finds her last refuge on the roof-top,—there, with cheerful countenance and brave, loving words, consoling her dear ones while all is slowly undermined and swept away beneath her.

It was, indeed, a privilege to listen to the inspired words about God, and duty, and bearing the cross after Christ, and the glories of the everlasting kingdom, that she poured forth unceasingly to all who approached her; it was like a lesson from the "Imitation of Christ" to look for a few moments on that pale, sweet face all aglow with the light and love of the world into which she seemed to have entered. . . . And when all was over, and the patient sufferer was at rest forever, the noble husband arose from his knees, and with uplifted arms, as if he too would follow his beloved companion, exclaimed, "I thank thee, O my God! the lessons of such a life and such a death are to me and

mine the most precious of all thy favors!" And forthwith he made all present unite with him in singing the *Te Deum*.

How many such mothers are to be found in families of all classes, and what beautiful examples of filial piety, and unwearied devotedness on the part of families—even the poorest and most sadly burdened—could we not relate, were it not that we are warned to bring these teachings to a timely conclusion!

## THE STEPMOTHER.

We must not part with this most worshipful embodiment of human goodness,—the true mother,—the queen and idol of the home, without doing reverence to another figure, often called by death and necessity to fill the mother's place in the household, and to discharge toward her orphans the sacred obligations attached to the place of parent.

If there is any thing on earth which can compensate a child for the loss of a mother at that age when the inspired love of a true motherly heart can read clearly the instincts of the childish soul, and when her firm and tender hand is so needed to unfold what is good and repress what is evil—that compensation can only be found in the womanly wisdom and devotion of a second mother—of her whom the world outside the family designate as stepmother.

Bad stepmothers are the exceptions to the generality of devoted, conscientious, and self-sacrificing women, who are selected by widowed fathers, with a fond parental solicitude, to be true mothers to their orphaned children. Need we speak here of the sore necessity which so often compels a father, in whose soul the dead still lives and is loved with an enduring love, to choose a second mother for his children, a mistress for his household? Even among the upper and wealthy classes, where so many means can be devised for obtaining persons to educate young orphans, there is often a peremptory reason for a second marriage. But among the laboring classes this necessity is far otherwise urgent and frequent. So, glancing merely at the reasons which justify the best of parents in contracting an

alliance which is repugnant to their own finest sense, and without even naming such causes, we proceed to plead in favor of the stepmother, before describing her duties.

## WHAT MAKES A STEPMOTHER'S POSITION IRKSOME.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the relatives of a deceased wife, even when they are good and virtuous people, look with coldness or aversion on the woman who takes the place of mother toward the children of their lost daughter and sister. And it is almost impossible, if the orphans are of an age to understand the difference between a mother and a stepmother, that they should not be made to show these unkindly feelings. The lot of a stepmother is, therefore, not an enviable one. And where she is a person who accepts the position and its responsibilities with the firm purpose of doing, to the very best of her power, a true mother's part, she is most deserving of sympathy, support, and unlimited kindness.

It is most certainly the duty of the deceased wife's family, instead of putting an obstacle in the way of her successor, to aid her, on the contrary, toward the discharge of her difficult and delicate office. It is their duty, because the dearest interests of the orphans themselves are involved in the education their second mother will give them. It would seem, then, that every possible consideration of charity and self-interest ought to induce both the father's relatives and those of his deceased wife to join hands in making the new mistress of the home welcome, cordially welcome; and in aiding her by every demonstration of good will and affection to be, as she purposes, a loving mother to the children she takes to her heart to cherish and to rear.

Instead of doing what nature and common sense would point out, as the only judicious and beneficial course to follow, motives of sordid interest upset both the judgment and the conscience even among good Christian folk. Thus a serious responsibility is incurred through criminal and unwarrantable meddlesomeness, the education of the orphans and the happiness of their home are forever compromised.

This, however, is taking things at their worst. For the stepmother herself we have none but words of encouragement, if she be only bent on doing her duty thoroughly. She must make her husband feel that she has most truly adopted his children as her own. He soon discovers whether her love is a true one or not. Nor will his children be long in finding out whether or not the heart to which they are pressed beats with a genuine motherly tenderness for them. The eyes of children are very wise. They look into yours with a penetrating and steadfast gaze which is like the sounding-rod dropped down into the dark, deep waters and bringing up with it the secrets of the ocean-bed. You cannot conceal from these innocent but infallible eyes the secret of your inmost soul. They read you through and through in a marvelously brief space of time.

### BEGIN BY LOVING YOUR HUSBAND'S CHILDREN AS YOUR OWN.

This is God's will in your regard; all His graces will aid you toward this most necessary and blissful result. Resolve, in your heart of hearts, that you will be obedient to Him in this, and devote henceforward your whole energy to its attainment. Shall we recommend one practice of piety to you, and beseech you to be earnest and faithful in its fulfillment? From the day you take possession of your new home make a league with its guardian angels, and take them as your helpers, your counselors, companions, and friends in the difficult task of discharging your motherly duties. This will be all the more necessary for you, if you find that there are evil influences at work to wean your children's hearts from you. Here is what we recommend in imitation of that wonderful man, the Blessed Peter Favre, one of the lights of the 16th century, whom popes and saints revered during his lifetime as a man filled with the Holy Spirit.

Whenever he spent even a single night in a new house,—it was his custom on crossing the threshold silently to in-

voke the assistance of the angels to whose care it was committed, and, on being shown into the apartment prepared for himself, he would close the door, and kneel successively in each corner, beseeching the Divine Majesty to grant him the special protection of the spirits of light and to drive away the spirits of darkness. Then, after reciting prayers to the guardian angels, he would sprinkle holy water over the room.

This is not superstition, but enlightened Catholic devotion. For the more we study divine things, the more light we obtain on the relations between this outward world we see and touch and the invisible and spiritual world, the more does the presence of these spirits, good and evil, become an ever-present reality to us. Like Elisæus and his servant, our eyes are opened to see the earth and the mountains round about covered with horsemen and chariots of fire, God's faithful host sent to protect those who do his work, and, though we may be appalled sometimes by the numbers and might of his enemies, we shall feel like the great Hebrew prophet that there are more with us than against us.

You are a Christian woman;—you must be a supernatural woman. You will have evil passions, earthly interests and feelings, and the malignant influences of the fallen angels to counteract; but you will have on your side God and his angels;—you will have the love, the veneration, the unbounded confidence of your husband. You will also have the pure and devoted love of his children; for true love cannot help being loved in return. But all this must be the result of your own supernatural devotion and piety.

## CONCLUSION.

And so we are still before the CHRISTIAN HOME,—with the hosts of the guardian spirits camped round about, visible to the eye of our soul, like the lights of a great city seen through a mist from an overhanging mountain. Here are mothers, worthy of being on earth the living images of

God's unsleeping watchfulness and unfathomable tenderness; daughters formed to their mother's perfect likeness, all innocence, self-denial, and unsparing devotion to the happiness of others; sons worthy to be the unselfish servants of such mothers and such sisters, trained to be the fearless aud spotless knights of Truth and Justice in the evil days, and the promoters of all true liberty and progress in the peaceful days,—at all times the true sons of God; the vast armies of the daughters of toil, each bearing on her forehead the sign of Christ, each keeping her eyes fixed on Him whose whole life was labor, and crucifixion, and a martyrdom;—and above all this vast and glorious array,—the Heavens opened as in the vision of the great Patriarch, a pathway, like a far-stretching flight of shining steps ascending from earth to the City of God on high, the wide gates thrown open, angels of light ever moving along them in their brotherly ministration, and the Eternal God and Father of all amid the myriads of angels and saints, bending down to us with outstretched arms and radiant countenance,—while these words fall upon our ears and sink into our souls, like sounds of divinest music on the hushed waters:

"Blessed are the Poor! . . . Blessed are the meek! . . . Blessed are they that mourn! . . . Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice! . . . Blessed are the merciful! . . . Blessed are the clean of heart! . . . Blessed are the peace-makers! . . . Blessed are they that suffer persecution! . . . Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven!" . . .

# TRUE MEN

# AS WE NEED THEM.

A Book of Instruction for Men in the World.

---

"Every Boy and Youth is, in his mind and sentiments, a Knight, and essentially a Son of Chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstance of a most singular and unhappy constitution, and the most perverted and degrading system of education, can ever totally destroy the action of this general law."—Kenelm Henry Digby.

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TO

His Eminence,

JOHN, CARDINAL McCLOSKEY,

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK,

*THIS BOOK*

ON

TRUE MEN

IS HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

BY

*THE AUTHOR.*

ARCHBISHOPRICK OF NEW YORK.

218 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK,
Sept. 6th, 1878.

DEAR FATHER O'REILLY .

I am much pleased with your new work entitled "True Men as We Need Them."

It is full of instructive lessons and wise counsels presented in an attractive form and adapted to various classes of men as we find them around us in the world.

I hope it will receive a wide circulation and be productive of much good. I need not add that it has my cordial commendation.

Please accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to remain,

Very sincerely your friend and servant,

JOHN CARD. McCLOSKEY,
Archbishop of New York.

REV. B. O'REILLY.

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE hearty welcome given by the public to the MIRROR OF TRUE WOMANHOOD, encourages the author to send forth this volume as a companion to it. The same plan, so far as the subject-matter would permit, has been followed in both.

Much of the utility as well as of the success of the present work will depend on those who have so generously patronized its predecessor,—the True Women of America. Coming from their hand to husband, son, or brother, the book will prove acceptable and most precious. Its lessons too must derive much of their power to please and to instruct from the eloquent advocacy of the wives and mothers to whom we must owe the true men of the future.

Renewing his sincere thanks to publisher, printer, and engraver, for their zealous and kindly coöperation, the author now leaves his work to the judgment of the public, and beseeches on its readers the blessing of Him who is Himself both Very God and True Man,—the ever-blessed Model of all true nobility of life.

NEW YORK, *8th September*, 1878.

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# True Men as We Need Them.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

### *The Ideal of Manhood.*

"The age of chivalry is gone!" calmly observe the calculating sophists, who lead the mind of the moderns, and persuade them that the world is hastening, under their influence, to a period of increased light and civilization,—a most convenient maxim to establish from the declamation of an orator! For that is as much as to hold, that there is no longer occasion for men to be generous and devoted, faithful and indifferent to their own selfish interest, full of high honor, not aiming to follow the erring multitude, but emulous of imitating the example and of joining the society of the celestial citizens: an assertion . . . characteristic of a class of men . . . with whom every age is gone but that of economists and calculators.—Kenelm Henry Digby.

That this book will be read by young men throughout the length and breadth of our land is a hope which its author must cherish fondly. For many years of his life he has labored in educating the youth of America; he would fain devote its crowning work to repair the errors committed in this apostleship of education. A long and comforting experience has also taught him how much there is in the hearts of American youth as well as in those of its ripest manhood, of most precious resources for the prosperity of their common country and the honor of their ancestral faith: how, then, can he help being encouraged and thrilled by the thought of aiding, in his measure, toward forming

for the coming age the chivalrous patriots and the chivalrous Christians who are to enlighten and to save the world?

He would, then, ask every noble-hearted boy and every high-souled man who reads this page, to trust himself in the perusal of these chapters to the guidance of one who, in leading them through the ancient paths and placing the while before their eyes the illustrious examples of modern excellence, aims only at firing their souls with a holy ambition and an emulation fruitful in great deeds.

It is, in very truth, the love of excellence in all that can elevate man, perfect all the attributes of true manhood, and thereby increase a hundred-fold his power for good, that is inculcated throughout this book. Nor,—and we hasten to affirm it at the very outset,—is the ideal which is here held up for the imitation of both young and old, anything like the high standard of moral perfection, according to which the Christian Church for nineteen centuries has been wont to judge the virtues of those we call Saints.

### *Who are the True Men described here?*

We are writing for men of the world, not for the apostolic men who have to keep alive and spread the Christian faith by their ministrations and example, nor for those who seclude themselves from the world to become Christlike by the practice of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Our instructions are intended to benefit laymen of all classes, as distinguished from the priest, the monk, or the hermit. Not that the manly virtues here inculcated and illustrated are not necessary to all those who believe in the dread responsibilities of human conduct and expect an eternal reward for the excellence required of all God's servants,—but that the perfection demanded of religious orders and the consecrated ministers of God's word, is higher in degree and differs in kind, in many respects, while the sterling qualities of heart and soul demanded of true men of the world are to be measured by the peculiar duties and exigencies of their worldly position.

Moreover, the True Men whom we have here before our mind's eye,—and we have been blessed by acquaintance with many such,—combine in their lives so many heroic and Godlike features, that, although living in the turmoil of wordly affairs, they would be hailed as Saints by the holiest of priests or the most unworldly of ascetics.

## *The True Christian, the True Man.*

Our True Men, to be sure, we conceive to be, before and above all else, true Christians, sincere believers in Christ, and his earnest and devoted followers; men having at heart to practice the divine precepts for the love of their Divine Author, and the sake of the excellence such practice begets, much more even than for the honor such fidelity may win them; men true to God, to his truth, to themselves and their conscience, in every age of life, in every walk and rank of society, in every calling and trust, under every difficulty and trial and temptation.

It were, at best, ill taste and worse policy, in beginning a book of instruction, addressed to the men of our own time, to hint at present degeneracy, or to allow it to be thought of the model character we would hold up for admiration—

> "Such a man
> Might be a copy to these younger times,
> Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now!
> But goers backward." *

It shall be seen, before we have got through many chapters together, that, however we may deplore the spread of unbelief and scientific materialism in the nineteenth century, it is, nevertheless, most fruitful in the purest, the noblest, the best forms of heroic manhood, and even of Christian saintliness.

Comparisons of our own age, its institutions, tendencies, morals, and manners, with the past, could, just at present, only distract the mind from our real purpose. We have

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* "All's Well that Ends Well," act i., scene ii.

need only of all the inherited wealth of light and gracious helps which His fatherly providence has garnered for us, who is the Creator, the Governor, and ever-present Guide of humanity. Let us only look around us, count the magnificent advantages of our position on this point of time and space, and heartily endeavor to be true to ourselves, as He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, wills us to be, and we shall not fail to be the True Men, whose deeds and achievements shall surely glorify our Father in heaven as well as our earthly country.

> "This above all,—To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man." *

## *Excellences found in the Men of Our Day.*

Our true self, then, is what we are in God's mind, what he wishes us to be in our day and generation, so as most to benefit the world amid which his design hath placed us. Let each man of us learn to be, and set himself manfully to be an

> "Active doer, noble liver,
> Strong to labor, sure to conquer," †

and we shall not only fill our place well in Church and State, but help to our utmost to make the present age hold a glorious place in the annals of the world.

No—the age of chivalry has not so utterly passed away, but that the spirit which animated the knightly institutions of old, still remains to inspire lofty aims, sentiments of the most exalted and self-denying generosity, and deeds of chivalrous daring and heroic self-sacrifice, as worthy of eternal remembrance as those that ever graced the lives of a Godfrey, a Tancred, or a St. Louis.

All this shall be made evident as we proceed. Meanwhile, however, lest our young readers should be led to think that we are going to propose for their imitation an

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* Shakspeare. † Robert Browning.

excellence of impossible attainment, or virtues too far above the paths in which they must needs walk through life, we hasten to fix their attention on the twofold excellence of character and conduct, which is accessible to every man, from the peasant to the prince, from the boy just entering his teens to the octogenarian, from the general at the head of his army to the lowliest of those in the ranks ;—accessible alike to the day-laborer, the tradesman, the lawyer, the magistrate, the physician of souls, as well as the physician of the body,—to the man most eminent in letters and science as well as to the man who is ignorant of the first elements of book knowledge.

### *Our True Man should be a Man of Great Character.*

As we are merely foreshadowing in this first chapter the most important features of our work, it may suffice to point out here the importance of character in itself and apart from conduct, and the vital necessity for parents of cultivating, developing, and molding strongly the character of their children from the very dawn of reason.

By character here we mean the firm habitual disposition to truthfulness, honor, integrity, generosity, and resolute energy of purpose, without which no man ever was or ever can be a true man. These qualities are formed in the child by the teaching and still more by the example of his parents.

Examples may best illustrate and impress our meaning on the willing mind.

Of a man who died in 1817, at the age of thirty-eight, and whose memory must ever be dear to Irish Catholics—Francis Horner—it was said by a contemporary that the Ten Commandments were stamped upon his countenance. "The valuable and peculiar light"—adds another of his countrymen—"in which his history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth, is this. He died . . . possessed of greater public influence than any other man ; and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored by all, except the heartless

or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask, how was this attained. By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he, nor any of his relations, ever had a superfluous sixpence. . . . By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. . . . By what then was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart, qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself." *

The same author (Smiles) goes on to say: "Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, *that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery.* He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulty and misfortune."

"It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth,"—says Lord Erskine,—"always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point out the same road to my children for their pursuit."

These examples from a Protestant source we have purposely placed first in order, that our Catholic readers may learn how carefully Providence preserves even in the lands which reject the authority of His Church, the precious home-virtues without which there can be neither true private worth nor lasting public prosperity. More than that, we are not to forget that civilized pagan nations, living

* Lord Cockburn, as quoted by Samuel Smiles in "Self-Help," pp. 332, 333.

under the Law of Nature, have always shown the same appreciation of noble manly character. All this should only shame Catholics, who boast the possession of the fullness of Revealed Truth, into the formation in their children and in themselves, of such perfect manly characters, as befit those who are, by their birthright, God's adopted children here below.

## *The High Sentiment of Honor.*

"With our ancestors,"—says Digby,—"the Catholic religion was still the base, the pervading spirit, the vital principle of every virtue. From it flowed the high sentiment of honor, the fervor of heroism, the contempt for riches, the zeal of loyalty, the constancy of friendship." And, speaking of honor, the bright crown of all manly character, the poet does but express the unanimous sentiment of all preceding Catholic generations, when he puts the following words into the mouth of a Duke of Norfolk:

> "My dear, dear lord,
> The purest treasure mortal times afford
> Is—spotless reputation;—that away,
> Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
> A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest
> Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
> Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
> Take honor from me, and my life is done." *

Nor must what is here called honor be confounded with mere fame; there were and there are still many of the noblest souls, who are as careless of what men may think of them as they are jealous of the testimony of their own conscience and supremely anxious to stand well in the secret judgment of the All-Seeing.

"There is nothing that cannot be endured, save dishonor," says the great St. Martin in the fourth century; "observe therefore your own actions, and do not be careless about them because they are hidden from the public eye: for it mattereth but little that none behold them, since you

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* King Richard II., act i., scene i.; as quoted in "Orlandus."

are a witness to them yourself. . . . It is the precious quality of a great soul, not to be vacillating, but ever consistent with one's self, and fearlessly hopeful of the end of life." *

### *The Catholic Idea of Honor.*

The conception of honor with our forefathers was, therefore, what it should ever be with their descendants,—spotless integrity in the sight of God, much more even than an unstained reputation in the judgment of the world. The former is the sure foundation of the latter;—and it is chiefly about it that every true man should be concerned. If we are without reproach before our own conscience and in presence of God, there can be but little fear for our good name among men. Would that the men of our day could lay this truth to heart and impress it deeply on the souls of the succeeding generation! Then indeed might we hope, in this land of unbounded liberty for all good, the return of that age mentioned by the great Roman orator, "when men had for moral safeguard, not the boasting voice of the people, but elevation of character and spotlessness of conduct." †

Supreme and loving reverence for the Divine Majesty, and the filial fear of rendering one's self displeasing to Him who is most faithful and true, such is the habitual sense in the Christian soul that helps to keep it free from every secret stain. It is "the fear of the Lord" under another name. And where it possesses thoroughly the heart of man, it is impossible that it should not preserve his outward life from voluntary stain. The purity and hardness of the diamond belong to the very first particles which unite at its heart's core; the others which the mysterious laws of the Creator attract around these to increase and perfect the beauteous crystalline mass, must needs share the qualities of the

* Serm. I.

† Pro A. Cluentio, 35. *Cum homines se non jactatione populari, sed dignitate atque innocentia tuebantur;* words that should be written in letters of gold in every place where laws are either made or administered.

former. The light which fills it, the perfect purity which gives even that light its highest value, belonged to the very heart of the gem. The most beautiful, the most manly, the most heroic characters in the esteem of a rightly judging world, are men whose hearts have never lost their primal purity, souls in whose very center the fire of God's love lives unquenchably, and whose lives shine with undimmed and surpassing splendor, only because from childhood to the grave they "walked by His light in darkness." *

### *Pagan Conception of Honorable Youth.*

"Young people," says Aristotle, "are not of corrupt manners, but are innocent from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous from having been seldom deceived. . . . And they are easily put to shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned; and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low. . . . They prefer honor to advantage, virtue to expediency, for they live by affection rather than by reason; and reason is concerned with expediency, but affection with honor. . . . They are full of mercy, because they regard all men as good, and as more virtuous than they are themselves,—for they measure others by their own innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully."

### *Conception of it from the Old Testament.*

See how that most beautiful adamantine quality, formed in infancy and childhood by the joint action of the Divine Spirit and of motherly training, shines with unremitting luster in Samuel, perhaps the most perfect character in the Old Testament. True, his saintly mother, under divine guidance, had led the life of a Nazarite; nothing that could intoxicate passed her lips, and these lips were skilled in prayer. This was her chief delight. And this twofold

* Job, xxix. 3.

spirit of prayer and heroic abstinence did she communicate to her God-given boy.

He was a life-long Nazarite, vowed to abstinence and consecrated to the divine service before his birth. A twofold passion swayed his entire existence,—absolute fidelity to the God of his fathers, and ardent devotion to the freedom and moral greatness of Israel. With his mother's milk he drank in that absorbing love of the Divine Majesty which was the very soul of his life; the awful presence became from infancy to him a familiar reality, illuminating his whole career, like a sun that never sets. Toward the scarcely veiled face of the Lord the eye of Samuel,—child and youth, in obscure manhood and glorious old age,—was ever turned night and day; he, too, walked before God and was perfect.

These were the features of the child's character, when his pious mother brought him to the Sanctuary at Shiloh, clothed in the long white linen robe her own hands had woven for him. And when, yearly, she wove and brought him another, the beautiful spiritual and manly character that unfolded itself, seemed as much the result of her pious nurture, as the robe which fitted his increasing stature was the loving work of her motherly hands.

Samuel,—child, prophet, liberator, judge of Israel, guide and intercessor of his people and their rulers,—offers, from first to last, a model of simple unwavering fidelity to God, to his own people, to conscience, and to honor.

Hearken to the touching dialogue that took place, when this model magistrate gave over, in presence of the assembled nation, his political authority into the hand of their chosen king.

"Samuel said to all Israel: . . . I am old and gray-headed; . . . having then conversed with you from my youth until this day, behold, here I am. Speak of me before the Lord and before his anointed, whether I have taken any man's ox or ass, if I have wronged any man, if I have oppressed any man, if I have taken a bribe at any man's hand: and I will despise it this day, and will restore it to you."

"And they said: Thou hast not wronged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken aught at any man's hand." *

### *Modern Examples: St. Louis, King of France.*

From the spectacle of such a perfect character thus admired and praised by a whole nation, and held up in the Divine Book to the admiration of all succeeding ages, one reluctantly passes to mix with the rushing crowd along the paths of our daily life, as the half-rested traveler leaves the cool shade and the refreshing waters of an oasis to face once more the sand, the glare, the heat, and the oppressive solitude of the desert.

There is, however, an example nearer our own times of perfect virtue in a man of the world, which may well compare with the blameless and beneficent career of the great Hebrew prophet, without creating in the reader any fear of contemporary allusions.

### *How his Character was formed.*

Who does not know with what incomparable tenderness and solicitude the canonized Louis IX., King of France, was reared and educated by his mother, Blanche of Castile, deemed herself, by those who knew her best, to be worthy of a place among the saints? She had come of too heroic a blood not to value in her son the chivalrous virtues and qualities which should grace a Christian king. She saw to it during her regency, that he received an intellectual training quite extraordinary in an age when persons of high rank set but little store on literary attainments. Louis was an accomplished scholar and statesman, as well as a peerless knight and commander. What, however, distinguished him above all others, was his perfect Christian character. To form this in her boy, the God-fearing queen would intrust to no one but herself his instruction in the truths of religion, and his training to the practice of every virtue neces-

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* 1 *Kings* (1 *Samuel*), xii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

sary to a Christian sovereign. "God knows, my son," she would often say to him, as he nestled near her heart, while a mere child, or sat near her in boyhood, "God knows I love thee as well as ever mother loved her dearest. Yet would I rather see thee at any moment stretched a corpse at my feet, than know thee guilty of deadly sin."

How the docile child retained through all his eventful and heroic life, the molding then given to his character, we shall have more than one occasion to judge ere the end of this book. And remembering in after-years all the pains taken for this purpose by his admirable parent, Louis was fain to bestow on his children the same loving labor. "Before he lay down in his bed," relates his intimate friend and biographer, "he was wont to have his children brought to him, and related to them the actions of good kings and emperors, and told them to take example by such men. And he likewise set before them the deeds of bad princes, who had lost their kingdoms in consequence of their licentiousness, rapacity, and avarice. 'I remind you of these things,' he would say, 'that you may keep your souls free from them, and draw not on yourselves the divine wrath.' He also made them learn their prayers to Our Lady, and made them recite their Hours twice a day, to accustom them thereby to assist at the Hours (in the church), when they should have come to govern their own lands." *

Nor, in thus dwelling on the formation of character, and recalling again and again the qualities which enter into chivalry, do we for a moment wish it to be understood that our every word is not addressed to the popular masses much more than to those whom wealth, or birth, or position place at the head of the community. It is most especially the laboring classes in town and country that we are anxious to see "generous and devoted, faithful, and indifferent to their

* De Joinville, "Life of St. Louis, King of France," ch. xv. The "Hours" spoken of here, are the Canonical Hours for the recitation of the divine office in cathedral or collegiate churches. It was then customary for all who could to assist at these, or to recite them in private from their "Book of Hours."

own selfish interest, full of high honor, and not aiming to follow the erring multitude." The chivalry which is the very spirit of true Christian manhood, is not the character of a social class, or the distinctive quality of the highly born, or the result of the special training given to a privileged few. The generosity, the self-sacrificing heroism, which are its primary virtues, have ever been found in the poorest and lowliest, as well as in the foremost in rank and honor. "I can give you privileges and fiefs," said a Christian emperor to a favorite who begged to be ennobled, "but I cannot make you noble."

The nobility of soul, which we here hold up to your admiration, is the joint product of God's grace and your own generous coöperation. Parents can and do contribute greatly toward the creation of this nobility of soul and conduct; it is, however, under God, the result of one's own fidelity to the divine Voice ever speaking in conscience, to the divine Light ever showing steadily the path of duty and honor, and to the impulse of the Divine Spirit urging the babe of the beggar as well as the son of the prince to aim high, and do nobly, and be in all things true to the light and the truth within them.

### *How Character should shine forth in Conduct.*

"I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth, to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends, than if I had been born with these advantages." * Thus spoke at the age of twenty a poor lad, who had been brought up in the shop of his father, a carver in wood, and who was, when he wrote these words in his private diary, a druggist's apprentice. The world knows to what a height of pure fame he attained by dint of heroic labor; while the laborious life found its fittest and sweetest reward in the peace and blessing of the church of his fathers, which took the weary traveler to her embrace.

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* Sir Humphry Davy.

It is conduct, that manifests "the active doer, noble liver." All man's faculties, with God's light in his mind and the mighty impulses of the Spirit ever moving his heart, are given him that he should *do*, that he should *work*, that the light of his life-work should go abroad to his fellow men, showing them how to live, to labor, to conquer! It is to enable him to work earnestly, to live nobly, to conquer surely in the strife with difficulty and hardship and temptation, that the mother's loving nurture and wise training, the father's example and sustaining friendship, are given to the child and the youth; and that, in manhood, the sympathy and encouragement of other noble workers are vouchsafed to him, as Jonathan was sent to David, to be his stay and his joy in dreadful trials.

### *Every Human Soul capable of High Culture.*

Let the young men whom these words may reach, bear in mind the old French proverb about farming, *Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut sa terre* ("It is the man who makes the land"). Just as the richest soil is worthless in the hands of an ignorant or idle possessor, even so will the intelligent and industrious husbandman create a mine of gold out of the poorest soil. On our planet, to be sure, there are very many tracts that we may regard as incurably sterile, incapable alike of rewarding the labor of the plough or the toil of the miner. This cannot be said of human souls and the pregnant years of human life.

The mind and the heart of man, though born in a sheep-cot or the hut of a savage, are a soil capable of bearing a rich and an immortal harvest of Godlike virtues and merits. The years that fill even a brief life, are a mine of merit, richer and more unfailing than the gem-bearing fields of Brazil or Golconda, or the gold and silver laden chains of the Rocky Mountains.

Let every boy, let every youth lay to heart, — as he remembers the life-work appointed to him, — these dread words of the Holy Book: "Woe to them that

are faint-hearted! . . . Woe to them that have lost patience!" . . . *

Do the work you have to do bravely and well. The disposition to seek to be perfect in everything one sets one's hand to, to make the most of the task allotted for the present day and hour, is a divine instinct, which, if followed faithfully, will lead to certain eminence, to eminence in learning, in wealth, or in statesmanship; to eminence in art, in poetry, in eloquence, or in sanctity, according to one's chosen sphere of labor.

Look forth upon the various walks of life, in Church or in State: you will find that the men most eminent and most honored in every profession and employment, are the men who have put their heart in their work; who have begun with the determination to do as did the great king of Juda, who "wrought that which was good and right, and truth before the Lord his God, . . . desiring to seek his God with all his heart; AND HE DID IT AND PROSPERED." †

## *Create your Opportunities.*

Do not wait for opportunities. You would only resemble the stolid traveler in the fable, who, having come to a river which lay in his path, sat down on the bank till the waters had all flowed by. *You* would seek for a ferry, or make a raft on which to cross: God gives man invention to enable him to find resources against the difficulties toward his progress. The difficulty itself is oftentimes the most golden of opportunities. At any rate, men of resolute temper seek and find, or make their opportunities, just as the industrious husbandman often makes the very soil on which he grows his crops. Have you not seen one man prosper and grow rich on land on which its former possessor grew hopelessly and helplessly poorer year after year? Have you not seen many a stout-hearted farmer and his sons, with no capital but their courage, their perseverance, and the strong arms

* Ecclesiasticus, ii. 15, 16. † Paralipomenon (Chronicles), xxxi. 20, 21.

that served a resolute will, cover many a stony field with an abundant harvest, and convert an unsightly and unwholesome swamp into a rich meadow or a well-stocked pasture?

Nay, even as these lines are written under the inspiration of the lovely spring weather, yonder lie within view the once barren and rocky northern slopes of Central Park, covered with a wealth of tree and shrub and flower, all hastening to put forth their vesture of tenderest green. We old citizens of New York remember the time, not a quarter of a century ago, when a few scrubby firs scattered along these crags, and a few patches of grass and weeds alone formed a contrast with the naked and unpicturesque rocks. Now, on the contrary, all the vegetable wealth of other lands has been added to the varied riches of our native flora, to create a paradise, and the very granite itself has been covered with a gorgeous mantle of flowering shrubs and graceful creepers.

Thus can intelligence, industry, and perseverance convert, what appeared a hopelessly dead and barren nature, into life and beauty and perpetual joy.

Opportunities! Life is one grand continuous opportunity from infancy to our latest day. The conscientious, the resolute, and the thrifty turn each hour into golden treasures; the listless, the stolid, the sensual, like our Western Indians, allow the teeming mines to lie idle at their feet, with countless treasures unknown, unappreciated, undeveloped.

## *Have a Purpose in Life.*

Give us, therefore, in the conduct of life, men who have a purpose, who know what they have to do, and are determined to succeed; whose firm trust in God above them only increases their faith in themselves: MEN WHO NEGLECT NOTHING; who constantly discipline their own minds, their own hearts, and exercise over their own powers and passions a sovereign control: men whose watchword in all their undertakings and difficulties, in all their alternations

of bearing and forbearing, is DUTY; and who, in their labors, their successes, their failures, find themselves superior to fatigue, to good or ill luck, to praise or to blame,—because they begin and persevere and hope against hope itself, through a sense of duty,—of a sacred debt due to God and their own conscience.

*How Education should prepare for the Work of Life.*

Education, training, discipline, cultivation of heart and mind, at home or at school, can only aim at one thing: to prepare young men for the business of life, for conduct, self-improvement, self-control, and success in the work, which the Divine Will sets apart for every individual, as the sole purpose of his existence.

In the material world we know what is the result of a constantly accelerating force, acting upon a body moving in a given direction, and in what an amazing ratio its velocity increases minute by minute, and hour by hour. It so happens that the Creator, both of the moral and the material universe, has stamped them both with such marvelous and striking analogies, that the spectacle of power exhibited in any field of the inanimate and unintelligent creation, may serve as a help toward studying its counterpart in the spiritual order.

For there are spiritual forces created by Him who is the sole source of life and of power; and they are ordained to act on the souls of men from the moment these are set forth by the Almighty Hand on the path of duty, and in the direction of their eternal destinies. Call these forces acting upon man's rational nature, graces; they are given as light to his mind, enabling him clearly to know his duty toward God, toward himself, and toward his neighbor; given as instinct, impulse, inspiration to his will, enabling him to live up to the light that is in him. These mighty impulses, if obeyed faithfully by the soul—which can freely reject the proffered aid and vital force, as it can freely accept and follow the divine direction, urging it ever

upward and heavenward—have an accelerating character; they augment, in a constantly increasing ratio, the soul's power of getting nearer to God,—nearer to him in perfection and spiritual beauty. They lift her with an augmented velocity to new heights of goodness, of charity, of courage, of generosity, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. They enable her to become more and more Godlike at each moment of her earthly career.

Just as in the mysterious depths of space in the starry heavens, the various bodies which eye or telescope can discern, are impelled onward in their various courses with a rapidity which appals even the scientific imagination, even so in the world of souls are there depths beyond depths, reaching away to limitless horizons, and heights above heights of acquired holiness, merit, and glory, making great and good human souls differ from each other and transcend each other in excellence, as bright star surpasses brightest star in splendor.

### *Superior Excellence demanded of the Men of our Day.*

Hence, whatever in the past may have been the various glories of great men—men distinguished above their fellows for Godlike virtue much more than intellectual superiority—yet must we rest well assured that it is the Divine Will, that we in our day and generation, should aim with His help, to rise higher still in goodness, in generosity, in nobility of conduct.

For—and we must not mislearn this vitally important lesson to every one of us—the formation of a great character, and the attainment of this same nobility of conduct, depend on our helping ourselves. The experience and practical wisdom of all past ages have expressed a golden truth in the saying: "God helps only who helps himself."

It behooves every parent, every serious-minded person in the community to weigh well the following words, written by a well-known writer on the education given in Great

Britain. How far they apply, if at all, to our own country, our readers must judge for themselves.

"There is an ambition," says Smiles, "to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather *genteel* men; though the result frequently is, only to make them gents. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is that we have a vast number of gingerbread young gentry thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board." *

Very different must be the result, if the great principles advocated in this book, and the memorable examples which illustrate their practice, are made the basis of the moral training given in families, schools, and colleges, or adopted as a guide by men of the world capable of influencing the young and inexperienced who look up to them.

### *Let our Young Men be God-fearing and Dutiful.*

Whatever else our young men may be, when formed at home by such parents as we are about to describe, and trained in Christian schools by God-fearing and accomplished masters, they will be at least conscientious and God-fearing themselves.

This is the first and greatest need of our age.

They will be also dutiful and high-minded. For the young man whose soul from childhood has been filled with that lofty sense of duty, as of a sacred, indispensable, and ennobling obligation due to the Most High God, will be disposed to discharge every office intrusted to him, as if he were immediately accountable to the Divine Majesty. Hence everything shall be done perfectly, because done for the sake of Him who is the most loving of Fathers, and the most generous of benefactors.

High-minded must ever be the men who are penetrated

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* "Self-Help."

with this sense of duty, and act upon such lofty motives. He who beholds the Infinitely Great and Holy in every person to whom he is bound to yield lawful obedience, will not feel himself degraded in being subordinate to those who may be his own inferiors in birth, in education, and refinement. He will not fulfill his duty conscientiously, or go even beyond his duty in his endeavor to do well, because he is ambitions to obtain praise, or fearful of incurring blame. He is only supremely desirous of pleasing One who values the loving wish much more even than the perfect performance.

And this high-mindedness will be thus a safeguard against that baneful and tyrannical human respect, which is so apt to make old people as well as young omit the good they ought to do, and do the evil their conscience condemns, lest they should draw on themselves the displeasure, the ridicule, or the vain judgments of bad men.

The dutiful and the high-minded will ever be the faithful, the trustworthy, true to the death, because true to God and to themselves.

### *Need, in our Day, of the High-minded and Dutiful*

Surely there is great need of such in our day.

And because they are thus dutiful and true,—they will be diligent, laborious, persevering, self-denying, and self-reliant, because placing their main dependence on the All-Mighty and putting forth to please Him, in their every work and endeavor, their whole strength and industry. Such men are,—everything taken into account,—the best calculated to succeed.

And such men,—be they born never so lowly,—are God's true gentlemen,—the men whom all are forced to respect,—because they are incapable of meanness, fraud, or untruthfulness.

These are a few only of the features of the True Man so needed in all countries and at all periods of the world's history, but especially needed at a time when noble living will

avail infinitely more to save religion and society than eloquent discoursing or the most learned and beautiful writing.

Yes! the road of true manliness and unblemished honor which we are to travel over together, leads up by steep and toilsome paths to the only reward worthy of gentle souls. Like the maiden-knight of the ideal Christian chivalry, if we would keep our souls pure, and win the ecstatic joy of coming to close communion with the veiled Majesty of our Father, we must be ready to do and bear what the crowd recoil from.

"I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.
A maiden-knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air." *

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* Tennyson, "Sir Galahad

# CHAPTER II.

## IDEAL OF THE TRUE MAN'S HOME.

Nor do I find that the Heaven of heavens, which is the Lord's, can be better called than Thine House, which contemplateth Thy delight without any need of going forth to another. . . . That chaste City of Thine, our Mother, which is above, and is free . . . clinging unto Thee with sublime love, shineth and gloweth from Thee like a perpetual noon. O House full of light and splendor! I have loved thy beauty, and the place where dwelleth the glory of my Lord, thy builder and owner.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

THERE is a most beautiful and affecting passage at the close of the very last historical book left us by one of the greatest of patriots and legislators, reciting the magnificent prospect afforded him, just before his death, of the beautiful country divinely promised to his race. From the top of a mountain, at its southernmost extremity, he beheld the lovely home of his people stretching out before him in its length and breadth, smiling like the Garden of God in the world's prime. The sight was the last earthly reward bestowed on upward of a century's labors, hopes, and sufferings, before the eternal rest came to the great pilgrim and prophet.

Can we not, at the outset of our quest after true manhood, its ideal types, and glorious realizations, cast a glance at God's beautiful earth before us, in which He bids us to create ourselves a paradise with his own assistance, bethinking us of the Eternal Home which is to be our rest, and animating ourselves to make of the earthly home its image and counterpart?

Is it not significant of a deep purpose that we should read in the very first pages of Holy Writ, how "the Lord God

took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure, to dress it, and to keep it" ?* There is no doubt but this Garden of Delights, selected by the All-Father from out the wide and lovely land of Eden, was the blissful home which he destined to our innocent First Parents and their innocent offspring. Fairer far than all the earth beside, the manifold beauties which this abode displayed, its peace, its security, the visible manifestations vouchsafed to its inhabitants of the Divine Presence and of the angelic spirits,—were all intended to lift up man's thoughts and hopes toward the Eternal Paradise, prepared for him and his, as their resting place after labor and the crown of all the merits acquired by trial here below.

Fair, indeed, as was the portion of earth thus set apart by the Creator for the dwelling of his privileged creatures, and filled, as we may fancy it, with all the delights that made it a vision and foretaste of Heaven,—yet did God leave much to man to do, in order to make of that Garden a home which should be truly his own,—the creation of his own love and industry.

Adam had been created outside of this Garden of Delights, in some less favored portion of the vast domain reserved for his descendants. He thus was enabled, when transferred by his Divine Benefactor to the earthly paradise, to judge by comparison of the immense superiority of his new abode to all that his eyes had beheld hitherto. This brief experience prepared him to improve by his own husbandry even the teeming soil of paradise, and to guard with unwearied watchfulness the untold wealth,—intrusted to him not only in all the produce of this fairy spot, but in his own soul and its destinies, in the companion soon given to him in Eve, in their united innocence and bliss, and in the welfare of their offspring.

Thus, in the Home bestowed on him who first on earth bore the name of father and discharged its duties, we find that there was imposed a double law, regarding solely home-happiness and well-being,—the law of labor and of vigilance.

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* Genesis, ii. 15.

This law is still the blessed necessity which ennobles the life of man, and creates within his earthly home all that it can possess of bliss and nobleness: *Every true man has to work to create his home*, when he has it not; to preserve and increase its stores, where he receives it by inheritance; and he has to watch over its honor, its happiness, its security, with a most loving care.

We recall this primordial law, as well as the existence of the home to which it immediately applied, not that we may insist on its scope and fulfillment in this chapter—that must be reserved to another part of our work—but that we may set forth the design of the Almighty Wisdom, as displayed in His own labors in preparing us a Home eternal in the heavens, and in aiding us to be ourselves worthy of it in our own home-life here below.

### *The Work of the Almighty Father is to prepare our Eternal Home.*

In setting before your minds, O Christian men, who take up this book and peruse its pages, the great central fact in all religion and in all history, that the mighty "Work of God in the midst of years," * the divine work of Redemption in its complete economy, is but the preparation in time of the Home of eternity, there is a twofold fear that oppresses the writer. Were he to express in befitting words the glorious reality so magnificently and still so imperfectly described in Scripture, he would feel as if the reader might justly suspect him of exaggeration. And when he would attempt to convey in the simplest terms the overwhelming truth about God's love for the human race, as manifested in the almost deified condition reserved in the life to come to His faithful servants, and in the Godlike rank and virtues, which are to be the condition of the true Christian in the present life, he cannot but dread lest the

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* "O Lord, I have heard thy hearing, and was afraid. O Lord, thy work, in the midst of years bring it to life; in the midst of years thou shalt make it known."—*Prophecy of Habacuc*, iii. 2.

infirmities of language should fail to convey the great transcendent truth.

And yet the entire scheme of God's work in creating the world and man, in appointing to him a supernatural rank and destiny, in raising him up through Christ, when fallen from his high estate, in creating through Christ a Spiritual House and Kingdom for the whole race, which is only a type of the Eternal Home and Kingdom, and in making of that Home above the masterpiece and crowning work of His power, His wisdom, and His love,—may be best stated to the mind alike of untutored childhood, and of cultivated manhood, by saying that the joint labors of God the Father, of Christ His incarnate Son, and of the Divine Spirit abiding with man evermore,—consist in preparing for mankind a HOME in the heavens worthy of God's utmost magnificence, and of enabling mankind in this life to deserve the unspeakable glories of that Eternal Home.

Do not weary yet of the golden thought held out to you, like a potent spell-word, which, if you grasp and retain it lovingly, will open to your soul many ravishing prospects and sunny horizons stretching away among the eternal hills. Hear, rather, one or two mighty voices whose accents thrill upon the reverent soul, startling it like lightning flashing from opposite sides of the heavens.

"From the beginning of the world they have not heard, nor perceived with the ears; the eye hath not seen, O God, besides thee, what things thou hast prepared for them that wait for thee." *—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him." †

Hear how he whose pen was said to drop honey, the great St. Bernard, comments on this passage:

"Tell us, O Thou who preparest these things, what it is that thou preparest:—'WE shall be filled with the good things of thy house.' ‡—But what are these good things? Wine, oil, and bread?—With all these we are familiar; we see them with our eyes, they pall upon our taste. What we

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* Isaias, lxiv. 4. † 1 Corinthians, ii. 9. ‡ Psalm lxiv. 5.

seek is what eye hath not seen, O God, besides thee. . . . Here it is: God shall be all things in all of us. In the present life our reason is liable to frequent error in its conclusions, our will is swayed by a fourfold disturbing influence, and our memory is confused by obliviousness of every kind. To these three infirmities is thy glorious creature subjected, O God, sadly to his discomfort, but not hopelessly. For He who satisfieth in good things the desire of the soul, will Himself be to our reason the fullness of light, to our will the deep and overflowing tide of peace, and to our memory the unbroken course of eternity.

"O Truth! O Love! O Eternity! O blessed and bliss-bestowing Trinity! for thee doth this threefold wretchedness of mine ever miserably yearn, exiled as I am from Thee!" *

*The Chief Work of every True Father among men, is to create a Home.*

It is clear, from all this, that, after the salvation of one's own soul, which must underlie the aims, thoughts, and actions of every Christian man, what is chiefly to be the end of every true father's efforts, is the building up and sanctifying of a home, if he has none; or the maintaining and perfecting it in all honor, peace, prosperity, and happiness, where it exists.

This is, in God's design and under His expressly declared will, the first and chief object of a true man's solicitude.

Thus, while the divine Architect of the universe, conjointly with the angels who are the ministers of his fatherly providence over us, and with all true men who are laboring in conformity to the divine will,—is preparing in heaven a dwelling-place for all his faithful children, more magnificent than human intelligence can conceive of,—even so must you, beneath His eye, blessed and aided by him and his Angels, set about rearing your home or making of it the image here below of that House of God on high, where, in

* Sermo ii. in Cant.

the words of St. Bernard, all shall be "Truth, and Love and Eternity,"—truth in your faith and your life, charity in your dealings with your household and all outside of it, and eternity so far as you can secure it, in the independence gained for your dear ones, in the spirit of faith and honor which you bequeath to them, in the very homestead itself which is to be a lasting center for their children's children.

Nor, in the place of Him who, true Father as he is, knows no acceptation of persons,—is this primary and all-important duty of providing, maintaining, and brightening the family home, the exclusive duty of the great and the rich. There is not a poor laboring-man, who makes it his care to procure shelter, food, and raiment for his dear ones,—that is not obliged to aim at having his own home for them, and of making that home an image of heaven. There is not a youth who takes on himself the responsibilities of husband, who binds to his own lot the young wife of his choice,—who does not thereby bind himself to separate her from the whole world, to give her a home of her own, where she shall be sole mistress and queen.

Whether you be of high or of low degree, a man of wealth or a poor man depending on the earning of each day, whether advanced in years and with much experience of life's difficulties, or just setting your foot on the path,—be earnest in your resolution to work in building up your home, and with it the honor and happiness of a family, and sing in your heart as you begin the effort of each new day and hour!

This is the Golden Rule of life for all of us, men of the world, or ministers of God's sacraments, to set our hands earnestly and joyously to the joint work God appoints us to do—

*To build up True Christian Homes!*

The teaching and guidance of the priest are ordained only as a help to fathers of families,—from those who rule States, to those who are the lowliest and poorest. The help

of the governing classes, in their turn, as well as of the wealthy, is, by the law of Christian charity, due to their dependent and fortuneless brethren. So that the whole effort of religion and of the most favored members of the social body, should aim at assisting the poor man to create for himself a home, and to adorn it with all the best virtues of fatherhood.

*This is the need of the age.* We must have true Christian fathers and true Christian homes. Socialism and Communism present a frightful caricature of the helpful brotherly love which is the soul and the bond of unity in all States obeying the law of the Gospel. The earnest and successful labors of the directing classes to inculcate parental duty, to practice and enforce the sweet home-virtues, and especially to aid the laboring-man in securing for himself the privacy and the sanctities of home-life, constitute the only efficacious corrective to the pestilential errors of communistic declaimers and conspirators.

The charity which we thus urge upon the men of our day is not the exercise of a new virtue, nor the application of a new remedy to social evils unheard of till now.

The very birds of the air, the very insects in the field would teach mankind how to make of the creation of the home a joint labor, and a labor of love as well. To be sure, we know that it is the special part of a man to provide a home for his companion and their children, as well as to labor for its support and to watch over its security. We are here talking not only of the house which shelters the family, but of the love which brightens and warms it, and of all the admirable virtues that should make its chief ornament. Even in the building up of the material walls, the poor man's wife will have to be most frequently his loving assistant, while in all the affections and virtues that make it a paradise, both have to contribute a generous share.

Just now, however, as the apostles of evil are endeavoring to inculcate on the mind of the laborer, that home and its sanctities and duties are the creation of the laborer's worst enemies, it will be well, after seeing the example

which God sets to man in His own most glorious work, to take a lesson from the bird and the bee.

### *Man Taught to Labor by the Birds.*

See how they labor together, impelled by that instinct or half-intelligence given them by their wise Creator, to construct a nest in which they can shelter and rear their young. And how admirable are both their labor and their intelligence! Just when the first sure signs of returning spring and settled weather tell the husbandman that he can trust his seed to the ground, we see in our northern climates the birds in pairs selecting proper sites for their nests. The amount of labor, industry, and perseverance, which even the very smallest of these feathered tribes display in this, surely ought to be a lesson to the observant among us. Both birds are equally diligent in collecting materials and in rearing the walls of the structure, though it would appear that the task of giving the interior its shape, and of lining it with the soft materials that are to keep the eggs warm and to shield the callow young during their first period of helplessness, is left to the female,—not a little suggestive of the mother's office in regulating and adorning the interior of her home.

They often work from the first peep of dawn till after the last glow of twilight to complete their undertaking. And what intelligence is displayed in the selection of the site, the choice of the materials, and the wonderful and varied industry with which these materials are employed for their destined purpose! For among birds there are miners, and carpenters, and masons, as well as weavers, tailors, and felt-makers, manifesting in their craft a skill so marvelous, and such a science of adaptation to climate, locality, and danger, that one is struck with admiration in studying the masterpieces which these feathered artisans produce. These weaver and tailor birds know also how to associate into guilds for mutual protection against their many foes, and their numbers render them secure against the most powerful birds of prey.

### *Taught by the Bee and the Ant.*

Need we descend to the well-known examples of the bee and the ant? Indeed, the admirable constructions of these little insects (we omit to mention so many other species well known to the reader), are more like the homes of civilized folk, than the most elaborate nests of birds, whether solitary or gregarious. The nests of these are, for the most part, temporary, made of perishable materials, and destined to rear the brood of the season. Not so the hive of the honey-bee, or the prodigious structure reared by the white ant; these are permanent homes, where generation after generation of laborers is born and reared, and whence, the old home becoming too narrow, and not admitting of enlargement, colony after colony will issue forth to create new homes, adorned by the same intelligence, laborious habits, thrift, order, sobriety, and indomitable perseverance, displayed in the ways of their ancestors.

Yes, all nature teaches man these golden lessons of industry, loving co-operation, mutual aid, and dependence, order, purpose, system, devotion to the welfare and happiness of others, union of minds and hearts and hands under God to create and preserve anything lasting and glorious.

What is man without a home? More helpless and wretched than the beast, the fowl, or the insect. He is both the enemy and the prey of every creature on the face of the earth. But with a home, which he has labored to create, or to preserve and perfect, which he lights up with the lofty examples of his life, where,—like God Himself in the world,—he only lives to do good and make others good and happy, where the love he gives is returned to him a hundred-fold by the dear ones who owe him everything,—is not man a most Godlike being?

With this rapid glance at that sweet and sublime ideal which Religion holds up to the true man, let us now turn to the beautiful and soul-stirring realities of actual life, to the mighty divine-human forces at work beneath our eyes in creating and embellishing true Christian Homes.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TRUE MAN'S HOME DUTIES.

> We make the world we live in ; and we weave
> About us webs of good or ill, which leave
> Their impress on our souls.

The world which is to be to you a fairy-land where all is perpetual spring and unclouded sunshine to the soul, is your own home, *as you make it;* it will be the ever-present image and foretaste of that other land where joy is none, nor peace, nor love, nor hope, if you fail to fulfill these sacred home-duties which are to you the law of life. Where there is self-caused misery within the home, there can be, for any man who has the fear of God, but little happiness or enjoyment in the wide world outside. To a husband and a father, with a home still left to him, the roses with which pleasure would crown him outside of it, would be a crown of piercing thorns, the laurels bound round his brow would seem a diadem of flame, and the most delicious fruits of the world's banquet would turn to ashes and bitterness in his mouth. God, who ordained the home-virtues as the foundation of the moral world, owes it to himself and to us, that no father of a family shall find solid happiness or lasting honor anywhere else than by the side of his wife, in the midst of his children, and beneath the roof which the divine blessing has hallowed as his home. If he has won her love, their reverence, and the admiration of the outside world, the wreath that she will weave for him will seem dearer and more enviable than the diadem of kings, the caresses of his children sweeter than the enthusiastic applause of multi-

tudes, and the meal spread forth by love on his own table, more delicious than the viands of the gods.

How many homes have we not seen among the laboring poor where the simple, and often the scanty, fare, seasoned by contentment and true love and a good conscience, was, in very truth, a foretaste of the banquet of heaven! How truly were the mutual affection and the delight in each other that welled up in these pure, simple, brave hearts, the magnificent reward of Him whose ecstatic presence even in this life overflows hearts unoccupied by worldly affections, as the rising tide fills with its rushing waters the bare bays and creeks of the seaboard!

Learn we then to "make the world we live in," "to dress and to keep" the paradise, "the garden of delights" we call our home. In that twofold labor the Divine Author of man's being would not have him to be alone: He gives the man of the world a companion, a helpmate, a friend, dear, devoted, and to be cherished beyond all that is not God. The true man's first duty, after God, is to his wife.

## *Conjugal Love the great creative and conservative Force in the Home.*

Since the days of Adam and Eve there has been a great outcry against the latter, as if she were the sole or most guilty cause of that primal offense which lost our race the earthly paradise. It is certain that our first father, who had been weak enough to listen to the tempting voice of his companion, was also unmanly enough to throw the whole blame of his own guilt upon her. Ever since, the descendants of this unhappy pair have been divided as to the proper share of husband and wife in the ruin and misery of homes from which God's blessing had been banished. When a home is blessed with peace, and order, and love, and prosperity, there never is any dispute about the relative merit of the parents. It may be taken for certain that both have lovingly labored "to dress and keep" their sweet garden from the approach of evil.

To secure this harmony of action, and the union of hearts from which it flows, all the religious helps instituted by the Creator from the beginning, and afterward perfected by Christ, are intended. There can be in the home neither happiness, nor peace, nor prosperity, nor the blessing of children growing up in the fear of God, nor the respect of friends or neighbors, without this deep, true, holy, and lasting love of husband for wife and of wife for husband. We are not treating here of the qualities which young people, while yet they are free, should consider in the life-companions they are about to unite to themselves in matrimony. We suppose the marriage to be an accomplished fact, and are solely concerned, at the present moment, with the necessity and the means of preserving, fostering, increasing, and perfecting that union of two souls devoted eternally to each other, without which the married state is likely to be little else than a life-long bondage, and with which it is certain to be a life-long joy, even when the path to be trodden lies through hardship and struggle.

### *The Husband's distinctive Part in the joint work.*

Manly hearts would not believe us or forgive us, were we not to declare at the outset, that the task of the husband, as the head of the family and the stronger by nature, consists in doing all that devoted love can do to cherish the God-given treasure of a true wifely heart.

### *To cherish the Love of a Perfect Woman.*

Let us discuss the only two suppositions to be admitted here:—of a virgin heart kept by God's angels for the destined husband, like a gem of incomparable beauty and price hidden away and locked up by a king for the bridal day of his son and heir;—or of a heart either unloving, or occupied with the love of another.

In the first case, and presuming the husband to be the Christian man that he ought to be, governed by conscience,

and seeking in his choice of a companion the fulfillment of the divine pleasure,—then is the treasure of love bestowed on him by the great sacrament of matrimony, exactly described in the beautiful sentiments attributed by a modern poet to old Catholic Portugal:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the Passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death." *

Catholic moralists teach,—and it is the sentiment of the Church,—that just as men are divinely destined and called to the priesthood, and the life of higher perfection under religious rule, even so are they destined and called to the married state. In each of these conditions true holiness of life may be attained,—nay, it is the will of Him for whose glory all conditions of life are bound to labor, that the man of the world should be spotless and perfect in his state, as much as the priest in his sacred station, or the monk in his cloister. And to enable each one to fulfill the end of his proper vocation, our Father and God has set apart for every one of us an ever-present and ever-ready storehouse of graces, out of which the divine hand daily and hourly, all through life, bestows on each a measure limited only by the recipient's own previous generosity in the use of the heavenly gift.

Of the graces thus prepared for the use of every man assuming the responsible duties of wedded life, the greatest is the undivided love of a true woman. To the gift which

* Mrs. Browning's "Translations from the Portuguese."

such a one bestows on you, in putting her hand in yours at the altar, what is there on earth to be compared in value? You, too, can say with the supposed lover of the land of St. Elizabeth:

> "What can I give thee back, O liberal
> And princely giver . . . who hast brought the gold
> And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
> And laid them on the outside of the wall
> For such as I to take or leave withal,
> In unexpected largesse?" *

### *Guilt and Folly of not Prizing such a Gift.*

Yes, this is more than a royal gift. For at royal bridals, though the East and the West may have been ransacked for the jewels which the bridegroom bestows on his bride, what are they to the love which does not go with them, or which, when bestowed, is above all the gems that earth and ocean can yield?

Do men, even when most assured of possessing this treasure, act as if they prized it at its worth? Do they, from their bridal day and ever after, make it their duty, a most sacred duty to God and to their dear companion, to study to cherish and increase this love in the tender and sensitive heart of the woman they have chosen from out all womankind? There are so many men, and they calling themselves Christian men, who, once married, seem to think that they may feel secure of their companion's love, and that no neglect of theirs, no lack of manly virtue, can lose them the love of that heart so trustfully given to them.

Experience is there, however,—a sad and often tragic experience, to prove all too eloquently how a husband's neglect chills and blights the healthiest growth of wifely affection, how the betrayal of unmanly weaknesses soon shatters the ideal young love had been worshiping, and how ill-usage but too often converts the deepest and purest conjugal devotion into a hatred still deeper and undying.

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* The same.

*Hallowed mutual Love all-powerful for good.*

Love is the mightiest force of the moral world, all-mighty for good when directed toward the august purposes ordained by Him who is the Creator both of the world of spirits and of the world of matter, and who delights in aiding the workings of the human heart much more than in controlling the winds and the waves, the play of the lightning or the pathways of the light, much more even than in regulating the vast and mysterious movements of the starry universe. There never yet existed two young hearts kept pure for each other by the Great Author of our nature, and united for life-long companionship through the most ancient and sacred of His ordinances, whom He did not destine to be to each other a source of purest bliss, a mutual power toward all excellence, and the parents of a race of Godlike men and women, *if they would themselves only be faithful to the light that is in them!*

Here lies the secret of so much sin and misery, of so many scandals among every class of society, of the ruin of so many homes and the breaking of so many hearts. The mighty force of lawful love, is placed, like every other most precious gift of God to man, in the keeping and under the control of man's free will. He is left free by his Maker, to use the gift or neglect it, to apply it to the divinest purposes or to pervert it to the worst.

Man has but a limited control of the mighty elementary forces of nature. The storms which sport with his best-built ships on the ocean, the inundations which yearly devastate his fields and wreck his habitation, the earthquake-power that levels the proudest cities in the twinkling of an eye, and ingulfs whole continents in the deep, the very fire given him for so many useful and salutary ends, all show him continually that he is not their master. Nay, more than that, the very steam which he generates and utilizes as the agent of his most triumphant progress, annihilates him at every turn, as if to convince him that his most glorious

conquests can never be achieved over elements that he was not born to subdue.

The strength of man and his chiefest glory lie in his mastery over his own soul, and in his power of binding to himself the souls of others. His worst sin consists in the neglect of subduing his own evil passions, of cultivating and developing the good that is in himself; in the neglect of his duties toward the souls knit to his own, given him to guard from evil, to advance in all good, to love as God has loved us, by continual devotion and self-sacrifice in favor of the beloved.

### *Man responsible for the Fall in Eden.*

The story of the two first human beings ought to be a lesson full of warning and most wholesome instruction for every human pair, who start in life together under the sanction of God's blessing. No,—Eve was not the author of the transgression that ruined human happiness and sullied human life at their very origin. Eve was not the head of the race; she was derived from Adam and created for him; we stood not or fell not in her and through her. Man was the head; in him it was decreed that the entire race should stand or fall. When the woman whom he was bound to guard and watch over far more jealously and diligently than over his beauteous domain of Paradise, fell, in great part, it may be, because he was neither diligent nor watchful in his charge over her unsuspecting innocence and comparative helplessness,—*we* had not yet fallen. Her sin was her own, and was not to be imputed to us. Had Adam continued innocent, then had we not forfeited the sublime rank to which in him all human nature had been elevated. He fell, tempted, to be sure, by his now guilty companion; but he fell freely, with his eyes open, with a full knowledge of the consequences of his disobedience, with a lively sense of the immense debt he owed to his Creator and Benefactor, and he fell to gratify his own sensuality. No other motive is assigned in Scripture.

His fall, utterly unjustifiable, and utterly disgraceful as

it was, dragged us all down; and the ruin caused thereby required the coming down to our level in our assumed flesh and blood of that Eternal Son, through whom all things had been made, and by whom alone the ruin of all things could be repaired.

Even so now, let us not close our eyes to the luminous fact,—the ruin of the Home comes through man: woman's baneful agency is but indirect, accidental, at the very most, secondary or subsidiary. *The head of the Home is man*, the head of society is man; the destroyer of the moral world is man; its restoration and salvation must be through woman.

At any rate, certain it is that at the head of the moral order here below is man; when he fails, then there follows disorder everywhere.

Is this preaching? We know not; we would fain think it is not. Yet so earnest are we under the pressure of our great conviction, that we must set the truth forth as it forces itself upon us.

### *Man's Responsibility for Home-Love and Happiness.*

In the home of the lowliest laboring-man, to which he has just brought the woman of his choice, there is present in the force of her pure, maiden love, and in the added force of God's grace, given to these two souls, to love each other withal and to do their life-work, a power infinite in its virtue and eternal in its duration, provided the husband understand the trust which he accepts therein, and freely use it *with the divine assistance.*

For, as surely as God is the Creator and Life-giver, so surely does He place his power and Himself at the disposal of that young husband for the fulfillment of his task, for the cherishing of the twin-soul wedded to him, and destined to be his helpmate in dressing and keeping their paradise. This lesson is addressed to Catholic men especially, who are not unacquainted with the doctrine of their Church on the nature of the various sacraments, and on the virtue of that

mighty aid from on high toward all our good actions that we call *grace.*

At every instant, when that aid is vouchsafed to our mind by the light given it to see the good to be done, and to our will by the interior energy to follow where that light leads,—God himself is with the light he pours on our path and in the powerful impulse which urges the heart to go forward.

### *Perpetual Devotion enjoined on Young Husbands.*

It is His will, then, that the young husband should cherish with infinite care and tenderness that most precious flower of love, which is to be, under God, the very soul of his happiness and his power for good till his dying day. His plain duty, therefore, from that day forth, is to make "to-morrow" even more delightful to his companion than "to-day;" to make his love for her, his respect for her, his delicate and even watchful care of her, his chivalrous devotion to her (for all that is true love), like the stream, which is but a tiny ripple of water at its birth, but deepens and widens ever as it flows onward to the sea.

Listen to the soul of pure conjugal love as a Protestant supposed Catholic women to conceive it; and learn to measure your own upon its exquisite tenderness and delicacy.

> "I feel that I shall stand
> Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
> Alone upon the threshold of my door
> Of individual life, I shall command
> The uses of my life, nor lift my hand
> Serenely in the sunshine as before,
> Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
> Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
> Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
> With pulses that beat double. What I do
> And what I dream include thee, as the wine
> Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
> God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

We must return later to this subject, full as it is of most precious teachings,—and say at present one word about the other alternative of the young bridegroom's lot,—that he has found, namely, in his bride anything save the ideal his love had dreamed of.

### *How Mental Inferiority in the Wife is Remedied.*

What is to be done when a husband is rudely startled from his dream of life-long companionship with a woman endowed with all the virtues and perfections his fancy had painted, to find that he is wedded to the very opposite defects or vices?

It is a terrible question to answer. And yet is it not an unfrequent one. There are but few guides of souls that have not to help a disappointed and despairing husband toward finding a practical solution to this formidable and seemingly insuperable difficulty. For non-Catholics the ready solution would be in divorce and the consequent formation of new ties. With Catholics there can be no thought of divorce. The remedy is only to be found in the sacramental grace itself, and in the heroic virtues which its unfailing efficacy enables the young husband to practice both in reforming what is deformed in his wife's character and temper, and in raising higher in his own heart and life the level of all goodness and forbearance.

### *Example.*

In a charming series of sketches from actual life, published by a gifted American lady some thirty years ago,* is related an instance apposite to our present purpose, of what may be considered a most painful deficiency in a wife.

A young French nobleman, temporarily residing in New York, fell in love with and married a lovely Irish girl, who was simply a seamstress. He was unutterably shocked,

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* "Portraits of My Married Friends," by Uncle Ben.

soon after their union, to discover that his young wife, who had won and filled his heart much more even by the beauty of her soul than by the uncommon charms of her person, was absolutely destitute of all literary education. She did not know the first letters of the alphabet! That he did not find this out before marriage, was due to his very slight acquaintance with the English language, as well as to the correctness with which she spoke it and the grace and refinement of her manners, all of which she had acquired in the family of "Uncle Ben."

This discovery, though it cast a shadow on their wedded bliss, did not estrange the husband from his innocent, beautiful, and devoted wife. He neither upbraided her with her ignorance, nor accused her of willfully deceiving him. With admirable sense he set about remedying the deficiency of his companion, and was heartily seconded by herself, she being at bottom a woman of excellent judgment and character.

To avoid the possibility of exposing her ignorance to the eyes of his friends or of the social world, he gave up all society, associated with his business connections only outside of his own home, and so far as was strictly needful. He surrounded her in their lodgings with all the elegances and luxuries that could elevate her taste, and he taught her their value. With his aid and that of her former kind mistress's daughters, she soon learned to read and write. These imperfect beginnings filled her with unspeakable delight and a keen desire of further improvement. The gentle husband encouraged every effort, trusting to the natural talent and innate refinement of his dear one for a complete realization in time of all that he anticipated for her.

Meanwhile a daughter was born to him, who promised to be as beautiful as her mother. The latter, however, now that she had a child to rear, felt so deeply the deficiencies of her own education, that she must have been completely disheartened but for the sweet words of comfort and encouragement of her noble husband.

Alas! theirs was but a brief union. He had received

a distinguished scientific training, was a graduate of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and had an active share in the construction of the Croton Aqueduct and Reservoir. A fever contracted by exposure carried him off, consoled, at his last hours, by the angelic devotion of his young wife, and the ministrations of their common faith.

It became needful that she should go to France, whither her father-in-law pressingly invited her, offering her his home as her own. But how was she to conceal from him and his aristocratic connections her humiliating ignorance of all things which a lady is supposed to know? In this extremity "Uncle Ben" and her daughters became her efficient aids. She devoted, under their care, the short interval before her departure to the study of what was most needful, her progress being proportioned to her fervor for self-improvement.

In France, she made a most favorable impression on the aged and widowed nobleman, who loved her dearly for the sake of his only son, as well as for her own. A French master was called in to teach her the language of her new home, of which she scarcely understood a word. She was filled with inexpressible terror lest he should find out her ignorance, and speak of it to the family, to the housekeeper, especially, who had hailed her arrival with any feelings but those of welcome, and who was all too anxious to humble the admired and lovely stranger. So the French master was admitted by the latter to her secret, and won over to her interests. The neighboring Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart afforded her not only a much needed refuge in her bereavement, but gave her enlightened friends in the fresh troubles that beset her path.

To her kind instructresses in New York, however, she had chiefly recourse for help. They literally educated her by letter. We have her letters to them now before us, from the first to the last, and our readers would be astonished, in perusing them, to see how much was to be learned not only in the most elementary branches of education, by one who had learned nothing in childhood or girlhood, but also

in the requirements of social life in the highest ranks of a great civilized country.

In less than a year she learned to speak and write French with ease. To those around her she now had the air and the manners of a lady of culture; and, in truth, her natural talents aided by her own most conscientious efforts, had produced most striking results.

At this juncture some English friends of her father-in-law were invited to spend a season with his family, and Kate was the only person there who could entertain them. Fancy the poor thing's agony lest she should again be found out and betrayed by her visitors. Then began a new series of appeals to her New York friends for instruction on every imaginable subject, from degrees of longitude and latitude to the nature and uses of the thermometer and barometer. Nothing could daunt the intrepid learner, till she had succeeded in amassing an amount of varied information that set her at ease in every society she went into.

She was still in the summer of her beauty and grace, when her hand was solicited by a man of birth and fortune; and here we leave her, with the question: What would have become of herself and her first husband, had she not found in him that high-born sense of self-respect, which did not permit him to allow the outside world to know the secrets of his home and his heart? or, if his true love for his companion and his gentle forbearance had not encouraged and aided her to lift herself up to his level?

## *Difficulty of dealing with Weak Women.*

Bitter as must be a man's disappointment, when he finds himself wedded for life to a woman in every way inferior to himself and to the sphere in which he moves, the deficiency, as we have just seen, can be remedied where he is kind and patient, and she is willing and eager to learn. It is a rich nature totally uncultivated or overrun by the weeds of neglect: the weeds can be plucked up, and the rich soil made to bear a glorious crop by patient and careful husbandry.

But what if the wife resemble the *landes* of Brittany, where there is only a few inches of arable earth, cold and wet, on the underlying granite, and where nothing but furze and barren heaths can grow? What if the soil be the cold, naked rock, or the barren sand of the wilderness?

All comparisons here, if taken in their literal sense to convey the exact truth, must mislead the reader. There is no human soul (we are not here treating of idiots) incapable of culture; and we shall see presently how the patient, industrious, and gentle skill of a true man, aided by the unfailing grace of the Creator, can work miracles in the natures that appear stricken with hopeless sterility. Nevertheless, as we must present the difficulty to the reader in its real magnitude, let us see what are these weak womanly natures out of which one might think nothing could be made, or these perverse natures, which can no more be made to bear wholesome fruit than the bramble can be made to bear figs, or the furze or heath be made sweet food for cattle.

The ancestor of an English statesman at present very prominent in European politics, warned his son, three centuries ago, in these words: "Thou shalt find there is nothing so irksome in life as a female fool."

## "*Female Fools*"—*what they are.*

There are women, certainly, who can be fitly described in no other words; pretty in face, it may be, but silly, empty-headed, lazy, idle, and as incapable of serious thought and sustained exertion, as mercury is of the temper of steel. These are weak women, or the "female fools" of old Lord Burleigh.

Such women are the product of a defective education,—whether given at home by an incapable mother, or at one of these schools where girls, like nails in a nail-factory, are all made exactly after the same fashion, without regard to natural disposition or future avocations. But how happens it, that sensible men, with their eyes open, choose such companions as these?

The mistake made in the selection is but too often to be laid to the husband's account. The headlong passion which is so apt to be caught by a handsome face, and does not stop to ask if the intellectual and moral qualities correspond to face and figure, if the practical training in all that pertains to the management of a household has not been neglected, or sacrificed to the few flimsy accomplishments acquired in a boarding school,—all this he must blame himself for. The Church is so supernaturally wise in the rules which she lays down for the guidance of young people about to contract the weighty obligations of matrimony! She will have them prepare themselves by prayer, by the reception of the Sacraments, by purity of soul, by the most sacred self-respect and modesty, to obtain the divine light on the course they are going to pursue. The fundamental and far-reaching maxim impressed upon all who are deliberating on the choice of a calling in life, or, having chosen it, are selecting the best means of filling its duties, is, that God's will must be sought before and above everything, and that to it our will and inclinations must be subordinated.

*Men who choose them, Greater Fools.*

It is impossible,—where God-fearing young people have been taught, in preparing for marriage, or in the choice of their companions for life, to implore light to know the divine will, and where they have prayed fervently for such light, kept their souls pure to receive it, and their hearts free to follow it,—that God should not direct them aright and guard them against the fatal mistake of such a choice as we are now censuring.

Those who are true to their conscience, true to the light within them, and careful to seek the divine will in the momentous matter of marriage, are but the very few even among our Catholic youth; the immense majority rush into matrimony blindly, without a thought of God, and intent only on following the impulse of passion or the voice of worldly interest.

We care not to insist at length upon this delicate matter. Only, we ask young men, who have neglected the divine guidance, when such mighty motives should have induced them to seek it, whether they have not themselves to blame for making a fool's choice? Let not the sentiment of self-condemnation, however, become either discouragement or supineness. You have discovered your error,—all too common a one, in our day; now set yourself manfully to retrieve it.

### *How such Wives can be Educated.*

But how? How is it possible to transform a "female fool" into a sensible woman? Can these empty heads be ever filled with useful knowledge? Can silliness be made serious? or inveterate indolence be stimulated into habits of wholesome activity and profitable labor? Can the whole character of a soul, hitherto neglected, be changed?

Most assuredly,—with His assistance who is ever first to prompt us to every generous resolution, and ever by our side to sustain us while carrying it out,—and with the help of our own quiet and persevering energy in coöperating with that ever-present goodness.

### *Man's Strength made to support Woman's Weakness.*

In the first place, see to it that you keep your disappointment to yourself. Let neither word nor look of yours betray even to your companion, that you are conscious of any deficiency in her. If she loves you truly, then you have in the fullness of her affection and in the trust she reposes in you, one of the most powerful means of effecting your purpose. Do not inquire whence her "weakness,"—her softness, indolence, incapacity,—have arisen. Weakness needs to be sustained by strength. You are strong, and must prop up the weak one, that is henceforward to lean on you alone. The graceful creepers of our Southern forests receive from the lordly trees to which they cling, not only

support but sustenance. Many of them derive their nourishment entirely from the trunk on which they live.

It is God's ordinance that the husband should impart to his wedded wife not only the strength which supplements her weakness, but the living energy that enables her to bear abundant fruits of every womanly virtue and graceful accomplishment.

We have known instances where husbands have succeeded, by the silent but eloquent lessons of their own example, in teaching their wives to be orderly, industrious, energetic, model housewives, mistresses, and mothers, —where by gently stimulating womanly pride, they have made them so repair all the evil habits of early training, as to become most companionable in society, as well as most efficient helpmates at home. In some of these we have known a husband to be most ably assisted by his mother or sister,—though it is not often that a weak wife will accept the influence of an accomplished mother-in-law, or of a clever sister-in-law.

The truly Christian forbearance and patient industry on the part of a husband, which we here inculcate, was most ably seconded by his mother in a case that deserves especial mention.

### *A Noble Example of such Transformation.*

A young lawyer of good family and great promise had been smitten, during a vacation spent at a fashionable watering-place, with the girlish beauty and artlessness of a lady to whom he was introduced, and she, on her side, was not less taken by the manly grace and evident goodness of the gentleman. His parents were living in a distant State, and he did not think it necessary to consult them, having a handsome income of his own with the fairest prospects of success in his profession. His wish had ever been to find a wife uniting true goodness and purity to personal beauty; and she had been taught by her mother to prefer to all others a young man of her own faith whose past life

afforded every assurance of unblemished virtue. The young people thought they had found their ideal in each other, sought each other's company, became speedily engaged, and were married after less than a month's acquaintance, the parents of the bride alone assisting at the nuptials.

During his brief wedding-tour, the bridegroom discovered, to his utter dismay, that he had married a beautiful woman, indeed, but that what he had mistaken for artlessness was silliness, and that his wife, though unacquainted with evil, was totally deficient in practical sense, as well as in solid accomplishments of any kind. The blushing timidity of the beautiful girl which had first attracted his attention and won his sympathy, he found, on a nearer view, to be the self-conscious effort of a girl allowed to grow up in uncontrolled ignorance and laziness, and who now shrank from public observation. She was sensitive and not without a certain pride. This was to prove her salvation.

He had contracted, under the discipline of his excellent mother, the habit of monthly confession and communion. The haste with which their nuptials had been celebrated not having permitted them to do more than make a very unsatisfactory confession, he profited by their stay in Philadelphia over Sunday to prepare himself for holy communion, and had no difficulty in persuading his wife to do the same. Fortunately for him,—as he afterward said,—they both applied to the venerable Bishop Kenrick ; and to him the disappointed bridegrom opened his whole heart, accusing himself bitterly of the haste with which he had acted in choosing his companion, of having allowed his judgment to be misled by the charms of a fair young face, of having neglected to consult either of his parents before pledging his troth to an utter stranger, and, worse than all, of not having prayed to God for light and guidance. Indeed, he confessed, he had been afraid to pray, lest some secret inspiration from on high should thwart his hope of possessing without delay a prize so fascinating to the outward sense. He disclosed his disappointment and his fears for the future

to a fatherly heart most able and most ready to give him timely advice.

The young man was bidden never to make known to any person but his mother the weakness and utter incapacity of his bride. He was to love and cherish her, to show her, both in their own greatest privacy and before others, every mark of honor and respect, laboring meanwhile to associate her in all his own private studies, pursuits, and recreations; he was to get her, as soon as possible, a house of her own, and to take to all appearance unbounded delight in superintending with her its upholstering, decoration, and management. In a word, he was to teach her what and how to do, while seeming to be only interested in seeing her at work.

That he was, at first, and even for a long time, but very partially successful, we are bound to say; that he succeeded in making her at length a wife after his own heart, we cannot affirm; still God did crown his patience and fortitude with results he could not dare to hope for during the first years of his married life.

Her silliness, inefficiency, and sad lack of mental cultivation were to him the cause of daily and hourly mortification. He never knew when she would say or do something unseemly. Indeed, she was almost certain to say and do the wrong thing, when she was most anxious to say and do the right. Yet her husband heroically kept his resolution of never snubbing her or of betraying before others his humiliation and annoyance.

### *Share of the Mother-in-Law.*

It so happened that when the young husband arrived at his parents' home, his mother was prostrated by a long and tedious illness. She saw at a glance what a mistake her son had made, and neither she nor his father ever ventured to utter one word of reproach. They read in his looks how keen was his disappointment, and understood from his admirable behavior toward his wife, that he had determined

to repair his fault by unremitting devotion to her comfort and improvement.

The mother thanked God fervently for this, and with the instinct of a true woman and a true mother, she resolved to win the heart of her daughter-in-law. She would show a preference for her company above that of her own daughters; she professed to feel better each time the timid, blundering stranger conversed with her or ministered to her comfort. Every flower she brought to the sick-room was placed on the table within reach of the invalid. Every little article coming from the bride's hand was made much of and displayed conspicuously. Thus was the latter powerfully attracted to the sufferer.

### *A True Mother's Wisdom.*

Meanwhile the young couple had been preparing their own residence, the mother-in-law being consulted with a childish delight on every detail pertaining to the furniture and arrangement. When her health was so far improved as to permit her doing so, she was prevailed upon by her children to pay them a visit; and, once in the house, she was kept perforce by its mistress, who devoted herself to her in earnest. This circumstance was a most providential one for the new home. The little silly wife,—thanks to the joint but skillfully concealed efforts of the sick mother and her daughters,—was initiated into all the mysteries of house-keeping, and trained to preside at her own table, to receive the most brilliant and numerous company, and thus to do the honors of her husband's house with as few mistakes as possible.

When afterward left alone to her own resources, her pride was stimulated to keep everything in the beautiful order established by her mother-in-law,—her husband all the while secretly aiding his companion in her laborious effort at system and regularity.

To be sure, there were cloudy days in these first years of their union. But there was also sunshine. The outside world,

never slow at guessing, and guessing correctly, where lie the difficulties of young married life,—had too many amusing anecdotes to tell about the queer blunders of the brilliant lawyer's not very brilliant companion. Few there were, however, who did not respect him sincerely for his chivalrous devotion to her, his constant deference to her every wish, and wonder, as well, at the marked improvement in her manners and her conversation. Everybody believed them most happy in each other; and he certainly never allowed even her to suspect that he was not the most blessed of husbands.

### *The Noble Husband's Reward.*

He rose steadily in his noble profession,—and as he rose, he lifted with him to his own level the weak, dependent creature, who now looked up to him with a love that almost amounted to adoration. The children born to her were reared with infinite care. Both parents drew all their strength, as well as their chief happiness in life, from their habits of sincere piety. Though they were wealthy, their life was one of generous self-denial, their home, their heart, and their hand being ever open to distress and the need of all less favored than themselves. How could God refuse to bless their efforts in rearing children worthy of Him?

The self-sacrificing sense of duty which had sustained the husband through so many years of trial was crowned with a heroic death during the first years of our great civil war. His conduct from the hour that he awoke disappointed from his dream of early love, till he parted voluntarily with his wife and children at the call of his country, was that of the true man and the true Christian. He, his mother, sisters, and wife, followed simply in what they did and bore and forbore, the time-honored rules of Catholic morality. You will say, perchance,—this was genuine good sense, as well as enlightened piety. We shall not gainsay it. The supernatural wisdom of the Gospel only perfects our nature in its views of duty and its generosity in living up to it. The Catholic man need only be faithful

to the teachings of his Great Mother to be the model husband, the loving and devoted father, and the heroic patriot, as well. Of every true son of that Mother, in life as well as in death, it must always be said :

> " His life was gentle ; and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN ! " *

## *What may be done with the Vicious.*

It is when a husband is wedded to perverseness of temper or disposition, or, still more, when he is appalled by discovering vicious habits where he had expected to find every womanly virtue,—that there is need of all the strength and fortitude of true Christian manhood.

Nor is it easy to say who has the heaviest cross to bear, —the husband tied to a woman blameless, indeed, so far as moral purity is concerned, but otherwise unsociable and ungovernable,—or the man who has brought vice to rule his home.

With the misfortune of the latter,—worthy of the helpful sympathy of angels and men, we can venture only to deal briefly. We have known good men, at least in the judgment of the world and of their own family, afflicted with this irreparable calamity. Of course, where such a union is contracted without any pretense of ignoring the antecedents of the wife, the unworthly husband deserves no commiseration. Should he apply, when the consequences of the choice he has wittingly made press hard upon him, to the guide of consciences for comfort and advice, no true priest will refuse either the one or the other. It is a poor soul,—perhaps two souls,—to be saved from perdition,—or a great scandal which must be prevented from becoming greater,—and so the minister of mercy will deal with these souls in extreme need in the spirit of his divine Master and Model.

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* Shakspeare, " Julius Cæsar," act v., scene v

*Infinite Prudence and Generosity needed.*

When, on the other hand, the husband's sad mishap is known to him alone, or so secret that there is but little danger of its being blown abroad, and when the sick soul with whom his life is linked is willing to be healed, then the path to be pursued is a plain one. The unhappy husband is bound to save his own honor, and bound, as a Christian, to aid in healing and saving a soul. To no one living,—save only in so far as he may have to consult his spiritual guide,—ought he to lay bare the wound in his own heart or the sin of his companion. A confessor eminent as well for his learning and experience as for his piety, will be for such a man the friend of friends, the most precious aid ever sent to mortal man in his direst need by Him who, being our Father, is ever anxious most lovingly to provide for our pressing wants.

Let a husband, circumstanced in this way, cast about for such a man of God, and his honor as well as his happiness (so far as happiness is here possible) will be safe in his keeping. From such a friend he will learn what course to follow in dealing with the guilty wife, how he is to temper gentleness with austerity, and how far any show of affection may serve to mitigate or to sweeten the bitterness worse than death of a guilty heart striving to recover itself.

When He, who is the Infinite Majesty and the unapproachable Holiness, descended to our level, becoming one of a fallen, crime-covered race, that in his merciful human arms He might lift us up with Him to His own divine rank, how did He teach every man of us to deal with the souls that had fallen lowest and wandered farthest from innocence and right?

See Him at the table of the Pharisee, surrounded by the proud censorious sectarian friends of his host, and observe how yonder woman, noted throughout the city for her sinful life, approaches the Master stealthily,—but oh! so trustfully and so reverently! It is sin, self-conscious,

wretched, humbled to the dust, seeking to lay its intolerable burden at the feet of God, and drawn toward His present, visible Mercy with the united forces of its own misery and His unbounded helpfulness. How she weeps at these blessed feet! How sweet are the tears which well up from the bitter depths in her soul! Then the long tresses are cast loose to wipe away from His feet the traces of her grief, as if it had left a stain behind! And the irresistible impulse of the new-born gratitude is to touch with her lips these same feet that had traveled so far to seek her soul!

If it be true,—and the most august and venerable authorities induce the pious mind to believe it,—that it was this same "sinner" who followed her Benefactor to the Cross, who stood with His Mother beneath its dreadful shadow, amid the terrors of the earthquake and the darkness, the threats, the violence, the blasphemies, and mockeries of the brutal crowd; who watched by His remains, and waited near his sepulcher, when only one man among the chosen Twelve, and one only from among the hundreds of his disciples, dared to render the last sad honors to the glorious Dead;—then we know what repentant love can do, and what divine generosity can fill a heart renovated by God-given sorrow, and overflow in a life redeemed from shame by forgiveness and a love proportioned to the mercy shown.

This must be the eternal model held out to manly pity while dealing with the erring,—with those especially who have the nearest claims on one's affections.

See how mercifully that most loving Kindness shields the poor penitent at His feet from the prurient curiosity and pitiless judgment of the host and his uncharitable circle of guests. He exalts the heroic faith of that heart-stricken one, immeasurably above the scant courtesy of the Pharisee and his household. "I entered into thy house; thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she with tears hath washed my feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them. Thou gavest me no kiss; but she, since she came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet."

If the soul which reads this page is one which God has

stamped with the nobleness of true manhood, then may we be dispensed from further dwelling on a subject so full of subtle danger to the inexperienced. We who need forgiveness and are not sure of deserving it, pitiless that we are toward the erring, would do well to ponder these sentiments of a womanly heart well tried by suffering:

"Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;
And by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
The first is JESUS WEPT, wherein is pressed
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet;
And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned
LOOKED UPON PETER. Oh! to render plain,
By help of having loved a little and mourned,
That look of sovereign love and sovereign pain
Which he who could not sin yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject but not sustain!"

Oh! manly hearts, capable of every divine sentiment and Godlike deed, do not "reject" Him in the persons of his most needy ones; but learn to lift up, and strengthen and "sustain," those dearest to his mercy, because most in need of it,—and what may you not hope from Him?

## *How to Deal with Perverse Wives.*

With mere perversity of disposition and temper, it is even harder to deal than with the fallen and guilty. The soul gently, mercifully, and tenderly dealt with by forgiveness, and the generous aid bestowed toward newness of life,—feels prompted by all the noblest instincts of its nature to be humble and reverent and docile in its demeanor toward its helpmate and physician.

Not so with that perversity which has its roots in pride and utter selfishness. Pride, its parent, has never taught it to respect others or to yield to them in aught; and selfishness, which is its nurse, has accustomed its bantling to consider nothing but its own wants and caprices.

One man's noble but utterly wretched life is now before us, a life open to many not only in its public merits, but in its domestic griefs.

His was a nature as innocent, as guileless as a babe's, giving out the light and warmth of his great soul as freely, as unreservedly as the sun distributes its beams. From his destitute boyhood and struggling youth upward to the close of his most useful and honored life, that rich nature of his continued to glow, to enlighten, to cheer others forward in every noble pursuit. And all that,—in spite of the young, beautiful, but perverse companion, who made his home dark and cheerless by her ungovernable temper, and starved a heart which yearned for love and home-comfort.

### *Why these Types of Women are mentioned.*

How many such wives are to be found in all classes? How often is the home of the rich man, whose wealth and position are the reward of a whole life of unceasing application to business, rendered unendurable by such perverseness as the above! And how many sober, hard-working, and noble-minded mechanics and laboring-men, are driven to the tavern, to intemperance, and to ruin temporal and eternal, by these domestic furies, who have never learned to govern either their temper or their tongue!

Are we saying this to excuse or cloak over the sins of the men in the household,—husbands, sons, or brothers? or, are we holding up the infirmities of the weaker sex to censure, in order to shield from blame the vices of the sex which should ever be the support, the guide, the model, of wife, of daughter, and sister?

No, certainly. We are, like guides over the snow-fields and passes of the Alps, only pointing out from an eminence, the treacherous fissures in the ice where so many unwary travelers have already perished, or the precipitous mountain-slopes rendered famous by many a fatal mishap. We know of countless, countless homes made unhappy and unendurable to husbands, sons, and daughters, by the un-

tamed temper of those who should have been the angels of these homes, making them the bright, peaceful, restful places to which their dear ones might come after toil to find the sweet image of God's Home on high. We state the fact simply in order to address ourselves to the manly hearts in whom we trust, and to urge them by every most powerful motive to exercise a double share of heroism in counteracting the unavoidable evil.

### *Fortitude required to overcome Perverseness.*

Marvelous and incredible as are the effects of a noble woman's patient, uncomplaining fortitude and unwearied industry in maintaining a home and hallowing it in spite of a husband's unthriftiness and vice,—there is something still more deserving of admiration in the patient endurance of a husband tied to a shiftless woman whose wicked tongue never tires.

We have known of a family of eight children, born of such a graceless mother, and reared through the saintly examples of their father to be, all of them, model men and women. The father himself, a poor shoemaker, taught every one of his children reading and writing, as well as the elements of Christian doctrine, made them, from childhood, love to share with him his daily practices of piety, to kneel with him monthly at the Table of the Lamb, and to aid him, as they grew up, to make of his home a place so sweet and so restful, that the priest of the parish was wont to bring his friends there to show them a model Christian household. Two of the sons learned their father's trade, and in course of time his business increased and brought him far more than plenty. The other boy became a distinguished civil engineer, and three of the girls, when we last heard of the family, had married well-to-do tradesmen, and made admirable wives.

But what of their mother? it will naturally be asked. She died, stricken with paralysis, after twenty-one years of married life,—a portly dame, who had brought to her hus-

band for dowry a handsome face, the scourge of a tongue that nothing could quiet but the icy hand of death, and a temper which neither the examples of her husband and children, nor the exact performance of her outward religious duties, could ever sweeten. One would think that she had been sent to that household to afford its inmates a perpetual occasion of practicing the sweetest domestic virtues. Few among their neighbors and acquaintances were allowed to suspect the existence of such shocking infirmities in the wife and mother.

The secret of this true manhood in this lowly-born and scarcely educated craftsman, was his high sense of duty; and it was the idea of duty which governed the conduct of his noble children toward their mother. The husband, docile to the voice of his conscience, when on the very threshold of his married life he discovered his wife's infirmities of judgment, temper, and conduct,—resolved forthwith to devote his life to the one purpose of reforming her if he could, or of bearing with her, if he could not. But, whether he could or not, he owed it to God, he thought, that he should be master in the house of his own soul, and overcome his wife's violence by invincible patience, and repair the consequences of her shiftlessness and utter incapacity by his own application. He loved her tenderly when he sought and wooed her; that love survived to the end in spite of her manifold defects. And she, in spite of that other wrathful spirit which seemed to rule her own, never ceased to love him truly. She boasted to all who knew her that he was the best of men, and confesssed herself unworthy of him. One resolution he formed during the very first month of their union,—that he should never taste intoxicating drinks so long as he lived; and he kept it sacredly. His sons found no difficulty in walking in the footsteps of a father, whose life in every one of its most secret details, could bear the scrutiny of God's recording angel.

How could such children help honoring their mother, and, like their father, never even among themselves, alluding to her weaknesses?

Will you say that such examples are almost above the ordinary strength of human nature? We can only reply that they are in exact conformity with the examples shown forth in the Gospel, and intended for imitation in the ordinary every-day life of Christian households. To convince you of this, weigh well the pregnant teaching of the following chapter.

The life of a man who is happily married to a woman after his own heart and after the heart of God as well, is, despite the trials and sufferings incidental to the lot of the best and truest men,—like a safe and smooth voyage down our great South American streams, amid all the magnificences of nature. On the contrary, such a life as that at which we have been glancing, is a journey through sandy wastes and treeless mountain-solitudes, where only pools of brackish, bitter water offer to the wayfarers any chance of refreshment. Did not the God who made the whole earth command the great Hebrew leader of old, as his famishing people lay down near such poisonous pools as these, to cast into them a wood which He designated, and were not the waters thereby made sweet and wholesome?*

Have we Christians, after eighteen centuries of Christian life, yet to learn what is the virtue of the Cross to sweeten what appears hopelessly bitter in home-life, and the power of the Crucified to lighten life's most intolerable burthen for every man who will take up his cross and follow Him?

We bid the reader to the study of the following chapter, as we would to listen to the divinest harmonies ever created by human genius.

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* Exodus, xv. 22, 24; Numbers, xxxiii. 8.

# CHAPTER IV.

## PARADISE, AS REALIZED IN THE HOME OF THE TRUE MAN.

*Ὦ χαῖρε, μέλαθρον προπυλά θ' ἑστίας ἐμῆς,*
*Ὡς ἄσμενός σ' ἐσεῖδον!*

Oh! hail, my roof-tree and threshold of my home,
How glad I saw thee!

The Catholic Church attracts those who love the simplicity of natural manners, by the harmonies of a restored creation. . . . The Catholic Religion is not presented to us as separated from nature, but in conjunction with it forming a grand whole, fostering all the domestic affections with manhood, gentleness, liberality, and all the virtues which conduce to the happiness of HOME, banishing not more the luxuries which militate directly against the social state in general, than the false notions of spirituality which would interfere with the free action of the natural relations. For, as a recent author says, *the beauty, peace, unity, and truth of life repose on that religious equilibrium which protects the flesh against the pride of the spirit, and the spirit against the invasions of the flesh.* . . . In truth, nothing is so natural as Catholicity—nothing so full of heart—nothing so favorable, therefore, to all the sweets of Home. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders, soft infancy that nothing can but cry, all are in the secret of its charm.—KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

LET it not be thought that we dwell at too great a length upon this notion of Home, and all the duties and charities inseparably connected with home-life. When one looks abroad upon the nations which once constituted Christendom, and examines seriously the causes of social and political prosperity or decay, this great fact stands forth as evidently as a bright beacon-light in the darkness over a dangerous reef: *The strength or weakness, the vitality or decadence of nations, is to be measured by the purity of their home-life, by their sacred regard for Home, its authority, and its sanctities.*

Take any one people among whom Home,—from that of the sovereign or chief magistrate to the lowliest and poorest citizen,—is protected by law, manners, and a wholesome public opinion, against everything calculated to loosen or to weaken the sacredness of the marriage tie, the rights of parental authority as sanctioned by the Christian law and immemorial custom, or the duties of filial love and reverence,—and you will find the nation distinguished for private worth, political honesty, and an enlightened love of freedom.

Abuses there may and will be in the administration of the best human institutions; but where the homes of a nation are sincerely and thoroughly Christian, public corruption must find a certain and most effective remedy in a public opinion fed by the purity and honesty of private life.

The labor bestowed on describing the Home as it ought to be, and as it still is in many Christian lands, is surely a labor well bestowed, and the pains taken to make the description of home-life so enchanting, that all may feel its charm, must assuredly be blessed of God, the Author of our nature and the unwearied promoter of its highest welfare.

### *Guard inviolable the Sanctity and Privacy of the Home.*

In the magnificent new countries in America, Asia, and—it may be—Africa, which Providence throws open to the thrifty and over-crowded populations of Europe, it is free to every man worthy of the name, to build up a home of his own. It was, and is still, the boast of the freeman living under the common law of England and these United States, that his home was his castle, all his own in its length and breadth, and as high as the heavens. It must be the fault of a degenerate race, neglectful of never-to-be-abdicated rights, if the inviolability of their homes and the hallowed privacy of family life, are surrendered into the hands of the policeman or given up to the lawless curiosity of the public press.

At any rate, no one may deny that it is free to every

willing and true-hearted man to create for himself a home as happy, as honored, as lasting as those visited in the present or past ages by God's richest blessings.

Every such home should be one founded on God-given love. "No man or woman," says a Catholic writer, "has ever felt true love without feeling a desire to become better, and to thank God for His having given therein a foretaste of the joys of heaven." *

"Where faith (says Digby) has stamped its character on the maiden's heart, where man is reminded of the graces of her whom he delights to serve, woman's divine air and her countenance, her words and her sweet smile, can so separate him from all evil influences, that no obstacles upon the road to truth will be able to detain his feet from pressing forward to embrace it; and then hand in hand he is led to his second home, where love and truth made one with it, will remain with him thenceforth forever."

This is the only sure foundation of the Home,—a true mutual love hallowed by the blessing of Him who made the human heart, and tempered by the fear of His dread majesty. Of the divinely appointed means of sanctioning this mutual love, of preserving and increasing it through life and beyond the grave, we have to speak elsewhere.

*The True Home, is the True Love which brightens it.*

As, however, we do not here understand by the word "home," merely the walls which inclose parents and children, with the roof which covers them, but all the charities and all the sanctities, which can make of the poorest laborer's fireside a heaven on earth, and without which the luxurious mansion of the wealthy man or the splendid palace of the prince, is only a gorgeous sepulcher filled with the skeletons and ghosts of dead hopes,—it is both fitting and necessary that we should dwell somewhat more in detail on these home affections and associations.

To the lowliest-born, as he looks back across the wide

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* *Études sur les idées et sur leur union au sein du Catholicisme.*

gulf of years to his native spot and the roof under which he passed his infancy and boyhood, there may arise memories of a wealth of love so surpassing, of virtues and qualities so ennobling,—that his soul swells with unspeakable gratitude and a holy pride at the very thought, while it evermore spurs him to emulate the work of his parents, and to sanctify his own home by the same deeds of piety and goodness. And how often does it happen, that the man born in the lap of luxury or reared amid the splendors and pleasures of a court,—finds his soul stirred by no sweet memories of early love, by no recollections of Godlike goodness and virtue in parents, relatives, or early acquaintance! How many hearts have starved and pined for want of the love lavished on the child of the cottager or the mechanic! How many souls, nobly born and nobly gifted, have been degraded, poisoned, ruined in childhood and youth by the profligacy of parents, or the systematic corruption of the tutors or companions assigned to them!

We know it by experience and observation,—there may be an imperial wealth of love, of tenderness, of purity, piety, and self-sacrificing heroism, beneath the humble roof of the poor journeyman mason or of the hod-carrier who waits upon him, while the children of a Louis XIV., or a Frederick the Great, may never know what fatherly affection or motherly tenderness means.

### *The Poor Man's Home may be Rich in Love; the King's, Poor.*

Happy the man, in no matter what station born, who, in calling to mind the home of his childhood and the sweet and venerable images of father and of mother,—only recalls in both a united stream of love and devotion, which bore him along through infancy, boyhood, and youth, as if he were lifted on the bosom of an unchanging flood of joy and peace and harmony! He cannot think of his mother without feeling his heart melt within him at the remembrance of one, who was in his eyes more than an angel,—a visible

embodiment of God's own exhaustless goodness and unwearied patience; a vision of gentleness, devotion, unvarying sweetness, a love that never slumbered or changed save only to increase. And beside her cherished image stands in his soul that other one, of his father,—the second sun of his life, feeding with its warmth and brightness the steady glow of maternal love. He can only recollect the strong man, sustaining, inspiring, cheering the wife of his bosom; aiding her, cooperating with her in the performance of every duty that made their home bright or their name dear to the neighbors; carrying herself and her children in his strong arms and on his loving heart, when the road of life was too rough or too dangerous; and singing in his heart all the while a song more divine than ever sounded at springtide through forest or grove!

This, however, is only a very feeble and unsatisfactory description of the manifold blessings and most blissful influences arising from the perfect mutual love and united life-work of father and mother in the Home. Where such a close union reigns, what is not the happiness of the children! what harmony among servants and dependants! what edification to the neighbors! These expressions do not at all convey the full truth as it is in our mind, and as we have beheld it in reality.

God designed that the creative power of this love in the Home should resemble that of His own unspeakable charity in the everlasting kingdom, that of the sunlight here below.

### *This Love makes Home a Heaven.*

It does indeed make the Home the image of Heaven. For there the infinite love which binds together in one most blissful being, life, and society, the Three Divine Persons, is the same which forms the bond of eternal affection, joy, and happiness of the glorious society of angels and men, united in fellowship with their Creator and Father. Even while in the flesh, Ignatius of Loyola was vouchsafed what

would seem a glimpse of the beatific reality which is to be in the life to come the reward of faith practiced in this. He was given to see or to understand so clearly the ineffable way in which the Three Persons are one, the Son, proceeding eternally from the Father, and the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son,—that in his case the veil had been withdrawn. This extraordinary favor would appear to have been granted in return for the absolute generosity with which the high-minded soldier had torn his heart away from the pursuit of all earthly honor and glory, from the deepest and purest natural affections, to become in the hand of God a passive and docile instrument for the mighty work reserved to him. It was but a glimpse vouchsafed him into these eternal depths, in which he beheld the three infinite Persons like a threefold flow of being and light and love springing evermore from the one original fountain, and returning thither in its irresistible tide of charity, only to seem to overflow itself, and flood all the blessed society of men and angels with its splendors and its ardors.

*How a Glimpse of the Eternal Love created Apostles.*

Thenceforth the soul of Ignatius, like a piece of cold metal once plunged in a vast kindred mass in fusion, remained for ever penetrated, inflamed, illumined, and transformed by the glorious vision. He could not rest till he had collected around him a chosen band of men like himself, communicated to them the light and burning love which overflowed in his own soul, and sent them forth, like Francis Xavier and Peter Favre, to kindle the flame of God's love to the uttermost ends of the earth. Thenceforth, also, his soul could scarcely bear its separation from the blessed company above, and from the undisturbed contemplation of that Divine Reality, one little glimpse of which had set his heart on fire. Prayer and meditation became almost his only food, and so sweet was the love which filled his whole being, that he wept unceasingly. Threatened with the loss of sight, and weakened otherwise in body by the

vision, which departed not from his soul by day or night, he was bidden by his physicians and his spiritual director, to abstain from protracted contemplation or frequent thought of divine things; but as he walked about his little garden in Rome, the sight of a single flower would recall the hand that made it, and that uncreated Beauty whose sight from afar and through the mist had ravished his soul, and filled him with yearnings that nothing here below could appease.

And so this great parent of so wide-spread a religious family of priests and apostles, would draw each one of his children to his own glowing heart and send him forth all aflame with the unappeasable desire of daring, doing, and accomplishing what was most heroic for the glory and service of that Adorable Majesty.

### *Hallowed Creative Love of a True Husband.*

So it is in a family where the husband's soul has been touched, purified, and kindled into holy love by the fire from above; he will communicate his fervor to the wife of his bosom; the two hearts, aglow with the same divine flame of charity, will daily become more and more one in thought, in feeling, in purpose, in life. How can they help making their children and their servants like to themselves? How can neighbors, friends, relatives deal with them in frequent intercourse without experiencing the effects of the supernatural ardor that surrounds them like an atmosphere?

### *Beautiful Examples of Conjugal Love and Home-Bliss.*

We cannot pass away from this consideration without affording the reader, in illustration of the practical truth set forth here, a glimpse into the private correspondence of a man of the world, who united in his own life the rare blessedness of possessing a model wife and an ideal home, —and the twofold honor of belonging to a family most deservedly dear to Catholic Ireland, while becoming him-

self in America a model patriot and statesman. The letter from which the following extract is taken was written in August, 1842, eight years after his union with the wife of his choice, and after a literary enterprise, which he had undertaken from the loftiest motives of patriotism and religion, had brought on himself, his companion, and his six little children, utter pecuniary ruin. His young wife, from motives of economy had, with his consent, retired for a few months to the home of her noble father several hundred miles away, and daily received from the busy lawyer such letters as this, replete with the fervent piety and unfailing fortitude of the Christian :

"How much quiet and heartfelt happiness we shall yet enjoy together with the divine blessing! We shall trust everything in His hands. I was never so struck as I was to-day with the beautiful passage in the Gospel for this Sunday. *O ye of little faith! Be not solicitous, . . . saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.* How much of strength and consolation is found in these words! and who that has faith could make these earthly wants a subject of anxiety or solicitude? How full of affection and tenderness is this reproach of our Saviour, complaining that we should doubt the kindness and care of our Father who is in heaven! . . . *Our Father knows our need!* Let us do our duty,—seek the reign of his justice over us,—and leave the rest with Him.

"I have been filled with this disposition to-day, more than I have ever been before, thanks to the divine goodness. . . . I was reading yesterday in the Life of St. Francis Xavier, when he beautifully refers to this truth, writing amid sufferings and dangers which no mere mortal strength could endure among the half-barbarous populations of India. 'Believe me, my beloved brethren,' he says, addressing his brethren in Rome, 'it is in general easy to under-

stand the evangelical maxim, that he who will lose his life shall find it. But when the moment of action has come, and when the sacrifice of life for God is to be really made, oh! then, clear as at other times the meaning is, it becomes deeply obscure; . . . so deep, indeed, that he alone can comprehend it, to whom God, in his mercy, interprets it. Then it is we know how weak and frail we are.' May God grant that we shall always comprehend this maxim.

"It is enough, almost, to fill such a cowardly, self-indulgent sinner as I am, with despair to contemplate the zeal and intense devotion of this great apostle. Indeed, I should despair, if God did not pity and sustain me with hope that I may yet strive more earnestly and effectually than I have done hitherto in his service. To speak to any one but you of what passes thus in my mind, would appear, perhaps, an unseemly exposure of what had better be kept within one's own breast. But, partner of my heart and soul, partner, I hope and believe, of my life for ever, I communicate with you as unreservedly as I would with my own spirit. And I know that I derive advantage from so doing.

"I have thought much to-day of the great anxiety with which I regard all worldly matters, and I have resolved, with the blessing of God, never to let the issue of any worldly affair, or the opinion of the world, disturb me. I will labor with the same zeal, perhaps with a better zeal, for success in all things; but without solicitude for the result, or any regard for the troubles and difficulties attendant upon the prosecution of my labors.

"What a blessing it would be, if I could obtain this spirit from God! The Gospel of this day and some account of St. Francis Xavier that I read last evening have filled me with these thoughts; and I beseech you, pray, my beloved angel, that they may not be lost on me.

"The account of St. Francis Xavier which I read, was contained in a powerful article for the last Edinburgh Review on the Jesuits. I shall send you a couple of *Tribunes* (Mr. Greeley's paper) containing extracts from the article.

When you read them, you will feel as I did how conspicuous is the presence of Christ with His Church in the lives of men of such extraordinary sanctity. My sloth and cowardice appear more criminal than ever when I think of what sufferings and labors St. Francis Xavier had to contend with; and how utterly idle I have been, how often I have procrastinated, how often I have turned aside from the performance of my ordinary worldly duties through a dread of the labor which they would require. May God grant I may keep the resolution I have now formed *to think nothing of labor that is a duty, or that charity requires!*

"For you also, my own love, and for our dear children, I implore the same divine grace."

In very truth the trials which beset the life of this true-hearted man, gave, until his dying day, perpetual opportunity of practicing the heroic devotion to duty, the perfect and most loving conformity to the Divine Will, that characterized the great Apostle of India. To the latter, indeed, had been given in the midst of his overwhelming labors, so sweet a sense of the divine presence, so inflamed a love of the Master he served,—that by day, as he passed through the streets on his apostolic errand, the people would behold his face all aglow with the interior fire, while from his lips would burst forth the rapturous ejaculation: "O Most Holy Trinity! O Most Holy Trinity!"—as if he were already a glorified spirit gazing on the Unveiled Essence on high! At night, when the crushing and varied labors of the day were over, Francis was wont to withdraw to the silence of some neighboring chapel to give vent to the torrent of praise which he could not restrain, or, frequently, to seek the solitude and cool air of the cemetery, and there kneeling, and throwing open the folds of his poor cassock, he would bare his breast to the night air, as if to cool somewhat the fire which consumed his heart, exclaiming the while, "Oh! not so much sweetness, not so much sweetness, dear Lord!"

With the good and upright magistrate whom we have been mentioning, God's wise providence dealt otherwise.

He, too, was a man of prayer; and, when tried to the utmost, —as his faithful companion often related,—he would kneel for hours in his bedchamber before an oratory, his arms extended upwards as if on a cross, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his silent heart-cries ascending to heaven in praise and supplication.

A few days before the date of the letter quoted above, and when his heart was bitterly assailed by undeserved calamity, he wrote to his wife as follows:

"I have just risen from my knees, where I have prayed with tears, my loved wife, to the Almighty God, and to his Blessed Virgin Mother, for us both and for our dear children, imploring His grace and guidance in doubts and difficulties, and that he would bring us speedily together in peace, and union, and health, and happiness, and *His love.* I besought the Blessed Virgin to take us as her children and present our hearts before Him, and beg of Him to purify them and strengthen them in all good purposes, to obtain His aid in our troubles, and that we may receive willingly, with filial affection and submissiveness, whatever trials He may call upon us to undergo."

### *The Flame which Feeds a True Husband's Love.*

This, then, was the flame in which his heart and that of his companion ever sought to be more and more chastened. Nine months after their union he could write to her, on receiving a letter from her:

"Never since you left me was I so delighted, so happy as at that moment. The contents of the letter, the fond, affectionate heart and soul that breathed in every line were in no wise calculated to lesson my rapture. They stimulated it, rather, they added to and strengthened it. And oh! how I longed for the moment when I could tell you of all the love that burns in my soul for you! and how worthy you are of more, more, far more than any human heart can offer for your acceptance. Yes, my little angel, your purity, your goodness, your unstained love are worth more than all

the realms of earth, than all which Time—the past, the present, and the future of this life,—can offer to the enjoyment of man. I feel humbly grateful to the Almighty Hand that has conferred on me a treasure so pure and priceless!"

And farther on in the same letter:

"My beloved, good mother, how I wish I were near her now, if my presence could be a comfort to her! There is a bond of attachment between me and my good dear mother so tender, affectionate and reverential, that while there is life in me nothing can weaken or disturb it. You can understand, my own gentle, affectionate girl, how I must have felt and how I still feel at having left a mother to whom I am so firmly attached, and at a time when she claimed my help and protection. . . . We had all come away from our friends and native land, and had toiled together amid many privations. . . . They believed my presence to be essential to them, and to leave them so circumstanced was a trial indeed. But may God give me the means of showing them that I was not insensible to their claims. . . .

"How much more intimate, easy, and natural do I find the communion between *our* minds to be, than even between myself and my nearest relative, parent, or sister. I cannot write as fast as the ideas come to me when I am writing to you. I let flow my whole mind at once, and without reserve, when you are the beloved object I address. I need not stop to select words or phrases. I want only to place my whole heart before you, and let you read it. How blessed and sacred indeed is the union between us! Never did I at any moment conceive of such a holy, limitless confidence, such a perfect blending into one of our hearts and our very being, as I have felt to exist between us since our marriage. May God continue this blessing to us! and I feel that He will. . . ."

These fervent protestations of conjugal love and of the deep admiration on which that love was founded, are heard through his correspondence, year after year, till his death, like the ascending tones of a litany. Every year and week and day seemed to reveal to the pure soul of the husband

some undiscovered perfection in the wife, which heightened his veneration for her as well as his gratitude to Heaven for the bestowal of such worth on himself.

"Dearly as I loved you," he wrote toward the close of the first decade of his married life,—"much as I esteemed you, good and excellent as I believed you to be before we were united for ever, yet I did not then know half your purity and excellence. I often think how little I knew, before I could call you mine, of the gentleness, the pure confiding affection, the devotedness, the fortitude, the energy, the childlike innocence, the clear intuitive perception of truth and right, of what is the highest virtue and the highest wisdom, of the firmness in pursuing the course of duty, all of which constitute the character of a true and genuine woman.

"I had always formed the highest estimate of the female character, and had always had—I thank God for it—some of the best examples before me; but in no other relation of life, save that of husband, can a man see and understand, intimately and without disguise or reserve, all the various attributes and virtues of a woman's heart and soul. And, even in that dear and holy relation, how often does man's sterner and more material nature render him slow to discern, appreciate, or sympathize with the above precious gifts and dispositions, that only require the breath of love, with words and deeds and a heart of answering tenderness, in order to be revealed to him in all their exquisite delicacy and loveliness.

"You are, thank God, my own love, the model of all this excellence; and it is from the contemplation and intimate knowledge of your character, that I have formed the conception of what woman was designed by her beneficent Creator to be."

Ay,—there is the indispensable condition toward calling forth the full and magnificent luxuriance of a true womanly nature,—"*a heart of answering tenderness.*" This tenderness is to the development of her womanly and wifely qualities, what rain and dew and sunlight and a congenial soil are to the growth of the tree or the flowering plant.

Nevertheless, while surrounding her and her children with all the comforts and refinements within reach of their modest income, he believed it to be conducive to her spiritual growth to encourage her oftentimes to sacrifice her most innocent pleasures and gratifications in favor of the poor, of some great religious purpose, or even for the great gain of being in this more Christlike.

"I would dearly like"—he wrote—"that I could make this world a fairy-land to you, in which no thought or wish of yours should remain ungratified. It pains me much, at times, to be forced to disappoint your expectations and to deny you pleasures that wealth enables so many others in your position to enjoy. And yet I cannot help thinking that I should do you a grievous wrong, were I to suppose that you would not be more happy in performing the duties of a sensible, discreet, affectionate, and domestic wife and mother, than when engaged in all the gayeties and exciting pleasures and amusements which mere money can purchase. The temper of your soul would lead you to prefer your home-duties, even though at the cost of sacrifices and deprivations that were very painful. I *know* this, my darling; I have had, time and again, the evidence of it in your daily life, and my heart has duly appreciated it."

### *The True Foundations of the Home.*

And thus, in these passages taken from the inmost life of a true man, and destined never to meet any other eye than that of his worshiped companion,—we have laid before us the deep, sacred, and safe foundations of the Christian Home,—of the Home as we need it, as God designed it and still wills it, and as it ever existed, hallowed and respected through so many past ages,—the Home of our fathers.

One or two more gems from the conjugal crowns of this truly Christian pair,—and we shall hasten to close this chapter. On the twenty-eighth anniversary of their union, during the autumn of the first year of our great civil war, the husband thus wrote to his absent wife:

"LAKE MAHOPAC, September 29, 1861.

"Up here in my quiet little third-story room, and all over the house wherever I have been; and in the field, on the road, on the lake,—looking abroad and around me, and above me and below;—looking far away over the woods and the hills, and the misty mountains, or down at the little rivulet or the grass-plot beneath me;—wherever I turned or whatever I saw, whether speaking or silent, or alone or surrounded by others, I thought only of you and saw only you, . . . on this the twenty-seventh anniversary of the day when God blessed our union and made us one forever.

"I sighed with regret that I could not be with you; and at every step and turn, at every light and shadow of the landscape, the longing of my heart was on my lips: 'How I wish my darling wife was here! How happy it would be if she were with me!' And I sometimes said to E——, 'How often your dear mother has looked at these scenes with me! and how we used to enjoy them! How I wish she were here to enjoy them now!'

"The day was cool and lovely, and the breeze on the lake invigorating; so we rowed and walked about a good deal; and I talked to the children of our anniversary, thinking of all the past and the present, and of all our darling ones who are with you, and of dear F——,* and of the sweet beloved ones who are gone before us. I told E—— it was St. Michael's Day;—that the great Archangel was the patron Saint of our marriage. 'Yes,'—said she,—'he is the patron Saint of the soldier, the Archangel of battles, the patron of those who have to fight and battle in the world!'—'Well then,'—said I,—'he has had fitting clients, and our Saint was well chosen. For we had to battle with the world from the start, and he has been, I know, our good Archangel, our loving, watchful, and efficient patron, fighting for us against the Powers of Darkness, against the world and all evil, and gaining for us many a victory when we knew not how it was done!' And so I believe it to be,

* The eldest son, then an officer of the Federal Army in Missouri.

my own dear little wife, who have trodden with me so many perilous paths with such a light cheerful look and all the childlike trust and hope of inexperienced innocence.

"I can see you still,—a little girl, almost a child in your unsuspecting ignorance of an evil world,—with a bright glow on your cheek, walking or tripping lightly beside the tall and strong man whom you trusted, over a wooded path through brushwood and thorns, your face so young and bright and cheerful,—almost like an angel's,—a slight expression of sudden pain sometimes clouding it as a thorn sharper than the rest unexpectedly tore your flesh.

"And, after a long experience—after much travel, much joy and brightness, much weariness and not unfrequent experience of sorrow,—the little girl is seen to have become the wise and holy woman, patient, courageous, and cheerful still; and, while counseling and encouraging her companion,—the strong man,—now almost fainting on the road,—she seems in his eyes more than ever an angel.

"With thoughts like these I have been filled all day, and I have taken up this note-paper to give expression to some of them. How deep and how great is my debt of gratitude to our Heavenly Father!"

Surely our readers will be grateful to have one short glimpse of this noble husband's twin soul, and so to hear from out its depths the echoes of these God-given harmonies of wedded love:

"A few thoughts on my wedding anniversary, September 29, 1866.

"AT GLEN-ELLEN.

"Here, in this lovely spot, this beautiful valley, the twin-vale of my cherished native place,—let me call you around me, my loved ones, to look back with me through the long vista that leads to my wedding-day.

"Oh! how can I describe to you that home in which I learned all that is good in my heart! I must close its door,—lest my strength should fail me: those who then loved and cherished me with such a watchful and tender

care, have now gone from my sight. Do they this day know my gratitude?

"Our wedding-day! the day we celebrate! It had a fickle, changeful sky; the dark clouds and rays of fair promise intermingled in its skies like the light and shade of coming years that lay before us in the unknown future.

"The morning of that day was cold and chilly as the world's charity. At its noonday the snow and sleet became rain, and fell in showers, like the tears we have both since dropped in the cup of chastening sorrows. With its evening came bright sunshine,—omen of the glowing love-light that floods every nook and corner within our blessed home.

"Such was our wedding-day. And such has been our life.

"Since then, the day has oft returned. It has come in weal, and it has come in woe—in woe, oh! how deep! And now this blessed day comes in light;—not in light unclouded, but in the noonday sky of other years when the driving snow and sleet softened into rainbow showers.

"My darling husband! Chosen companion of my life! Beloved of my heart above all others, and, next to God, the source of the ever-flowing fountain of joy in my soul,—let me on this day renew to you my vows of love made in the presence of that dear home-circle, when my parents gave me to your care. Let me here promise to be to you a faithful wife and heart-companion 'till death do us part.'

"How well you have kept your promise of that day, my beloved husband!

"Cold and bitter blasts have swept over us since then; and how lovingly you have shielded me from their fury!

"The icy chill of a heart in agony, has been melted into tears by your consoling tenderness and devotion. And when has not sunshine been made more bright by your presence, my darling?

"My children! Oh! what visions of happiness rise before me at this call! My children far and near! Angels of my earthly paradise! Precious offerings of my life's labor for Heaven's acceptance! Jewels, *set by God*, in my mar-

riage crown! You are our honor, our glory, our pride, and the warmth of our hearts!

"Come, this day, nearer, closer to my arms. Let me take you, each and all, and lay you at the feet of our Lord, and ask Him to bless you for your devoted love of us, your parents. Thank Him, my children, that you still have this sweet sanctuary, your parents' hearts, in which to rest you with a never-failing security.

"I would gladly celebrate this day by showering gifts upon you all, my husband and my children. . . . Out of the deep fountains of a wife and mother's heart take for yourselves oceans of love."

### *The Close and Crown.*

Little did parents and children imagine, while enjoying the deep bliss of this anniversary, that, when another came around, the husband and father would be no longer there, —the model-man to all of them, in the mirror of whose life they had ever seen reflected the noblest virtues of the Christian and the citizen. To him might be applied in the fullest sense what a great and holy writer of the fifth century applied to an illustrious layman of his time:

"I have leisurely inspected the daily actions of this distinguished man, and found them worthy of being described. What is the chief praise?—He maintains a house in uncorrupted purity; his servants are useful, . . . tractable, polite, obedient, and contented. His table feeds the strange guest no less than the client. Great is his humanity; but greater still his sobriety. His mind is serious; he maintains public faith. With all this, the reading of the sacred scriptures is frequent, so that he feeds his mind even at his bodily repasts. In a new form of life he unites the gentleman and the monk. . . . Toward his household he is neither harsh in his manner of speech, nor disdainful of counsel, nor perservering and exact in detecting offenses. He rules those subject to him not with a domineering authority, but with such gentle equity, that one might think, that instead

of governing his own family, he was only administering the estate of another. Truly, all men of our order (clergymen) might derive a most useful lesson from his example; for, without offense to them, I must say it—I am a warmer admirer of a priestlike layman than of an unpriestly cleric." *

### *How a True Man should Choose his Companion, and Cultivate her Heart.*

Need it be said here, that it does not fall to the lot of every man, even of very good men, to possess such a wife? The obvious answer must occur to every serious-minded reader: The Church of God,—that is, God Himself through the Church, prescribes to parents the utmost care and prudence in selecting companions for their children about to be married; while to the children she recommends recourse to prayer, the reception of the Sacraments, the avoidance of sin, a desire to fulfill the will of God by making a right choice,—and, in choosing, a preference for the gifts of mind and heart and true piety over the mere attractions of face and form. Where the desire to please God and to obtain such life-companionship as is best fitted to one's spiritual welfare and solid happiness, as well as the advancement of His service, is the leading thought of young man or maiden preparing for matrimony,—there is little danger but that God will direct them aright.

We must not, however, anticipate on what has to be treated fully in its proper place. Suffice it to say at present, that even when parents have solely consulted the Divine Will and the best interests of their son in choosing for him or in directing his choice,—or even when he has been given a woman endowed with all the natural and supernatural graces that make her a treasure beyond price,—much, very much still remains for the young husband to do if he would call forth all the wealth of his treasure, and apply it to the best uses.

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* *Plus ego admiror sacerdotalem virum quam sacerdotem.*—Sidonius Appolinaris, Epistolarum, l. iv. 9.

A rich womanly nature demands to be known, to be appreciated, to be developed by the deep love, the ingenious tenderness, the unfailing devotion, the delicate and respectful attentions,—ever growing in assiduity with each successive year,—of her young husband.

You have chosen, from out the varied wealth of the garden and the forest, the loveliest and rarest flower that attracted your eye; will you have it brighten and perfume your home to the utmost? Then study its nature, its habits, what soil it likes best, what companions suit it (for plants and flowers also have their preferences), what degree of moisture, of heat, of shade, or of sunshine. Gardeners will tell you that wild flowers from the meadow, the woods, or the mountains, will seem to change their nature under the care of an intelligent and loving hand, and in a few seasons become so beautiful that they seem to have been transformed by culture. Not that only; but the flowers most beautiful by nature are so much improved by the art of the gardener, that their charms are not only increased tenfold, but varied continually so as to create ever new surprise and delight. And who does not know that the horticulturist's skill can enhance to a wonderful extent the qualities of the most delicious fruits of our fields or our gardens?

### *This is "to Dress and to Keep" the Home-Garden.*

To you, O man of the world, your home-garden, your paradise,—the source of your purest and dearest felicity on this side of the grave, is the mind and heart and soul of your wife, your companion, the mother of your children. Her soul, her life, is given you "to dress and to keep;" and on your appreciating her nature and her worth, on your knowing how to call forth by your love, your care, your devotion to her service, by the sunlight of your examples much more even than by your mere love and tenderness,—must depend whether or not you shall have a home-garden, a paradise,—or a hell upon earth.

There is no delicacy, no purity of thought and word and

act,—no feeling of respect or reverence so exalted,—no chivalrous devotion to the honor, the unblemished name, the generous and holy purposes of a true woman,—to be compared with the all-embracing sentiment of God-given love in the sinless soul of a man, united, through God's blessing, with the maiden chosen in accordance with God's will. Catholics, who are thoroughly acquainted with the sacred character of the matrimonial union, who know what untold graces are set apart for their whole after-life by the sacramental blessing, enter upon married life with mingled joy and fear,—because they are made aware both of their responsibilities and of the mighty aids divinely given them, to make of their whole career one long day of rejoicing, because it must be one long day of generous devotion to duty.

The husband's first duty, under God's service, is to his wife. He must give himself to her as she has left all to follow him. His must be,—from his bridal hour to his dying day,—one long, uninterrupted, most loving and unstinted service to her. He must, every day that he rises, set her image higher in his heart; reverence her more, seek to have others know her worth better, and show her greater honor.

It is the death of conjugal love, where respect diminishes in the heart instead of daily increasing, and where that delicacy and courtesy in word and manner which we call outward respect, is dispensed with on pretext of nearness and intimacy and unreserve.

Make it, therefore, the law of your life, that as the years of your wedded life pass by, they shall find, beside the ever-blooming flower of love in the center of your home-garden the flower of undying reverence. One cannot live without the other. And to the wife we must say: If you would have your husband's love and respect to know no fading,—make it a sacred duty to God, every day of your life, to invent new methods of showing your companion that your love is ever young and fresh as the flowers that bloom on high in the City of God.

Let men of culture and position, who owe to those beneath them,—much more than to those of their own level,

—the light of good example, read and ponder carefully every word in the following exquisite lines from a woman:

"If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And *be* all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors, . . . another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest! If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief tries more, . . . as all things prove:
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas! I have grieved so, I am hard to love—
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within, the wet wings of thy dove."

A priestly voice is daily and hourly wont to guide the young amid the first trials and bitternesses of wedded life, as well as amid the storms which attend on its noon and its setting. The reader knows also how precious and safe a refuge fathers and mothers alike find in that guidance, when worldly wisdom and worldly friendship are of no avail. It was, nevertheless, best that these lessons should be given from the experience of persons of worldly station. We have listened to the most intimate secrets of a true manly heart, still in death for many a year: the accents seem to come from the depths of the sanctuary. And this last wayside flower of poetry we have culled, as we seemed to pass from the altar and the awe of the cemetery, will also have its pregnant reminder.

Yes,—loved,—nay, infinitely dear,—as are the ties of the home of childhood, when a woman turns her back upon it and puts her hand in her husband's hand to walk the earth alone with him, it is as if a deluge had swept over her past, and her spirit, in going back in thought to the fireside of father and mother, found nothing but a ruin, with her loved ones all dead to her. In her grief for the separation, she turns to the Ark of her husband's home and heart like the dove sent forth by the great patriarch; has she not a right

that her husband shall open his "heart wide and fold within, the wet wings" and drooping spirit of her to whom he is now all in all?

There are so many who fail, on the very threshold of their new existence, to understand the yearning of their companions for the home-life they have lost, and to make up by unselfish and unbounded tenderness for this great loss!

We crave pardon for dwelling thus at length on the necessity,—so all-important, so indispensable,—of this union of hearts between husband and wife. Without it there is no home, no home-life, no true family. We have insisted upon it, because without it there can be no life-work done to any good or meritorious purpose by the wedded pair, become thus most miserable yoke-fellows. God only grant them to say, each to the other:

> "The world (our home-world) waits
> For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
> Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work,
> And both commended, for the sake of each,
> By all true workers and true lovers born."

Most blessed are those who can thus look back to the parental home, and dwell with rapture on the memory of such a union between the father and mother who reared them! Still are they not to forget, that this great gift of hallowed conjugal love was only bestowed for the dear and sweet work of making home a paradise not only for their children, but for their own parents, if privileged to possess them and shelter them there, for their servants, and for their friends.

### *Work together with United Hearts.*

Home should be a paradise for the children. Would that all who are above the cravings and anxieties of poverty, would understand this! Whatever excuse the poor, the over-worked parents of a large and growing family may plead for the neglect of their little ones, or the discomforts

and disorder of their squalid fire-side, none such can be claimed by the man who has not to fear for the morrow, or to tremble for the next week's rent.

It is where wealth, independence, comfort, have been dispensed to parents by a kind Providence, that the obligation is increased a thousand-fold for father and mother "to dress and to keep" their garden.

The duty falls on the father first. He is the head of the family; he is the provider, and the protector. The wife and mother governs within, and dispenses love, kindness, care,—the bread of the soul and the bread of the body, to every member of the household. She watches over the fire on the hearth, and sees to it that there is warmth, sunlight, and cheerfulness for all; she also it is who keeps alive the fire of religious faith and neighborly charity on her domestic altar and in every soul intrusted to her. The husband only stands by her side twice a day, morning and evening, when they are both the united ministers of the family sacrifice of prayer and praise. Throughout the remaining hours of day and night the wife and mother feeds the sacred fire and the lamp of piety.

Happy the wife who is ever sustained, encouraged, and cheered by her husband in every labor that has for its object the formation of true children of God in all her dear ones, as well as the promotion of every scheme and industry for making home-life delightful!

It is wonderful how the poorest natural ability in a wife can be called forth and developed by a husband who is careful to study her and to encourage her every effort for the improvement of others as well as for her own. How much more marvelous are the results when the wife's great natural gifts are further increased by the stimulus of a husband's praise and generous appreciation! What will she not accomplish to make her dear companion happy! And what a sweet reward she finds in that happiness for her own labors in favor of children, servants, and the poor of Christ! Thus it is that her work,—their joint work, rather,—is still the better for their love, and that their love

is ever the sweeter for their work,—and that all outside their blessed home "commend both for the sake of each," and are themselves by such examples stimulated to become in their turn "true workers and true lovers."

### *Appeal to all to aid in creating Blissful Homes.*

Shall we proceed? O you to whom God has given in this world's wealth and independence, the ready means of creating and adorning such homes as these, will you not show your gratitude toward the Giver of all good and your solicitude for the dearest interests of your own children, by a willing and zealous coöperation in this divine work of making your household a shining example to all? Is the social body in our young and magnificently endowed America, by allowing premature corruption and decay to fasten upon its leading classes, to resemble the most lordly tree of our forest, which begins to die at the top and propagates sterility and death downward to its lowest branches and its very roots?

Shall you not rather,—you who are the crown and ornament of the whole body,—open your minds to the conviction, that it is through you that life and healthful energy and well-being and moral beauty, are to flow and to spread from above downward and around to every class and home? Let the laboring poor, the ill-requited, weary toilers of city and country-side,—who are, like the hidden roots of a mighty tree, the obscure feeders of the entire social body,—let them be cared for, loved, cherished, encouraged and aided in their hard toil by all above them,—and the love they will feel in return for the love shown them, will be like the plentiful vital sap pumped up from the genial earth by every root and fiber, and sent coursing in warm healthful currents through trunk and branch, to the topmost spray of the goodly tree.

Be it our care,—clergymen, legislators, magistrates, men and women who wield the mighty pen, merchants, manufacturers,—all to whom others beneath and around them

look up for light, guidance, and support, to see to it that every industrious toiler dependent on us and within reach of our influence and our aid,—*shall* HAVE A HOME *of his own!* And teach him by your own example how to make his home bright, religious, refined, happy!

Oh! let us be up and doing betimes! For the social world, in our day, so far resembles the troublous and changeful era of St. Gregory the Great, that to the established and time-honored distinctions of rank, to the prosperous, wealthy, and influential classes of society,—and to every individual man among them,—this prophetic warning of the great Pope may apply:

"We are uppermost to-day, and laugh at the struggles of those who seek to rise to our level: let us tremble lest they should soon rise on our ruin! For no one is less secure of his own position, than the man who only knows how to laugh at the misery of his less fortunate rival." *

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* *Timendum est ne, etiam nobis cadentibus, surgat qui a nobis stantibus irridetur; quamvis stare jam non noverit qui non stantem noverit irridere.*—Lib. XXV., Moralium.

## CHAPTER V.

### DARK SHADOWS FROM THE RUIN; AND LIGHT FROM THE HEARTH.

"The hearth in hall was black and dead,
No board was light in bower within,
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
'Here's sorry cheer,' quoth the heir of Linne."

OLD BALLAD.

"At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
Turning the hours of sport and food to labor,
Starving his body to inform his mind."

OLD PLAY.

WHILE the bright vision of a home,—marked, indeed, with the cross, like all true Christian homes,—is still floating before our mind's eye, and before the sound of love's divinest harmonies, from around the domestic altar, has died away amid the noise of the street, let us withdraw a moment, as to some shady spot far enough from the dust and the roadside, and listen to one or two brief tales,—the one glancing at a life wasted and a home ruined, the other at a life of early helplessness, poverty, and heroic struggle directed toward building up a home.

The crowd of ill-clad and half-starved laborers, of pale, emaciated, and overworked boys and girls, are hurrying past us to their daily toil. Who knows but more than one of these discouraged husbands and parents, on listening to what we here say, may take heart to make their home brighter and their poverty richer by patience and content? Who knows, too, if the noble example of a child more help-

less than any of the young folk we see from here, may not spur many a one among them to heroic labor, self-respect, self-reliance, trust in God, and success beyond their fondest dreams?

So be it! And so, this repose between two long stages of our journey, may cheer you, dear reader, to pursue the mighty theme which grows on us.

## *The Homeless Wanderer.*

We can never forget the sad extremity of one aged sufferer found by the police at the steamboat landing on a bitter morning in early February. He had been given a free passage on a steamer from the interior, had found shelter during the night in the engine-room, where the stokers, some of whom were Irishmen, recognized beneath the soiled garments a countryman and a gentleman, and in the terrible cough which racked the poor invalid's chest, the sure sign of a speedy end to his sufferings. So, the kind-hearted fellows shared with him their own scanty fare and the warmth of the coal-room;—and when they had arrived at the term of their journey, their guest left them with many thanks and blessings, to knock at the door of an old acquaintance, on whom, in better days, he had conferred more than one obligation. His, however, had been a downward course for many a long year; he had dissipated his large patrimony, thrown away splendid natural gifts improved by the most careful cultivation, and had again and again wrecked the home which he had won back by his fitful industry,—wearying the generosity and patience of his friends, till he became an outcast, utterly broken in health, in heart, and in temper.

He was almost a dying man, however, when on that bitter Sunday morning in February, he stood shivering at the door where he had so often been welcome, and gasping forth to the heartless menial who opened it his name and his pitiful prayer for help and shelter. The door was closed brutally in his face, till the master's will was ascertained;

and the master's answer was a peremptory order to give the poor wretch nothing,—no, not even a kind word! . . .

Stung with indignation and rage, the latter turned away, and blundered blindly through the storm back the way he had come, till on the wharf he fell exhausted and fainting. At the police station the letters found on him disclosed his profession, as well as the names of several prominent citizens, and to the house of one of the latter the wretched wanderer was taken.

Not in vain did they knock for admission at the door of that hospitable home. Its master was under no obligation to the sufferer; but that he suffered and was apparently near his end, moved himself and his family to the most brotherly compassion. A physician was sent for in all haste, and meanwhile the sick man was given a most comfortable room and bed, together with such restoratives as were deemed most needful.

These, with the remedies prescribed by the doctor, seemed to revive the sinking flame of life in a body wasted by long excesses and recent privation. At evening and through the night, the sudden change from the deck of a steamer, the inclemency of the open streets in winter, and the horrors of a police station-house,—to the elegant room in which he lay and the gentle attentions of his hosts, so roused the spirit of the patient, that he was able to sit up and converse.

With this momentary return of vitality, all his old recklessness came back; and he told several of his late adventures and mishaps with zest, mixing his account of himself with bitter and merciless scorn of his own family and of the friends who had cast him off. A better and more hopeful spirit had, however, seemed to rule his utterances when the kind host and his wife were lavishing their first charitable care on him. As he gazed round the room, he would exclaim, as if waking out of a dreadful dream, "Oh, the bliss of having a home! the bliss of having a home!" To this first soft mood, however, soon succeeded one of fierce antagonism to all mankind, and violent denunciation of those who had wronged him. His anger seemed to consume the

last remnants of his physical strength, flaming forth more fiercely and luridly in the intervals of his broken rest. When the physician returned early the next morning, he found his patient very much worse, but most anxious to live,—"that he might,"—so he expressed it,—"triumph over all his enemies, and recover his lost property and home."

The physician felt himself bound to tell him that he must entertain no hopes of recovery. "Not recover, doctor!" broke forth the miserable man; "not recover! Why, I am not fifty years old, and I am still hale and hearty. I only want three years of life to redeem the past and put my slanderers to shame." The physician bade him put away these false hopes, and open his soul to sentiments more befitting one who must very soon appear before the great God in whose hand were life and death. "Very soon!" gasped the other; "why, you don't mean to say I am dying?" "You most assuredly are," was the firm, though gentle answer. "Dying!" screamed the poor wretch, as he almost started from the bed. "Oh, no! do not tell me so. I cannot afford to die at present. Let me only live a year, and you shall see what I can do. I have broken my wife's heart, beggared and disgraced my children. Help me to live one year, and I shall merit their forgiveness."

And thus pitifully, frantically he went on pleading with the physician, "for a month, for a single hour!" "Can you not give me a single hour, curse you!" he cried. "What is your skill worth, if you cannot give me one hour of life?" . . . And so the fearful passion and despair of that death-bed went on increasing in gloom and horror, while this guilty life was fast ebbing away. "Oh, I cannot die,—I will not, will not!" the hapless creature would continue to repeat, as spirit and body writhed under the united terrors of the wasted, misspent past and the dark, eternal future. "God is bound to give me life," he went on, as the foam gathered on his lips. "Yes! you cannot refuse," he would say, lifting himself from his pillow, and wildly extending his arms upward, half in supplication, half in blasphemous

menace. "I mean to reform *now*,—I mean *now* to do better;" . . . and his strength would utterly give way beneath the icy hand of the dread Avenger.

It was in vain to speak words of comfort, to recall the infinite mercy of God's fatherly heart, who would take the will for the deed. "No! no!" he would repeat; "I *must* repair, I *must* live!" To look upon that despair was more harrowing, more appalling than tongue or pen can describe.

Scarcely had that guilty soul departed, when a most fearful change took place in the dead man's features. Their expression became so ghastly, so unspeakably terrible, that the ladies present fled wildly from the room, making vain efforts to banish from their imagination that terrible face in which was depicted all the agony of everlasting despair.

While the undertakers were sent for, a veil was thrown over the head of the corpse; it was forthwith placed in a strong double coffin, firmly screwed and nailed down, and never afterward opened, even to satisfy the dead man's relatives.

"*King Henry*. . . . If thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God forgive him!
*Warwick*. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
*King Henry*. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation." *

Let this one example suffice as a warning to men who, deriving from their parents independence, wealth, and position,—feel no incentive to labor or honorable exertion, squander in idleness and vicious enjoyment the fruits of their parents' industry, have no sense of their accountability for all these inherited advantages, or for the ill use of talents and education, and the waste of fruitful years,—and make of their existence upon earth a curse to others as well as to themselves. Alas,—there are many such; and would that the lesson of this wasted life, like a light placed on high near a much-frequented coast, famed for appalling ship-

* Shakspeare, Second Part of King Henry IV., act iii., scene iii.

wrecks,—could teach our young men to avoid the reefs on which so many lives have been lost, and to steer far away from the fatal currents that have borne so many thousands to ruin!

On the other hand, we have such noble instances of heroic endurance and perseverance in laboring to create a home,—and that, too, among men born in every class of society, and contending with the most adverse and, seemingly, discouraging circumstances.

*How a Son repaired his Father's Ruinous Extravagance.*

One man's bright life now comes up before our mind's eye, like the summit of some mighty mountain towering aloft above the whole earth for hundreds of miles around, which, left behind by the traveler at early morn, is seen, at the close of day, when the landscape is shrouded in gloom, glistening far up in the heavens with the last glories of sunlight. His father had, by a life of reckless extravagance, lost every acre of the broad lands possessed for generations by his family, and left his only son nothing but debts, which the latter vowed he should pay to the last farthing by his own industry. He was an officer in the army; and as a military career promised no opportunities of fulfilling what he considered a sacred obligation, he threw up his commission, and betook himself to farming in a new and richly endowed country. Being unmarried, he felt himself at liberty to choose the pursuit which seemed most adapted to his own abilities, and best calculated to bring him speedy and lawful wealth. He, therefore, betook him to sheep-farming,—attached to him by his kindness of heart and his gentleness, much more than by the ascendency of his superior intelligence and culture, several rude men, who had been rather a terror to the settlers till then, made them sober and steady workers like himself, taught them the value of truthfulness and honesty, shared most generously with them the profits of their joint labors; —and, increasing rapidly both his flocks and his profits,

became at the end of six years the wealthiest proprietor in his district. Having settled his companions on farms of their own, which he helped them to stock and taught them to manage, he sold out his own interest for a large sum, sufficient to pay off his father's debts and to secure himself a modest independence for life, and returned to his birthplace.

The parental debts were paid some months before he set out on his homeward journey, and the balance of the money was intrusted to enterprising bankers with whom he had entertained frequent business relations. Indeed, he had more than once been urged to become a partner in the concern. During all these years of unceasing struggle with his own inclinations and habits, much more than with the strange and deep humiliations of the life he had adopted,— he had cherished one purpose above all others, that of creating an honored and happy home for one to whom he had been affianced in early youth, who had never consented to separate her destiny from his, and whose almost daily letters had cheered him amid gloom and depression, and strengthened his soul to undertake and undergo what otherwise he must have deemed impossible.

She became his wife a few weeks after his return, and while the thought was uppermost in his heart of purchasing back from the present owner a portion of his patrimonial estate, building himself a home on it, and devoting the remaining years of his life to the task of recovering the remainder.

He did succeed in persuading the proprietor, sadly in need of money, to part with a portion of the land, and paid him an exorbitant price for it. But, when he came to order plans for a modest dwelling-house to be erected thereon, he was thunderstruck at learning that his bankers were insolvent.

Religion, however, much more than pride of race, had ever been the mainspring of his resolution, and it now saved him from discouragement. He was passing rich in the love of a wife who prized him for his work, not his wealth. To-

gether they sought consolation and counsel where it is ever sure to be found,—at the Mercy Seat; and together they resolved to face the privations and the struggles which had already brought him the means of achieving the independence and comfort so suddenly and sadly compromised. The generous husband would have spared his beloved companion the trials which a brave-hearted man, in spite of his gentle nurture, can always face successfully, but which few delicate women can endure. What man, however, is braver of heart than a true woman? And so, the faithful wife would not hear of further separation from him she had loved with such true single-heartedness.

The country in which he had retrieved his fallen fortunes had undergone many changes: tracts favorable to sheep-farming or other like occupations were no longer to be had for the seeking. To find them, one had to go far into the interior, to incur greater fatigues, greater risk, far greater expense, and with far less prospect of efficient aid from needy emigrants. The gold-fields, on the other hand, opened a new and more tempting prospect of sudden gain; and to the gold-fields our hero and heroine directed their steps.

With an energy that the devotion of his worshiped wife and the sacred purpose on which he had set his heart could alone sustain, he bent himself to the fearful ordeal before him. He had brought with him from home money enough to secure her the privacy and some of the comforts of a home superior to the wretched temporary abodes that sheltered the immense majority of miners. But while he applied himself to his self-imposed task, she became the angel of this wild and lawless community; induced those of her own faith to rear a rude but commodious chapel, where she called them together on Sundays, recited the mass-prayers and rosary with them, read beautiful instructions from her little stock of pious books, catechised the children, gave good advice and needed comfort to all who sought her, and learned where she could find sickness and distress to alleviate. In good time, she also secured occasional visits

from the nearest missionary. In all this she seemed only to be her husband's helper. For his goodness made his fellow-miners find him out long before the fame of his former success and generosity had reached them. Not many months had elapsed in this hard life before he fell sick of a dangerous fever, and while he lay at death's door, his first child was born to him; the entire motley population forgetting their greed, their religious differences and national animosities, to minister to the comfort of the pair with a delicacy, an assiduity, and a constancy begotten of heartfelt veneration and gratitude. The husband and father recovered slowly at first; but when the delirium allowed him to recognize his wife and to look upon the face of his babe, a mighty wave of healthful energy seemed to pass over his soul, and to lift him above his illness. He was grateful, too, that the dear companion of his trials had been spared from a heavy visitation of sickness; and his heart melted within him at all the marks of respectful and affectionate interest lavished on himself and his dear ones by the men and women around them.

Indeed, while he lay on his bed of sickness, the miners had volunteered to work by twos and in succession at the mine which belonged to the invalid, just as their wives watched successively in the sick-rooms to tend both the sufferers. Nor was this charity without its present reward. For rumors went abroad that everything succeeded with the men and women who were thus foremost in their charity and devotion. At any rate, during the illness, the workmen happened upon a vein of gold of extraordinary richness, the produce of which was treasured up most conscientiously for the sick man. He recovered to find himself rich far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Of this wealth,—as could be surmised,—the owner made a most noble use. The men who had stood by him were assisted, every one of them, to secure themselves independence and a fortune. A noble church took the place of the former rude wooden chapel, and schools and other institutions soon grew up round the church. The estate at home

returned to the brave-hearted heir; but he had pledged himself, together with his wife, that, while no debt should encumber the inheritance of his children when it descended to them, he should rear them to labor and industry, and teach them by the example of their parents to bestow on charity and on the self-helping poor the surplus revenues his fathers wasted on self-indulgence.

Happy, most happy, and most blessed was their household, husband and wife vying with each other in practicing piety toward God and charity toward the neighbor. Nor, despite the long and bitter trials of the past, did they murmur or repine, when sickness and death visited their little flock of lovely children. The Christian mother knew that the angel who marked their door-post with the sign of the cross, as he came to bear away their first-born from them, was the messenger of infinite Mercy and Wisdom. Many a blessing, from every lowly home far and wide, was daily uttered on the noble man whose heart and hand were ever open to the needy or the erring, winning the deep love of the poor much more by the eloquence of his unwearied devotion to their interests and his spotless life, than by his enlightened liberality in stimulating the industrious and helping every manly effort made toward honest independence. But who can tell the worshipful feeling of reverence with which his angel wife was regarded? She had seen the laboring poor at their worst, and had discovered how much their virtues excel their vices, how rich a soil their hearts afford in which to sow the seeds of gratitude and of every Godlike quality. And so, does she to this day move among her devoted poor neighbors,—paupers there are none,—the living image of that Goodness which only came down on earth to renew in man the divine likeness.

## *Noble Devotion of a Swiss Orphan Boy.*

Most unlike the two men whose story we have just been telling, in its beginnings and progress, was the life which we are about to sketch in its main features. The advan-

tages of high birth, gentle nurture, and careful education, taken together with the power for good which inherited wealth and position bestow,—are a mighty trust in the hands of mortal man, and involve a fearful responsibility toward the Almighty Giver. Where an early fear of Him who is the Judge of the whole earth, is instilled into the mind, and the Christian sense of generosity and accountability is carefully fostered in the children of the well-born and wealthy, the good done by the proper use of riches and position, by the influence which superior culture and superior station command, is incalculable.

Where, however, a man born without any of these social advantages, and left from childhood to struggle against every evil example and tendency, without education and without proper direction or encouragement, the castaway child develops into the self-reliant boy and the man of indomitable energy, industry, and stainless integrity, till he becomes a prince among the benefactors of his race,—there we have a miracle of true manhood. Such is the man whose story we now recall.

We shall call him Johann. He was born near Burglen, the birthplace of Tell, two months after the sudden death of his father. His mother married again a native of the Lower Engadine, whose profession of peddler led him to frequent alternately the Forest Cantons and the beautiful cities and hamlets of Northern Italy. The child was in his fifth year when his step-father, who had been guilty of the double crime of murder and highway robbery, found his way with his wife and family to Genoa. There, the better to conceal his identity, he found employment around the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, till such time as he could secure passage for himself and his wife and their youngest child in a merchant ship bound for Sumatra. The wretched wife and her babe died on the passage, poisoned, it was believed, by the unnatural husband and parent, who was imprisoned on his arrival, but escaped, and, after many adventures, found his way to New Zealand, where he perished miserably.

Johann and his half-sister, some two years younger than

himself, had been made over by contract to one of these infamous *padroni*, or dealers in Italian children shipped to England and America, and held as veritable slaves by their inhuman masters. Taught music or some other art, these innocents were hopelessly condemned to labor for the sole profit of their owners, and made to endure a life of degradation so awful, that unspeakable filth, poverty, and starvation were often the lightest part of the burthen of misery. Johann, on being stolen from his poor heart-broken mother, was allowed to retain nothing of his raiment even, but a rude silver locket, so black and battered that it was deemed worthless; it contained, however, his certificate of baptism. He was called by another name, and forbidden under the most awful threats of punishment ever to mention his mother's name or his own, or to acknowledge any one as his parent but the wretch who took himself and several other children to London. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for the little creature, he caught the small-pox, almost immediately after his arrival in that city, the disease assuming a most virulent form, accompanied by fever and delirium, which, on his recovery, completely obliterated all memory of the past. His padrone meanwhile sailed for New York, deeming Johann lost, and transferring all claim to his services to another of the tribe remaining in London.

The child, who was not lost sight of by the latter, recovered; but left the hospital very feeble, half blind, and seemingly imbecile. Picked up one morning in January, as he lay famished, half-unconscious, and half-frozen in one of the by-lanes of Southwark, he was taken to the room of a poor shoemaker's wife, who, childless herself, received the little waif as some great gift of God. And, surely, he was a blessing in disguise, sent by the Father of the orphan, to a soul overflowing with divinest charity,—one of those lowly ones so dear to Christ, so rich in the gifts of the Spirit, so far advanced above the learned and the great ones of this world in the sublime paths of sanctity. Nevertheless, she was the wife of a drunken husband, whom she had mostly to support by her own thrift, and whose insane fits of vio-

lence made her life as insecure as it was miserable. Amid all this poverty, sin, and wretchedness, this beautiful soul grew daily in holiness and merit. The atmosphere of goodness and purity that surrounded her filled her vicious companion with reverence while he was sober, and when intoxication transformed him into a wild beast, the very majesty of his wife's virtue awed him into respect and submission.

On the day when this good, admirable woman, as she returned from early mass at a neighboring church, found Johann and took him to her heart and her home,—the husband happened to be half-crazed by a long course of debauchery. He drove both his wife and her charge back into the street with fearful oaths and threats of violence. A neighboring woman sheltered the two till the drunken man's fit was over, leaving him plunged in a lethargic sleep. It was the wife's opportunity. She watched tenderly over the slumberer, caring meanwhile for Johann's pressing needs; got him clean linen and such warm raiment as she could, made him partake of a hearty meal, and forced him to take rest in a quiet corner of her lodgings,—the very place where she was wont to pray and meditate herself when she most needed the sweet refreshment ever found in communion with God.

The husband, on awaking to the consciousness of his guilt and the sense of racking pain consequent upon his shameful excesses, was all submission to his gentle wife's will, and welcomed heartily the little stranger. Thenceforward, Eunice,—for such was her name,—had two sick persons to care for and to support. But she was not forgotten in her dire need. One of these noble English ladies, whose high birth is their least merit before men and their least recommendation to the love of God and his angels,—stumbled into the poor apartment, and promised to return. Eunice had never yet asked or accepted relief under any form, and her soul could not brook the idea of obtaining assistance from any one so long as she could work herself. Work she could not now, however;—and the assistance was prof-

fered in so delicate and generous a form, that her self-respect was spared, and the boon gratefully accepted.

The husband soon died; and the slow fever which consumed poor Johann yielded to the tender nursing of his second mother, and the comfort and peace which surrounded him. His convalescence, without bringing back the memory of his childhood, restored him to the full use of his other faculties, and within six months he was a strong, healthy, and beautiful boy of eight. Eunice, during his illness, had opened the locket round his neck, and ascertained his parentage and religion. She now devoted herself to his education. Fearful, nevertheless, lest some one should steal or take away perforce her treasure from her, she accepted a position of trust in a country residence obtained for her by her benefactress. There she had not been more than a few weeks when she sickened and lay at death's door for months. The boy, whose manly character began to display itself in this extremity, watched over her whom he called his mother with an intelligence that won the admiration of their masters, and tended her and worked for her with such unwearied love, that their sympathies were deeply excited.

It was while thus lavishing on his adopted parent all the tenderness of his nature, that the boy formed the resolution of supporting her by his industry, and of working till he could get her a home of his own. The kind mistress whom they served purchased the little fellow a basket or pack filled with needles, thread, and some more costly articles in favor with ladies and serving-maids, and encouraged him to try his luck first of all in her own mansion and among her dependants, and then among her lady acquaintances in the near neighborhood. No one could refuse to buy from the bright, beautiful boy, whose high soul shone through every feature,—so that, before two months were over, he had increased tenfold not only his stock in trade, but his custom.

The invalid,—for such she now was,—could, with the aid of her generous friends, venture to rent a small but very neat house in the neighboring town, and set up a

little stationery and soft-ware shop, which she attended herself, while her boy extended his excursions to several populous villages of the district, and managed to make himself useful over night in a pottery, whose master took a great liking to the child.

His boyish frame was unequal to this excessive fatigue, and the great strain on the nervous system of one who was growing very rapidly, brought on symptoms of brain fever. He could afford to rest, however, for his heroic devotion had been blessed, and the little shop was patronized by rich and poor alike, who felt drawn to the saintlike widow and her orphan charge.

Up to that moment, Johann had scarcely learned to read. During the fits of delirium that accompanied this last illness, he raved continually about books and learning a trade and going to America to make a fortune for his dear mother, as he ever called Eunice. The physician who attended him was so touched by all that he heard about the pair, that he mentioned the matter to a friend of his, a wealthy ship-owner of the town, who was, besides, largely interested in the lumber trade both of Canada and of the Pacific coast. This gentleman called on Eunice, found Johann much better, and was charmed by the boy's manly beauty, intelligence, and spirit, as well as by the indescribable magic of Eunice's conversation and manner.

He became henceforth their declared protector. Johann was placed as an errand-boy in the ship-office, and sent three days in the week to an excellent school. His progress in learning was prodigious. He seemed to know by intuition what his master would teach him, obtained a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and algebra, was filled, at the sight of the designs and plans which covered the walls of his benefactor's office, with a thirst for acquiring the science of ship-building. The boy, while filling the functions of confidential secretary to the head of the firm, was allowed to qualify as apprentice in the trade of shipwright. His salary, which his employer insisted on paying him, went to make Eunice entirely independent, and much more than

the salary went to the same purpose. So that the gentle sufferer could give her noble boy a home supplied with all the restful comforts required by his feverish activity of brain and body, and bestow, besides, large alms on the poor.

Johann was thirteen when he made his first communion. This event produced a wonderful change in one who was already precocious in mind and character. In preparing himself for the reception of the Divine Sacrament, his tenderness of conscience compelled him to open his heart to his employer about several peccadilloes which his boyish temper had led him to commit since he had entered the office. His friend, who was a stanch opponent of the Catholic faith, listened in amazement to this accusation of acts in which not a trace of voluntary guilt could be discovered. At the same time he was deeply touched by the purity, innocence, truthfulness, and high honor revealed by that one glance into a soul so privileged.

Johann was intrusted with the most confidential part of his protector's correspondence, and sent more than once to London on errands of great secrecy and importance. Everything he undertook succeeded in his hands, because to rare practical judgment and natural tact he joined absolute singleness of purpose. He devoted himself entirely, without a thought of personal vanity, to whatever he was given to do, applying his whole mind to it because it was his duty. Nor did he seem, when the thing was done, and his employer was loud in his praise, that he had done anything uncommon or what anybody else would not have done as well as himself. With all that, the boy was ever ready to oblige every person around him, from the oldest clerk to his master's little footboy. Thus it happened that his wonderful simplicity and the absence of all pride in his conduct made him a universal favorite.

His rapid advancement, therefore, made him no enemies, and lost him no friends. In the ship-yard to which he was drawn by an irresistible attraction, he seemed to understand everything at a glance. The principles of the science of naval construction, the nature and value of materials, all

were grasped by his marvelous intellect with a quickness and sureness that made learning to him an amusement.

At twenty he had become so useful to his kind protector, so indispensable indeed in the transaction of business requiring secrecy and dispatch, that he was made a junior partner in the concern. This extraordinary good fortune made no change either in Johann's outward bearing or in his interior sentiments. His soul seemed filled with reverence and gratitude toward his benefactor, and devoted love for his mother; his tender piety to God being the source of his affection for the two beings on earth who had been to him the images and instruments of the divine goodness.

Thenceforward his history was one of continuous and wonderful success. How his fertile invention discovered new methods for improving the strength and velocity of sailing vessels,—for steam was not then known; how he traveled over both hemispheres to discover the richest forests and to establish centers for the vast lumber traffic in which his house was engaged; and how, wherever he went, his winning manners, his generosity toward his subordinates and workmen, the lively interest he seemed to take in every individual, and the mixture of gentleness and firmness with which he dealt with the refractory among them, caused his presence to be hailed with delight, and his departure to be regretted as a personal loss by every man in his employment.

One fixed purpose ruled his conduct toward these,—to encourage every married man to have his own little home, giving them such wages as enabled them to live comfortably and free of debt. With that, he would provide the children with schools in which they were taught the elements of a good common education, while every boy able to be apprenticed was articled to some good master tradesman in the shops attached to his manufactories and ship-yards. Ample provision was also made for religious instruction.

His chief delight, however, was to see the home-life and home-virtues cherished by all those who came beneath his control or influence, or were the recipients of his bounty.

In a thousand ways, as his young, bright face passed like a sunbeam through the industrial villages which thrived under the protection of his house, he would show his love for children,—for the parentless and the outcasts particularly. They were somehow drawn to him by a powerful magnetism: he kept a list of all such, and of the families to whom he intrusted them, and from whom he took especial care that they received most kindly treatment.

In these good works every shilling he could spare was spent. His own home, the home of his adopted mother rather, he made most comfortable, without ever adding to it anything that savored of luxury. In this he was guided by the wishes of Eunice as well as by his own inclination. There was in their dwelling a simplicity that was not without its elegance, but nothing more. Or, if there was any other distinctive feature about his and her home, it was in the many visitors of every rank who came to honor in the saintly invalid the woman who had reared such a noble son, and in the constant coming and going of the poor and the distressed whose need was relieved quietly, and each one of whom was bidden to depart noiselessly, with the injunction of the Divine Master, "See thou tell no one."

Johann was supremely happy in seeing his mother beloved and reverenced. He had obtained the legal authority to bear her maiden name,—not that his upright nature or manly disposition could allow him to blush for his own,—but because he gloried in owing her everything, and in devoting to her the life she had preserved and helped to make so honorable and so useful. He could not bear that any steps should be taken either to punish the padrone from whom he had endured such horrible cruelty, or that the course followed by his step-father should be ascertained; for he feared that the discovery of his guilt might rest like a stain on the memory of his dead parent.

Into the house which he had created for Eunice, nothing could induce Johann to bring a bride. His love for his benefactress, and his ardent and enlightened charity for his laborers, seemed to fill his heart and to leave no place for

any other love. He was in his thirtieth year when she was taken from him, and at thirty, hundreds upon hundreds of homes in the Old World and the New blessed him for their comfort and happiness. Her death only served to give a mightier impulse to his indefatigable activity for the good of others, and to the great industries of which he was the soul.

We shall now let the veil drop on that life, which, fruitful as it was in noble labors crowned with success, and in countless deeds of the purest beneficence, would never court praise or publicity. The rain which is a blessing to the earth and crowns the most fervent prayers of the husbandman, is not that which the heavens send down like a cataract amid the flash and terror of the lightning and the loud roar of the thunder-storm. It is that which falls as silently and gently as the dew at midnight, dropping on the parched bosom of the earth, causing the seed to germinate, to grow up, and to ripen,—giving new life to the drooping flower, a more vivid green to forest and field, and filling the land with gladness.

We would wish the voice of these examples to reach thousands of boys, who know that they are born to toil, and many thousands more of young men whose hands are hardened by toil,—so that its eloquence might stir their hearts to industry, endurance, and perseverance in building up a home that God's angels may delight to visit, good men to honor, and the poor to bless in their prayers.

Should there be among our readers any who have wasted the golden years of their life, created nothing, but destroyed rather,—then let them once more take courage and begin again!

"Up, mortal, and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!
Soars the skylark—soar thou; leaps the stream—do thou leap;
Learn from nature the splendor of action.
Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap:
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

'The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain :
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
The blackbird is piping within the dim elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping,
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

"To spring comes the budding ; to summer, the blush ;
To autumn, the happy fruition ;
To winter, repose, meditation, and hush ;
But to man, every season's condition ;
He buds, blooms, and ripens in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor, and sleeper ;
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a Reaper." *

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* Robert Buchanan, "Wayside Poesies."

# CHAPTER VI.

## UNHAPPINESS.

Cato the Censor held that there was more merit in being a good husband than a great senator.—PLUTARCH.

To the farmer nothing is more important, than to have near his house an unfailing spring of water, ready to his hand during the longest heats of summer and the severest winter frosts. Hence, the first thing the settlers throughout our vast continent attend to, after they have found a tract of rich, arable soil, is to seek for a stream or a spring of wholesome water, near to which they may erect their homestead. To turn away the stream or to poison the spring would be to render the homestead uninhabitable · it would be the act of the worst of enemies.

What an enemy's hand might do to render the family home intolerable, the head of the family himself but too often does to poison every spring of domestic happiness, and thereby to destroy or imperil the very existence of the family itself.

If the prosperous farmer, or the settler struggling with the first difficulties of the forest or the plains, must feel grateful when warned against criminal designs threatening the health and life of his family, have we not a right to expect attention, if not gratitude, when we warn heads of families against foes of their household no less to be dreaded ?

Home is no home, and home-life at best but a long "purgatory," if he who is its head and chief ruler, instead of being, by his devotion to its every interest, by his self-control and self-denying virtues, the main cause of comfort,

peace, security, and happiness, becomes by his imperfections or his vices, the source of all unhappiness to his dear ones.

We wish, with all the delicacy and charity of a priestly heart and hand, to describe briefly the principal defects that lead to discomfort, discord, misery, and wretchedness in homes where God intended that all should be serenity, sunshine, joy, and bliss unalloyed.

The first of these,—one which it should be the struggle of a lifetime to overcome and eradicate, is infirmity of temper.

### *Infirmity of Temper—Irascibility.*

Its most troublesome forms are irritability and fault-finding. Of that headlong passionateness, which is properly anger, we do not wish to say much. Proneness to anger, when not checked in childhood, and allowed to grow up with a man's growth, is almost as ruinous in its evil example and in its consequences to the professional or business man, as the worst forms of intemperance. For headlong anger is intoxication, depriving its unhappy subject of the use of his reason, rendering him incapable of using aright, for the time being, any of his mental faculties or bodily senses. Hence, it is classed by theologians and moralists among the Seven Capital Sins,—among those, namely, which are the fruitful parents of crime and disorder.

The irascibility or irritability we point out here, as a thing so much to be dreaded, avoided, and courageously put down, is only a milder form of the same dreadful distemper, but one scarcely less hurtful in its effects. As this is not a moral treatise, we can only point out the remedy,—early habits of self-control, and life-long watchfulness over this domestic foe and inseparable companion,—a watchfulness that can only be aptly compared to that kept over the movements of a chained mad dog. Loosen the chain but for a moment, and you feel the fangs of the rabid animal fixed in your flesh, and its poison coursing through the blood and maddening the brain itself.

There are men most generous in every other way, endowed with the noblest qualities of heart and mind,—whom this unrepressed infirmity render a burthen to themselves and an intolerable torture to all around them.

We have known a young husband who had conquered a most honorable social position and no less honorable wealth by hard labor and sterling integrity, who had won the admiration and warm esteem of a large circle of distinguished men, by his uncommon ability and a largeness of mind and heart still more uncommon. He also won the admiration and maiden love of a woman not less gifted than himself in mental and moral excellence. He had provided for her a home in which a princess might be proud to live, so elegant was it in its noble simplicity, so exquisitely adorned with all that could suit the most cultivated taste or charm the most poetical fancy. And with his home, his wealth, his position, and his name, he gave her a heart that no other love had ever filled.

Nevertheless, six months of wedded life had not elapsed, when the young wife's love began to wane, and with her love her health declined. She had discovered that the man, whom she had chosen from among a crowd of admirers and suitors, and to whom in her inexperience she looked up as to one far above herself and above others, was one subject to that baneful and humiliating infirmity of an irascible and uncontrollable temper.

In her own father's home, she had never once beheld either her parents or her brothers giving way to the sudden and unaccountable outbursts which seemed to upset, when she least expected it, the soul and the very nature of her husband. She cowered and shrank before these fierce exhibitions as she would before some wild beast that might have leaped suddenly into her room through the open window or doorway.

Too proud to resent by words, expressions or acts which degraded her and lowered her husband infinitely in her estimation, she could only weep in secret, and pray to God to give her strength. For she soon felt her great love slipping

away from her, like the dying reverence for an idol dethroned and shattered utterly.

Her husband would come home wearied from a day of professional exhausting toil, his whole soul frequently overstrung to its utmost tension by mental activity; and she, in the long hours of absence, would devise a thousand loving artifices to cheat him of his weariness, and to unbend by sweet distractions the mind that had been so long on the stretch.

He, who had disciplined himself to severe self-control in public and in the transaction of professional business, had never taught himself in the privacy of his hitherto solitary home, to keep a strong rein over his temper. He had not learned that the true gentleman is he who is every inch and in every word and gesture a gentleman, in his private chamber especially, and before his valet. How much more is this true of the Christian! And, in our case, how much more true of the husband!

A wife is not made happy or heart-satisfied by being made in public her husband's honored companion, on whom he bestows, with evident affection and assiduity, all the marks of sincere esteem and respect. It is the atmosphere of their privacy, when no eye is on them but that of God and His angels, that must be unclouded, bright, warm, blissful, and undisturbed by one unseemly word or act;—this alone constitutes a wife's perfect happiness. She must see nothing in the man she loves utterly, and who is all in all to her, that she cannot love, admire, respect. If the self-control assumed in public and kept on like a mask while beneath the public gaze, is cast aside when alone with his wife, and the countenance wears the distorted form of passion, and the soul, hitherto serene and unruffled, becomes all at once, like a storm-tossed sea, hideous with monstrous forms rising from the depths below,—then is love in imminent danger.

Six months of such disappointment, torture, and humiliation the young wife endured, without ever permitting one word of complaint or remonstrance to escape her, or without

relaxing in aught her daily devices for her husband's comfort and amusement, when an unusually violent outburst of irritability brought matters to a crisis.

They had been invited to a family anniversary in the evening, and were to be the very center of the happy circle. She had prepared everything for her husband with more than ordinary forethought, wishing him to rest sweetly on his return home and to wear his best looks afterward before the assembled family. His room had been made even brighter and pleasanter than usual, and a bunch of the flowers he loved best had been daintily gathered and arranged by his little wife, whose hand had placed a thought of love in every flower more fragrant than its own perfume.

He came in very much exhausted. It was an intensely hot day, and the heat told heavily on a nervous system that had endured great strain throughout the day. He was, however, not conscious of any predisposition to irritability; he met his wife with his wonted joyous smile and affectionate greeting; partook heartily of the refreshment which she had prepared, kissed the sweet and fragrant flowers on his dressing-case, and made all the currents in the young wife's veins run on delightfully. They were truly, in their sweet rooms, as they presently began to dress for the evening, the very ideal of blissful connubial love. But, all at once, some shirt-buttons would not fit, and there were hurried words of impatience, a necktie did not suit, and there was a muttered oath which made the young wife start in the adjoining room, and then the shoes were too tight and hurt his feet; in tying the strings, one of them broke, and the shoe itself was torn off the foot by the now thoroughly enraged man, who flung it from him, striking with it his wife as she was coming unperceived to quiet and pacify him. There was a scream, and as he looked round he saw her put her hand to her face and sink fainting against the doorpost. The shoe-heel had struck her violently on the temple, cut her, and the blood was flowing copiously on the white dress of the insensible girl.

To seize her in his arms, with the tenderest words of grief

and love, to bear her to her bed, summon the servants, and do all he could to restore her to consciousness, addressing her the while in the most affecting terms of self-accusation and reproach;—all that was the work of a few moments. The maid had witnessed the accident, and told the other members of the household exactly what had occurred. So that all blamed their irascible master as much as they sympathized with their fainting mistress.

She had opened her eyes for a few moments to see her husband kneeling in agony by her bedside, and had drawn his head toward her to kiss him tenderly but mutely; and then she sank into a second swoon longer, deadlier than the first. Why distress the reader? The young wife and mother had received a terrible shock, from the effects of which it required the utmost skill of her physicians to save herself and her babe.

But the danger to both caused a complete revolution in the husband and father. During the months that his wife lay helpless on her bed of sickness, he had vowed to God and promised his own soul to repress at once and forever that irascibility which had well-nigh proved fatal to her, whose worth he never knew so well as when she had well-nigh fallen a victim to his own ungoverned passion.

Not one unpleasant incident ever afterward dimmed the serenity or clouded the brightness of their most happy life. He was too firm a believer in the wonderful ways of Providence, not to feel that the dreadful consequences of his sin had been only averted by supreme human skill and God's merciful kindness. Thenceforward he showed himself the meekest and most patient of men,—worshiped by his servants for his gentleness and many other virtues; while his grateful wife blessed the Heavenly Father for having made her suffering the occasion of such a blissful and lasting change in her loved husband.

### *A Great Life marred by Irritability.*

Another instance of the effects of this deplorable irritability, we are moved to mention here, because the man

who was subject to it, marred thereby a life of magnificent promise. Splendidly gifted, carefully educated, placed from earliest manhood in a position of all the most favorable to the exercise of his great natural and acquired abilities, this man, whom we knew and loved well, disappointed the expectations of his family and the prophecies of his friends, —neutralizing all his marvelous gifts of head and heart by this single ungovernable passion, and ruining all the good he otherwise did by this excessive irritability, which made him pull down with one hand the fair structure he had reared with the other.

Painfully conscious of his own infirmity, his whole life was an unavailing, because a too feeble, struggle against his fell enemy. His shining qualities, and the continual occasion of using them imposed on him by his profession, only rendered his failing the more conspicuous to others,—like a great flaw in a vase of the most superior design and workmanship, or a fatal crack in a bell of extraordinary dimensions, and placed aloft in a cathedral tower to call a whole people to prayer and praise, and to sound abroad over a city on solemn festivals as the consecrated voice of Religion.

It is but a vain, we had almost said, a criminal, excuse for such wayward passionateness and unrepressed irritability, in any man, especially in educated and professional men, to say that it is a disease, inherited with one's blood, and increasing in intensity with age. We are speaking of men,—held by their families, their neighbors, and the public, as responsible persons in all the ordinary transactions of life. Responsible to God they most assuredly are, for neglecting to repress in youth and early manhood, the enemy within the house of their soul,—whose subjection and annihilation every man of us knows he can achieve with His help who is always near us to bestow all the strength rendered needful by our own most extreme infirmity.

## *Fault-finding.*

Akin to this fiery disposition of the irascible, is that other of fault-finding, which would seem to attach itself, as rust does to iron, rather to cold than to ardent natures. It is even a more hateful infirmity than wrathfulness. For, without pretending to excuse or extenuate the guilt of the passionate and the irascible, we may remark, that it is the fault of souls generous, loving, devoted, and self-sacrificing in a great measure: it may even be said to be the excess or the defect of some of the most admirable qualities in human nature. Not so with the odious disposition toward fault-finding. It belongs to selfish, narrow, ungenerous natures, as cold as the cuttle-fish which seizes with its long arms upon all that comes within its reach, and mangles them without pity or discrimination. Fishermen on the coast of France, often haul in with the wholesome fish in their nets some of the young of this destructive species. If they happen to leave them together in the boat or on shore for a single night, it is ten to one but they will find on the morrow all their choicest fish utterly ruined and emptied of their substance by the merciless and voracious cuttle-fish.

The fault-finding husband, in like manner, wears out the life and destroys little by little the happiness of his wife and entire household. A wife may exert herself to the utmost to govern, regulate, and brighten the home, to make its interior the very picture of comfort, peace, and restfulness; she may call forth, as much through the promptings of true love, as from a deep and pure sense of duty, all her skill to please, to amuse, to cheer and charm her husband. She may be in heart and disposition, as well as in person and appearance, an angel welcoming her wearied companion to the joy and repose of her paradise: of what avail will her every grace and charm be against the icy manner, the cold sneer, and the cruel words of dispraise, which are the only answer to her warm welcome, the only return for the loving forethought and care

and labor bestowed on making the home bright and sunny for his coming?

There are men who are indefatigable workers, clear-headed and successful business-men,—who take real pride and pleasure in providing for wife and children a home lacking no element of outward respectability and creature comfort;—men, too, who do not seek distraction, amusement, or distinction outside of their home. And yet these men have the talent of making their homes hateful to the children for whom they labor, hateful to wife and servants and friends,—because they pass over a thousand praiseworthy things in their wife's management, in their children's proficiency, in the conscientious labor of their servants, to seize upon the one little defect that appears to them blameworthy. Their wife's warm greeting is sneered at as affectation and demonstrativeness, and her reserve as a want of proper affection. The soup on the table is always either too hot or too cold, the roast-beef overdone or too rare, the tea and coffee either too strong or too weak;—and these criticisms are all the more liberally indulged in that there are the more present at table. Indeed, friends or strangers dining there for the first time, would be induced to believe from their host's liberal dispraise of everything, that the poor wife was the most careless or the most incapable of managers, the cook the most ignorant or stupid of kitchen-knaves, and the servants chosen from among the most unserviceable of the tribe.

In the drawing-room the music is treated in the same illiberal manner as the cooking. What is sung or played grates on the ear of *paterfamilias;* and the daughter is asked to play something she has never practiced, or the son to sing a melody he has never studied. So that all desire of improvement,—so far as the head of the house can do so,—is effectually quenched in the bosom of wife, and children, and servants.

Of what avail is the most devoted attention to business, the most encouraging and remunerative success in one's profession, or the bestowal on one's family of all the means

of physical comfort and liberal education,—if the home is made, by constant and indiscriminate fault-finding, like a darksome ice-cave in which not one little bud of heartfelt joyousness will dare to unfold itself?

Nor is this the worst. Indeed, it is only a very softened picture of the home of the fault-finder. We know of one man, married in his first youth to one of the loveliest girls, and belonging to one of the very best families in a great State,—who made life so intolerable to his devoted and accomplished young wife, that it broke her heart, ruined her health, and sent her an incurable maniac to the insane asylum, while he still primes it at political meetings, or shines as a star of the first magnitude in the most fashionable circles.

### *Moodiness.*

A third form of ill temper is moodiness. For there are men who have succeeded in quelling the fierce outbreaks of anger and impatience, who have even gone so far as to set a strong guard upon their tongue, restraining the wrathful, censorious, or sarcastic utterances which caused so much pain to others, and so often wounded both justice and charity. But the very effort required to keep down the rebellious spirit within, or the desire of avoiding the occasion of giving way in word or deed to their effervescent feelings, would induce these mistaken souls to seek complete isolation, or to preserve a moody and obstinate silence, not a whit the less irksome to others than the open violence, or the bitter invective to which they were wont to yield.

Moody people thus only take refuge from one weakness in another, like the victims of Asiatic cholera, who only escape the fatal grip of the dire pestilence to succumb to typhus fever.

Moodiness takes several forms in different men, and not unfrequently in the same man. The moody husband will be all smiles and cheerfulness one day, like a sunbeam to the hearts of wife and children; but the very next day he will be all gloom, and silence, and storm. In the morning

he will leave his home the pleasantest of men, but will return in the evening the most disagreeable and troublesome.

His moods come and go as unaccountably and as suddenly as the changes in an April sky. Just as the traveler never knows if he can trust the fair promise of a sunny morning at that uncertain season, and will, if he be wise, not go forth without waterproof or umbrella; even so those who live with a moody man can never trust to his present temper, though all smiles and serenity, but have to be always armed with patience and forbearance, so as not to be surprised and overwhelmed by the suddenness and violence of his change from sweet to sour, from mildness to the downpouring of wrath.

Nor is it easy to say when such a man is more unbearable, —when he suddenly gives way to successive or continuous spasms of ill humor, censoriousness, and impatience, keeping his whole household in a ferment for days, and communicating to wife and children and servants his own ague-fits of interior wretchedness,—or when he subsides into a gloomy silence lasting day after day, and making the atmosphere of his home as unendurable as the darkness and cold and oppressive stillness of a long night near the Pole.

Surely such moral and mental infirmity in a man often proud of his gifts, his position, and reputation,—is as baneful to the comfort and happiness of all around him as would be the frequent and persistent visitations of some odious disease, which would torture every outward and inward sense without destroying or endangering life.

### *A Notable Example of Moodiness.*

One memorable example may suffice to show such persons how fearful and utter is the ruin caused in the wealthiest and most refined home, as well as in the lowliest and poorest, by this unchecked moodiness.

Two of the most distinguished families in one of our Middle States had cemented, as they fondly thought, a deep

and ancient friendship by marrying an only son to an only daughter, both the idols of their respective parents, and both to all appearance most worthy of their utmost affection. The young gentleman was a graduate of West Point, clever, accomplished, well mannered, of a handsome person, winning and courtly address,—such a man, indeed, as would most powerfully attract a young, innocent, and artless girl, who had never learned to fear the angry and fitful depths that may lie behind the bright sky of an open, handsome face.

Innocent, artless, in very truth, most beautiful and most graceful, was the bride which the handsome and wealthy West-Pointer had won;—and all who knew him not intimately, prophesied that the union would be most blissful. There were some, however, who knew well how uncertain was the calm self-possession the young bridegroom could assume, how changeful was the serenity of that brow, and how treacherous the bright smile which he had ever worn before his bride. His parents were but too painfully conscious of the fitful passionateness that lurked beneath that fascinating exterior. But their religion had not taught them the duty of acquainting the intended bride or her parents with the capital defects or vices that might imbitter the life and ruin the happiness of a wife. Alas! there are but too many parents who believe this to be their duty, and nevertheless neglect it, thereby making shipwreck of the lives and not seldom of the souls of the innocent and unsuspecting.

Not a week of the honeymoon had elapsed when the beautiful bride, so proud of her brilliant husband, and so wrapped up in his happiness, made the discovery of the moodiness that was to be her bane. In the very midst of the joyous festivities gotten up in their honor by devoted relatives and admiring friends,—the most trifling accident would call forth a fit of sullenness, gloom, and silence,—like a thunder-clap from a summer sky, or the instantaneous gathering of dark storm-clouds over the face of the brightest noonday.

The young wife had brought from her home and inherited from her mother that deep tenderness and patient love, which can perform miracles of devotion and self-sacrifice. She loved her husband with her whole heart, for she had clothed him with all the perfections of her cherished ideal. And she was very slow to admit that her husband's long and distressing fits of alternate irritability and sullen moodiness, were not the consequences of some hidden distemper, —of a mind overtaxed by too close application, or of nerves disordered by the long and severe dicipline of a military school,—instead of being the outgrowth of peevishness, waywardness, and ill temper, allowed to spring up unchecked in an only son by a mother's fatal indulgence.

With the complete forgetfulness of self, and the unlimited devotion to the comfort and pleasure of the loved object, that are the very soul of wifely affection, she devised and exhausted, week after week, and month after month, all the sweet industries by which a woman can soothe the pangs of both body and spirit ; but all were to no purpose. The hopes she fondly clung to, that the overstrained mind should soon recover its balance, that the endearments of her beautiful affection and the peace and quiet of her beautiful home, would calm the disordered nerves and soften every asperity of temper,—disappeared one by one ; and the dreadful reality stared her in the face, that she was united to a man, whose moods were as sudden, as uncertain, as destructive of all happiness and home-life,—as those of a lunatic.

So with her hopes her love waned, constantly increasing dread and despair filling up their place in the young heart. She bore up against all her ills for years, however, without complaining to parent or friend. She had looked forward to the birth of her first babe, as to an event which might stimulate her wayward husband to serious efforts at self-amendment, or at least awaken in his soul new affections, a new sense of responsibility, and deep reflections on the pains he had caused the mother of his child, and on the clouds his temper had cast over the first stage of their wedded life.

Whatever regrets for the past may have visited him, or whatever transient resolves he may have formed, they did not outlive the rejoicings which welcomed the arrival of the son and heir. Three other children were sent to cheer the young mother; and with the birth of each the dying root of love and wifely trust would put forth a few timid leaves, —so fondly will a woman's heart persist in hoping against hope itself!

At length she sank beneath the intolerable load of ills which she had borne so silently and uncomplainingly. Her father had watched her drooping form and spirit, and his intercourse with his son-in-law, as well as the indignation caused among their neighbors and acquaintances by the ill conduct of the latter, forced the parent to interfere and save the life of his child.

It was too late. All the tenderness of her mother, all the devoted care of brothers and sisters, all the caresses of her little daughters who would not be separated from her, were alike powerless to arrest the progress of a disease, the seat of which was in the heart. She pined away, and died broken-hearted.

Her husband retained his son with him in the now desolate and widowed home. But not even that desolation in all its utterness could change that proud spirit, or rouse it to repent of its selfishness, or to exorcise from his hearth the fiend that had changed all its joy into mourning and blighted all the fair blossoms of early connubial love.

The widowed husband wrapped closer around himself the dark and forbidding garment of his moodiness and sullen perverseness of temper. His daughters had chosen to cast their lot with their dead mother; thenceforward they were dead to him. His son had clung to the paternal roof with the hope of inheriting the paternal estate. He, too, grew up to be a young man of fair abilities, handsome presence, and engaging manners.

The father, growing wearied of the intolerable solitude and desolation which surrounded him, thought, in one of his softening moods, that, if his son married happily, the

home might again be brightened by young faces and gladdened by pleasant sounds. Till then, although he had given his boy a good education, he had nevertheless afforded him no opportunity of turning it to any useful purpose. The allowance made to the young man barely sufficed to clothe him decently, without permitting him to indulge in any of the most innocent recreations of persons of his own age.

What then was his astonishment, when, one morning, at the breakfast table, his father asked him if he had never thought of marrying? "I should be happy to see you settled in life, my son," he continued. "For the house is rather dull for one of your age, and has been a long time without pleasant company." "But, father," returned the other, "I have at present no means of my own, and am, therefore, entirely unable to support a wife. That I have not sought to enter on the active duties of any profession, is due to your own desire." . . . "Let that be no obstacle to your marriage," the father replied; "I shall gladly furnish you immediately with the money necessary for your equipment, and shall advance you, on your marriage, ten thousand dollars or more, to enable you to practice your profession independently. Have you found no young lady who could make you a good wife?" Yes, the son had been thrown into the company of a charming young person, belonging to a most honorable family, and there had sprung up a warm affection between them. Acting, therefore, on his father's urgent advice, the young man asked his lady-love to become his wife, was accepted by her and her parents, and everything,—as his father had desired,—was arranged for their speedy marriage.

Returning home without a moment's delay, his soul full of joy and triumph, he informed his parent of his success, and of the arrangement made for the nuptials. The latter received these tidings without any sign of pleasure or interest, acquiescing apparently in what his boy had done, but saying not one word about advancing any money for the necessary expenses of the wedding. He had relapsed into

one of his blackest moods, and his son did not dare to press him by untoward questions or demands for money, while the cloud was on him.

So, with the aid of some generous relative he was able to meet the needful outlay, and was married, his father excusing himself, under some pretext or other, from being present at the nuptials. He could not bring his bride home at once, both because he was obsolutely penniless, and because he was not sure of her getting a warm welcome from his capricious parent. When he appeared before the latter, however, he told his tale simply, and begged his father to execute the promise kindly made of advancing the money necessary to set him up in his profession.

"I have had nothing to do with your marriage," was the startling reply; "and I mean to have nothing to do with providing for yourself or your wife. I owe you nothing, and shall give you nothing." "But, dear father," the other forced himself to say; "it was at your own solicitation that I sought a wife, and acting on your promise of a liberal settlement, I have taken the woman I loved, and with your express approval. What am I to do?" "Do what you like," was the brutal rejoinder; "it is no concern of mine. No man has any business to marry who cannot support his wife."

These words at first almost threw the wretched bridegroom into a fit of despair. He knew it to be useless to make any further representation to the heartless parent, who seemed only to have deceived his own child for the express purpose of torturing him. He left his father's home that day, never again to return to it, and set himself manfully to work to support his young wife and create a home for themselves and their children. It was a hard and a long struggle; but he succeeded.

Meanwhile his moody and self-tormenting father was more wretched than ever in his cheerless abode. The same perverseness which steeled him against the most touching demonstrations of his young wife's love, now prevented him from making,—much as he desired it,—any advances to his

alienated children. He would have given his entire fortune and many years of his life to have them once more back in his loveless, comfortless home. As if, in very truth, an evil spirit possessed him, urging him to repel all show of affection from his friends and obliging him to withstand the yearnings of his own fatherly affection, he lived on unloved and unhonored, and died as he had lived,—the destroyer of his home.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOME DESTROYERS (CONTINUED).

Look in my face ; my name is MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN ;
I am also called *No More,—Too-late,—Farewell ;*
Unto thine ear I hold the dead sea shell,
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WE have seen a few of the dark foes whom the Enemy of God and man leagues with himself and his fallen angels to mar all the most merciful designs of the Creater on human society,—on the Home, especially, which is or ought to be the nursery of Godlike manhood.

Within the Earthly Paradise, as its Divine Author planned it in the beginning, we know how many perennial fountains of live-giving waters gushed forth and made everlasting springtide in the place.

"Through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden ; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood, . . .
And now divided into four main streams
Runs divers." . . .

There, too, was the Tree of Life, yielding man, by a loving provision of his Maker, the healthful nourishment that fed every vital source in the body, while keeping every faculty

of the soul fresh and disposed for all the labor of intellectual life.

Why will man, instead of enjoying beneath the shadow of God's wings, all these manifold sources of health, and sweetness, and strength, and joy, turn his back on God and them, and follow the beckoning of his soul's enemies, to seek outside his little paradise, false pleasure, food that poisons both soul and body, misery, degradation, and death?

Let not the reader, however, misinterpret the lesson of the Divine Book, or misunderstand what is sought to be here conveyed. We are but too apt to attribute to the hidden working of the Evil One or his allied spirits, the moral degradation and temporal ruin wrought around us in the lives and homes of men by *their own sin*, originating in their own mind and heart, and consummated by their own free will, in spite of the lights and warning voice of conscience.

Of course, we do not and cannot deny it,—for it is the plain sense of God's revealed word both in the Old and in the New Testament,—man is assailed by his inveterate and sleepless Foe in many ways, and has, as well, much to fear from the seductive words and examples of his fellow-men. Nevertheless, his true danger lies within his own heart: he is, himself, his own greatest enemy.

Hence, for once that our temptation and the occasion of our fall come *from without*, ten times, a hundred times, the sole cause of our sin and its consequences may be traced to ourselves. The guilty thought and imagination are the spontaneous growth of our own soul, as well as the subsequent resistance to conscience, and the final full and free consent given to evil.

There is nothing more pitiful in the brief story of the downfall and arraignment of our First Parents, as plainly told in Genesis,—than Adam's shifting the guilt off his own shoulders to his companion's, and her imitation of her husband's pusillanimity and cowardice, in throwing the blame on the Serpent.

In this prevaricating weakness, we all show our ourselves

but too truly the offspring of these great criminals,—by transferring to the Tempter the primal blame for our misdeeds. Alas,—if we look well into our own soul and the truthful record of our own conscience, we shall most surely find that we are, ourselves, our own worst tempters, and, most frequently, our sole tempters.

Let us have the courage, then, to call our soul to a candid account for our transgressions. In looking into our own consciousness, and scrutinizing impartially the causes that have led to make of our lives a something so different from what God had designed and we had once hoped ourselves,—we shall find that our own hands have marred the plan of God and of the nature He so richly endowed. There is not one of us,—when some sudden illness or catastrophe places the soul on the verge of eternity,—to whom conscience does not hold up the twofold truthful image of what "I am" and what I "Might-have-been." Beneath the all-revealing splendor of that light which issues from the near Judgment Seat, I cannot help seeing, with overwhelming evidence, what God designed me to be, with all the possibilities placed by Him at my disposal,—and side by side with that most loving and glorious plan, stands staring me in the face, that other image of what I have made myself. All my past life, with its misused graces and lost opportunities, like a horrible reflection of myself, cries out to me:

"Look in my face: my name is MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN."

I seem, as the last waves of time, receding for ever, leave me stranded on the beach, to stand upon the shore of the Dead Sea of all my hopes, in which lie buried opportunities, graces, untold treasures of strength vouchsafed to lift me up to God's own level,—and just as the foam of the last wave frets my feet, my own heart is like a shell picked up from that desolate strand; and holding it to my ear, I hear within it the echo of that abyss of time over which I have passed in vain. And the sound it brings to me, says: For thee time is "No More!" Thou wouldst fain profit of

graces and opportunities, when it is all "Too Late." Thou wouldst live as becometh a child of God, a fellow-citizen of the Angels, a dweller in the Heavenly Jerusalem,—when it is all in vain: thou must perforce bid "Farewell" to the society of the Angels, to the bliss of the Supernal City, and to that God who is their light and their love,—to all an eternal "Farewell!" The horrible image of what I made myself throws on the dying soul a dark "shadow" and a chill intolerable as of the everlasting death, while behind the thin "screen" which separates the ending present from the endless future, appear dim visions of that last doom, still "unuttered," but "intolerable."

If the true-hearted husband and father would, therefore, not be haunted and maddened in the last dreadful extremity by the apparition of his lost "Life and Love" rising up before him, to show him what both life and love in the home might have been, let him begin now in earnest to make that home his true and sole paradise.

### *Seeking Pleasure outside the Home.*

There is another class of husbands who are the enemies of their own domestic happiness,—such as seem to think that home can afford them neither congenial society, nor rational amusement.

Of course, we are perfectly aware, that many men of every rank in the community are driven to the tavern, the low theater, or the club-house, by deplorable selfishness or apathy of a wife or a mother, who will not or cannot make home attractive to the husband or the son. Elsewhere we have shown how the husband has to exert himself, as in the performance of a most sacred duty, to contribute his share, and if need be, the principal share, in all that makes the domestic hearth warm, bright, joyous, and delightful. Let the heart of a true man only be set on making of his own home the most attractive and soul-satisfying spot on earth, and he cannot fail of success. This is one of the fundamental and indispensable duties of a father and husband's

office, and God is bound to assist him in his earnest endeavor, nay, God and his angels are interested in promoting his purpose.

We suppose, however, in what we have to say here, that the fault is not on the side of the wife, the mother, or the daughters: that they are most anxious to keep the gentlemen of the family at home, most desirous to devote themselves to their comfort and amusement, and every way capable of rendering the evening hours and the Sabbath repose most pleasant and profitable.

It not unfrequently happens, in a country such as the United States, where steady and persevering industry is pretty sure to enable the laborer to rise to wealth and position, that a real difficulty is thus created for the husband. He has risen, and has given his family a luxurious home. But his wife and, sometimes, his daughters as well, have not risen with him. He is ambitious to mix with the cultivated society among which his fortune enables him to move. But he cannot invite to his home men who are his equals in wealth, and his superiors in birth and in long-acquired social standing; nor,—were his daughters sufficiently educated to make up for their mother's deficiency, would such gentlemen,—save only for some passing political purpose,—be willing to accept his invitation, or to admit him and his to their home circles. Meanwhile there is in the bosom of men of this class a yearning for "better society," which impels them to turn their back on their own fireside and seek so much of this society as they can find on the neutral ground of certain clubs and associations. Hence the danger of utterly neglecting what is due to one's own home, and of seeking and never finding the happiness inseparably attached, for the husband and father, to the company of his wife and children. Hence, too, the many temptations thrown in the way of men, who have plenty of money, without the sweet attractions of home-enjoyment to hold them from pursuing a downward course of distraction and dissipation.

We have seen this evil,—so frequently to be met with in

a society like our own,—remedied only by such wisdom and piety as we mentioned in a preceding chapter.*

Similar, and more touching instances of devotion to the dear ones who, having shared the early battle with poverty, have a right to share in all the home-bliss that affluence can bring,—are to be found all around us. For if there are many (shall we say too many?) who are all too anxious to assert themselves and make the most of their newly acquired wealth,—there are also very many, whom their natural good sense induces to be satisfied with the solid and substantial comforts of a modest home, of a sound education for their children, of devotion to the friends who have stood by them in the dark hours, and of the blissful satisfaction of being for the poor and the suffering within their reach God's watchful eye and helpful hand. There is not a priest on our wide missionary field all over the North American continent, who does not know many such homes as we are here describing in a few faint outlines. One, in particular, we shall sketch briefly, throwing over the picture such a veil as may cover the sensitive, shrinking modesty of the model husband and wife.

### *The Man who Drank of the Waters of his own Well.*

He had been forced to seek a refuge in America, by political troubles in his native land, in which his family had been seriously implicated,—though he had himself taken no active part. Still the indiscriminating passion, which usurped the place of public justice, having marked him also out for punishment, left him no alternative but flight and exile. Landing at New Orleans, he met with alternate success and ill fortune, and at length his failing health as well as the desire of joining his wife and children lately arrived in New York, led him to go North. He arrived in the great city almost as penniless as when he first landed in New Orleans. But his steady temperate habits, his trust

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* See pages 47–52, and Chapter IV. throughout.

in God, his quiet, persevering industry, and the indomitable will to succeed, raised him, step by step, to the front rank of business men. All this while, he with his wife and three children lived most modestly, giving without stint the money he earned to every need, and remaining almost unknown to the very clergymen who were the recipients or the distributers of his most liberal charities.

The village near which he had located the factory to which he owed his great fortune, did not contain a single person professing his faith or belonging to his own nationality ; yet he was not the less respected by the very highest in the place, and none the less popular among the laborers whom he employed. His word was his bond in commercial circles, his gentle firmness gave him authority over his workmen, and his intelligent liberality in encouraging the best talent, together with his generous care of the sick and suffering, won him the hearts of all. So, the silent, mild-mannered, simply dressed man moved about in his own little world of labor, the personification of true authority, creating happiness and love by continual beneficence.

To the priest of the distant city to whom he periodically went to confession, he never made his name known during the first period of his prosperity, although he invariably left with him large alms for his poor, or liberal donations for his parochial institutions.

He had labored seriously and successfully to educate himself during all these years, teaching himself all the branches necessary and useful to him in his calling ; but his quick intelligence, his wide experience of men, and his sound practical judgment enabled him to go far beyond the mere letter of what he learned. While giving his children (two girls and a boy) a solid common-school and business education, he was careful to make his wife,—his own twin-soul in disposition and ability,—study with him during his after-business hours. Not even his own children were allowed to suspect the occupation of their dear parents during the long night-hours devoted year after year to self-improvement. Nor, when grown up to manhood and woman-

hood, they found both father and mother able to converse with the most intelligent and accomplished, giving as well as receiving information on the topics introduced, did they for a moment imagine that there had been in the early training of both a defect which nothing but the most persistent labor in after-life enabled them to remedy. The husband's first effort in that direction had been to speak and write the English language in its purity, without much caring to correct his native accent. And this he also made the first object of his wife's private studies. We have read letters from both, not only free from grammatical errors of any kind, but perfect models of simplicity, sound sense, and good taste. And, for hours together, we have conversed with them without being able to remark a single flaw in their conversation. And all this was the result of private study, after the first period of youth had been passed, and when both were engrossed with the management of a large and growing business, and the cares of a family!

What was most admirable, however, was their quiet and comfortable home, in which furniture and servants seemed to reflect the quiet, gentle, modest character of the master and mistress, and in which the children were evidently the natural growth of the parental tree,—the daughters bright, intelligent, handsome, healthy, and radiant like their mother,—and the son what one would think his father must have been at the same age,—self-possessed, courteous without affectation, cordial in word and manner, low-voiced in conversation, and warming gradually into real eloquence on subjects that interested his convictions.

It was evident, even to the casual visitor, that the members of this family were all in all to each other. The father never would accept invitations from the most distinguished men in the community, who entertained a deep respect for the man's upright character and uncommon sagacity, and were anxious to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with a household, a glimpse of whose interior resembled a view from the dusty and sun-broiled thoroughfare of a green, shady resting-place beneath the high trees, where

wild flowers scent the cool air and the song of birds make the stillness vocal.

No one who had ever enjoyed the hospitality of that abode of unaffected simplicity and true self-respect, but wished to return again. None of that family ever spent a single day or night away from that true home in which their whole heart dwelt, but longed to be back again in its atmosphere of love and peace and sunshine.

We hold up a mirror to many a true-hearted man, to husbands and fathers dazzled by the glare of a false and dangerous respectability, misled by a wrong estimate of the real nature of home-life and domestic happiness. We pray that theirs may be the unspeakable enjoyment which crowned the life of a husband, who felt that he had in himself and the virtues of his loved companion too rich a store of goodness, greatness, and self-content, to seek outside of his own home-life for any one satisfaction necessary to himself and his dear ones.

### *Men who seek the Bitter Waters of the Desert.*

From this home,—like the skylark's lowly nest hidden far away from the roadside, amid the hay and fragrant clover, or like that of the nightingale buried in the soft mosses and undergrowth of the deep forest,—we turn to the desolate home of the man of fashion or dissipation, resembling the heaps of sand on some river-bank, in which the Australian bird* deposits her eggs, leaving them to be hatched by the burning tropical sun, while the young brood are deprived of a mother's tender and watchful care or of a father's protection.

When,—as we have shown in the last example,—it is within a husband's power to create himself a paradise, in which body and soul may find repose, refreshment, and all true contentment after labor and at the end of life, what folly and what guilt are not the man's who throws his

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* The TALLEGALLA, or Australian BRUSH-TURKEY.

money, his time, his health, and his heart away on outside pursuits,—like waters poured out on the barren desert where tree or shrub or flower will never grow!

For,—after all,—wealth inherited or acquired, a social position obtained from one's family or conquered by one's own merit, talents, time, health, and opportunity,—everything which enables a man to be conspicuous, influential, to be a living power for the common weal or the good of his own dear ones,—is heaven-given, and may be wasted like water poured out on the barren sands. You have wealth, a home that may be honored, a family that may be happy, health and strength and fruitful years before you;—will you be the steady light of that home? the very heart of that family's happiness? Will you make what remains of life, like the crown of the palm tree when loaded down with its ripe, delicious fruit? Then seek within your home, in the company of your wife and children, the sole satisfaction which can secure your own felicity and contribute to theirs.

Look around you, and see, in this great city, in every city throughout the land, in the great centers of population, wealth, and industry that you are acquainted with from personal observation or the reliable report of others,—how many families are made wretched or utterally ruined, how many lives are degraded, how many hearts broken, how many reputations are blasted, and how many honorable careers are brought to the most shameful ending,—by the fascinations of the club-room or the gambling-house!

We have known, through their results,—just as one learns to judge the pitiless might of the angry ocean from the wrecks and the corpses cast up on the beach,—the terrible consequences of club-life in Paris and London, as well as in New York. We know that the tide of custom which carries men away from the quiet and duties of home-life to the club-room and the gambling-table, is daily gaining volume and velocity. Can no warning voice be raised? Modern science has invented a most admirable system of storm-signals, warning vessels setting out to sea of the danger which threatens them on the waves, and these signals are

only the result of a still more admirable system of weather observations.

Can the sacred science of the theologian and moralist, or the zeal of a priestly heart, not invent and apply some such warnings to the souls that are still on the firm ground of domestic duty faithfully discharged, but who are sadly tempted to try the ventures and enjoy the excitement of these currents of social life so full of shipwreck and sorrow?

The wrecks themselves and the sight of their victims may serve to warn the unwary, the venturesome, or the tempted.

### *A Young Mechanic's Fearful Example.*

Here is a young artisan who has been all his life a model of filial devotion to his parents, absolutely irreproachable in his morals, most esteemed as a tradesman, and handsomely remunerated for his labor, at the moment his parents induce him to marry a girl of his own class, in every way suited to him by her education, practical tastes, unsullied innocence, and true piety. The marriage and the very comfortable establishment made for the young people, are the joint work of their two excellent families, as much as their union is the result of real mutual affection.

All the relations and friends who have seen them in their new home have pronounced them most happy, and their handsome little dwelling a picture of comfort. A few months of unalloyed bliss have passed over them, disclosing to each the solid and lovable qualities of the other, and thus drawing closer the sacred bond between them. Till that hour the young husband, though possessing many warm friends and admiring acquaintances, has never belonged to any club or association,—never, indeed, been inside a club-house. Not so his companions in the workshop. The foremost among them and one of the junior partners of the firm, belong to a very influential club of tradesmen, unmarried men for the most part,—on whose roll of membership are the names of very many distinguished mechanics

in the city. Our young husband is made to believe, now that his independent position as a married man opens to him new prospects of fortune and advancement,—that, in their business, a man cannot hope to reach any high degree of eminence, unless he belongs to a club like theirs. This is the chief reason which prevails on the inexperienced youth to join them.

He does so reluctantly and with many strong misgivings. But he does so because the support he is promised from his fellow-members, will, he thinks, enable him to reach that point of success and prosperity, which will contribute so materially to his wife's happiness. From her, however, he keeps his membership a secret. The single evening spent at the club, has been that on which he was elected and received the warm congratulations of his associates. So, he hopes,—indeed, he is sure,—that his duties toward them will not take him away from the company of his young wife, or interfere with his domestic duties.

### *The First Cup.*

To be sure,—once the election was over, and the new member had made his neat little speech, and shaken hands with all present,—refreshments were partaken of in the adjoining restaurant, and he had to drink a health or two. This was an innovation in his hitherto orderly and strictly abstemious life. For he was the son of a man who had gained in youth a great and rare victory over habitual intemperance, and who had been most careful to preserve his children from the curse which had blighted his own most precious years. It so happened, too, that his reception into the club took place a few days only before the Fourth of July, and he was invited to make one of the addresses customary on the occasion. Then he was charged with proposing a toast at a puplic banquet to take place in the evening under the auspices of the club.

All this filled his young wife with secret forebodings of evil. His life-long habits of sobriety had been one of her

husband's chief recommendations to her parents, one of the solid reasons on which her own esteem for him was founded. She noticed his excited and strange manner on his return home the night of his election, but forebore from either question, remark, or reproach. On the Fourth of July he came in very late after the banquet, and came in intoxicated, noisy, and violent! She had spent the day in agony; she feared she knew not what, as the birds and brute beasts feel instinctively the approach of an earthquake, as sea-birds divine the coming of a tidal wave and fly promptly to the shore and the highlands.

So did the gentle and pious girl take refuge from her own unexplained fears in prayer, lifting up her heart to God in the highest. Indeed, she was still on her knees, when the hurried ringing of the door-bell startled her, making her heart beat violently. She could not stir from the spot on which she had been kneeling, endeavoring to overcome the faintness and the sudden heartache she felt, as they bore in her husband, swearing, struggling with his companions, and uttering threats of vengeance against some real or imaginary foe. His rage increased on seeing his young wife pale, silent, riveted to the spot on which she stood, and staring at the scene before her with frightened and fixed eyes. She soon recovered herself, thanking in a few words the two worthies who were only a little less intoxicated than her husband. After much exertion she succeeded in pacifying him, and inducing him to undress and take the rest he needed.

The next morning found him sick in heart and head. Not one word of reproach was uttered by the little wife; nor did she so much as allude to the scene of the preceding night. This ought to have touched the husband more than anything else. But in truth his brain had not yet recovered from the effects of the last day's excitement and of the deep debauch with which it had closed. So, although he vowed interiorly that he should never again be seen in such a state, he did not express to his wife by word or look the sorrow he really felt. On the contrary, he put a bold face

on it, saying that "men were men; that he had to do a man's part in public and on great occasions; that his speeches had been well received, that many had highly complimented him, and that he had to comply with the custom of gentlemen on such public occasions, to drink toasts to his friends and admirers;" . . . and much more to the same purpose.

To all this the wife made no reply, save by the tears which fell silently down her cheeks. The husband observed them with a keen pang of anguish; but, with that perversity of judgment and feeling which many men, "honorable" and educated and high-born men,—mistake or feign to mistake for manliness and independence,—the culprit only blustered and bungled the more as he went on justifying his own moral cowardice. He was yet speaking when one of his associate workmen came in according to appointment, and both sallied out together, leaving the young wife to her grief and her sad forebodings.

They sallied out, breakfasted together at a neighboring restaurant, seasoning their breakfast with some needed stimulant, and then went to the factory.

### *Fast in the Folds of the Serpent.*

Shall we continue the details of this sad story? Here was a young man about to contract one of these dreadful habits which bind the soul with chains as firm as those which hold down the inhabitants of the City of the Eternal Death. A friendly hand might have led him away from the fatal downward path, which to him was a path almost untrodden, and certainly unloved. His wife, young as she was, could and should, with that deep, clear-sighted wisdom that is one of the gifts of woman, have been this friend, had he turned to her. But the Tempter was at hand in the fellow-workman who had called for him, and who had remarked the young wife's tears that morning, and hastened, when they were alone in the street, to twit his companion on his being "hen-pecked," and tied to his wife's apron-strings.

A well-seasoned tippler himself, and a man who had already broken one wife's heart, he related to more than one in the workshop that his young friend had been severely lectured by his bride for returning home jolly on the Fourth of July. So, after laboring hours, the young husband,—who had now sobered down and had been making very serious resolutions of amendment, was surrounded by a group of inveterate drinkers, who bantered him mercilessly about his meek subjection to his wife.

From that hour he fell, like a forsaken ship, into the hands and under the direction of these unprincipled men. Vainly did he stuggle to escape from the thraldom they exercised. Week after week he followed them to the club and the tavern, at first only "to assert his manhood and his independence," as was the slang of his fellows; and soon, to gratify the craving for alcoholic excitement, which had now become his ruling passion.

## *Dragged down to Perdition.*

To his poor young wife he manifested, alternately, the most touching sentiments of tenderness and repentance, or those of downright brutality,—of brutality when crazed by drink,—of repentance and love, when thoroughly awakened from the temporary insanity produced by alcohol. She never permitted herself one word of reproach. When her husband returned to her weekly, body and soul deformed by the evil spirit that entered into him with alcohol, she only sought to soothe him and hide him away from every eye. God alone saw the tears she shed unceasingly, as she besought Him to accept her life as a sacrifice of atonement for her husband's guilt, and to grant in return the grace of final repentance to her lost one.

The heart-rending agony of grief and shame which the poor wretch underwent in the intervals between his relapses, was something most pitiful to behold. The good priest who had married them also added his fatherly advice to the promptings of remorse; and there followed a few

spasmodic efforts of amendment. But the examples, the jests and sneers of his bottle-companions, were too powerful for a will naturally infirm, and growing weaker by every new resolution violated, and every additional sin of intoxication.

And thus the young inebriate continued his downward course with accelerated speed,—till he lost his position of foreman in the workshop, lost at length all opportunity for work, which his health and habits rendered him unfit to perform, and lost to his creditors of the tavern the very roof above him, the handsome and comfortable home bestowed on him by his good father.

### *Ruin, Death, Insanity.*

The latter took the young and heart-broken wife to his own home, lavishing on her the warmest and most tender care. She survived only by a few hours the birth of her first babe, and the babe itself had no sooner been regenerated by baptism, than its spirit rejoined its mother on high. They laid them both to rest together, the little blossom on the parent stem; while the husband and father sought a refuge against his grief and despair in furious and continual intoxication,—till at length reason gave way forever, and his parents had to place the madman in an insane asylum.

### *The Scandal Spreads from Above Downward.*

This young mechanic was only one of the tens of thousands who in any one of our States, daily travel down the road to ruin, following in the footsteps of their betters. The Mechanics' Club and the connected tavern are only a copy of so many aristocratic resorts of the same nature, with their restaurants, their unlimited facilities for gambling and dissipation, and their hordes of wealthy and fashionable husbands and fathers, who learn there to forget and violate all their most sacred home-duties,—wasting the often

hard-won wealth and the golden opportunities of mature life, in ruining soul and body, and bringing as well, ruin and desolation to the home they were made to gladden and glorify.

How many well-born men, who were on their way to honors higher than birth or gold can ever purchase in a free country, and who are at this moment the inmates of the public prison or of the insane asylum, because they preferred to the charities, the duties, the repose and delight of home-life, the glitter, the excitement, the manifold fascinations of club-life, and betrayed their conscience, their honor, and their trust to gratify the habits of criminal extravagance and dissipation contracted there!

How many men once most happy and most honored,—favored public officers, successful merchants or manufacturers, lawyers and physicians trusted with the honor and health of families,—men blessed with accomplished and devoted wives, with doating and most virtuous children, who have allowed themselves to be fascinated by the sounds and sights and amusements of the club-house, and of what the club-house leads to,—and are now gone before their time to a dishonored grave, after bequeathing to wife and children a name which all the waters of the Hudson could not wash clean! And how many others are left, after making a wreck of fortune, reputation and home, to drag on a wretched existence, unhonored, and unloved, despised alike by their fellow-citizens and themselves!

To be sure, it is in the power of the rich man to neglect his wife and family, and to make his home of the tavern, without bringing poverty on those who call him husband and father, or without having his offenses laid bare to the public eye or visited by the reproof of the magistrate or so much as a notice from the officers of the law. We happen to hear of many of these so-called "Cottages," or pet taverns, patronized exclusively by the wealthy, where the recreant head of a family, because he happens to be blessed or cursed with a superabundance of money,—can hide himself away for weeks and months, every one of his vicious appe-

tites pandered to, and the consequences of his debauch most carefully screened from all but his boon companions.

And when wealth and station, when culture and the most responsible professions are thus made to teach the laboring classes the very worst lessons of example,—is God going to perform a miracle by saving society from the destroying hands and corrupting examples of the governing and leading classes?

### *How the Leading Classes must Lead.*

The leading classes,—if they would lead at all to any purpose under a republican form of government,—must lead by the ascendency of virtuous example. It is agreed on all hands by the men most competent to forecast our future weal or woe from a scientific survey of the present, that on the purity of home-life in every class of the community, depends the longevity of the nation as well as its prosperity. Leading classes there are, of course, among us, as elsewhere,—and the home of the mechanic and the laborer will be evermore modeled on that of the man above him in wealth, office, station, or profession. The life of the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the magistrate, the merchant, or the manufacturer, will be instinctively studied by all who look up to them for teaching and guidance, for direction, support, and employment. Your servants, your daily laborers, all who depend on you or come in any way within the reach of your influence and example,—will copy you so far as they can in their way of living, their amusements and recreations.

Hence it behooves every home among the governing and leading classes,—that the example it sets, like the radiance of a light-house near a dangerous coast,—should be steady and guide surely amid darkness and storm.

We have seen the baneful influences of the club-house and the aristocratic tavern copied by the naturally ambitious classes of mechanics and skilled laborers. We see,—to our grief and dismay,—that the young people of both sexes belonging to the poorest of the working classes, are

zealously copying the worst forms of fashionable amusement, in their cheap theaters, cheap dances, Saturday night free balls,—and such like.

They swarm to them from the crowded down-town districts like flies in midsummer to a putrid carcass or a heap of fermenting vegetable matter; and, on Sunday mornings more especially, as we can testify, they are to be seen issuing in noisy swarms from these hotbeds of corruption, intoxicated with alcohol, sensual excitement, and passion, crowding the street-cars,—young girls and young boys utterly forgetful and regardless of modesty, decency, and self-respect,—returning to their homes as a blight and a curse, or prowling through the streets ready for every lawless deed of violence and murder!

No preaching can avail to stop the festering of this mighty mass of corruption,—no doctoring can avail to stop this gangrene which has fixed itself on the young of both sexes, the twin-roots of the society of the future,—unless the men of the leading classes, by the shining morality of their own lives, and the beautiful teachings of homes made attractive and blissful, shall encourage and enable the poor man,—the laborers from whose hearths these swarms of pleasure-seekers issue,—to make their homes so bright and delightful that young maidens and young boys shall never leave them,—but to join pure hands and virgin hearts at the matrimonial altar before building up blessed homes of their own.

Oh! let no one, who knows how lightly we have, in these last pages, passed over an evil that chaste minds would not care to fathom, blame the writer for saying thus much and no more. Let all, on the contrary, who have at heart the preservation and perfection of home-life in our midst, bethink them only of contributing each his best endeavor toward thus making our homes, in every class, the nurseries of true men and true women,—innocent before marriage, chaste and stainless after marriage, God-fearing, self-respecting, and self-denying.

With this not unnecessary digression, we close this first part of the present subject-matter, reserving what remains for another chapter.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## BAD HUSBANDS (CONTINUED).

When you will have passed this gate (of Fortune), another inclosed space extends beyond it: do you perceive at its outskirts these magnificently attired women?—Yes, who are they?—Their names are Intemperance, Pleasure, Avarice, and Flattery.—But why are they stationed there?—They are watching for all those who have received any gifts from Fortune.—And what do they do next?—When these favorites of fortune approach, these women dance with joy, embrace these men, praise and flatter them, and urge them to stay where they now are,—holding out to them the promise of a life of ease, without suffering or sorrow. As soon as any one of these men, fascinated by the witcheries of these women, surrenders himself to Pleasure, the life he leads seems to him at first to be most delightful; but very soon these delights appear to him to be empty delusions. Indeed, as soon as he awakes from his intoxicating dream, he sees that while he was enjoying his visionary bliss, both his goods and his person have been utterly wasted. Hence, having now dissipated all that he had received from Fortune, he becomes the slave of these female tyrants, who force him to obey them in all things, to perpetrate all manner of enormities;—such as to become a forger, a profaner of holy things, a perjurer, traitor, highwayman,—an embodiment, in one word, of all the vices. And when he has consummated all iniquity, they hand him over to Justice.—CEBES, *Prospect of Human Life.*

CEBES, one of the most illustrious of the disciples of Socrates, has left us but a few fragments of composition. Even these, however, suffice to show, as do the writings of Xenophon and Demosthenes, the influence of the great Athenian's teaching on the mind and heart of the disciple.

In the "Prospect of Human Life" * he uses the Oriental form of allegory to point out, as in a vast picture, the per-

* Generally appended to the editions of Epictetus.

nicious influences that turn the multitude of men aside from the path of virtue and true wisdom, render them the slaves of Error, Passion, and Vice, and lead them to endless pain. Imposture sits with Wise Experience at the very gate of Life (the author describes the false Philosophy of his age and country together with the errors and vices which tyrannized over the then heathen world). Turning aside from the latter, which warns every human being what path to take in order to find the great teacher, Truth, and to arrive with his aid at lasting felicity, the blind and blundering multitude crowd around the lofty seat of Imposture, drink of her poisoned cup, are given over to error and ignorance, to vain opinion, and vicious enjoyment.

We are now concerned with such of the crowd as blind Fortune has loaded with her favors ;—for the reality which was before the mental and bodily vision of the Athenian, Cebes, differs in no essential point from that which meets the eye of the religious philosopher in the nineteenth century of Christian civilization.

We have been studying a few types of the bad husband ; a few more, belonging to classes neither less numerous, nor less interesting, remain to be considered in this chapter. Cebes makes men loaded with the gifts of Fortune come beneath the influence of "Intemperance, Pleasure, Avarice, and Flattery ;" we shall reverse this order, leaving the intemperate husband to crown the sad list of home-destroyers, and begin with such as may be classed under the head of "Flattery," or, rather, of Vanity.

## *Weak Ambition.*

In the companion book to the present work * we spoke of the love of display as one of the most dangerous enemies of the wife and mistress of the home,—of vanity, which nourishes this foolish ambition, as the path to dishonor.

This sort of weak ambition,—of vanity, rather,—is by no means uncommon among our men, not alone among such as

* "The Mirror of True Womanhood," pp 123, 124, 125, 126.

rise to affluence and position without possessing anything like mental cultivation, but more especially among the educated who have risen into wealth and fame by dint of personal effort, and thanks to their superior culture.

It will not be considered as an invidious distinction, if we here say that, in the community in which the author lives and over which his observation has ranged with special care, a large proportion if not a very large majority of such husbands, were natives of the New England States. There, the pride taken by the people in making common-school education embrace so many branches elsewhere reserved for the college, the university, or the art school, has begotten in a multitude of young people an ambition and an aptitude to rise to eminence as professors of pure science, or as civil engineers and inventors. Every day one sees some New-England boy thus forcing himself by talent and genius into the front rank of industry and fortune. It is to their cases, and to others like them, that our animadversions more particularly apply.

### *How the Weakly Ambitious are Ensnared.*

A young man so reared and highly gifted marries while he is obscurely struggling to rise. His wife is one of these pretty, bright, well-educated, and attractive New-England girls to be met with all over the land, in town and country. She is, at the time of their union, quite her husband's equal in every respect, very often his superior in birth and fortune. As theirs has been truly a love-match, their home-life is a most blissful one so long as the husband's battle for distinction and success lasts. She is, during these years of struggle, and often of poverty, not only the loving wife, the tender mother, and thrifty manager of the home, but also and especially her husband's companion, counselor, friend, and consoler, sustaining him when discouraged by failure and opposition, and cheering him on to face and vanquish every obstacle, till at length he triumphs.

He triumphs; fame and fortune now smile upon him,

capitalists place unlimited means at the disposition of the successful inventor, or court association with one whose practical genius has outstripped in a given direction the science and skill of the most popular manufacturers or speculators.

With success comes a new ambition, new wants, new habits, new aims and tendencies. He finds himself transferred from his obscure native town and his modest abode to the great metropolis, where alone that rare plant, Genius, can find a congenial soil and atmosphere. He must have either splendid apartments at the most fashionable hotel in which to receive becomingly the men of wealth and position who seek his alliance or his acquaintance; and, next, he must, as his fortune rises still higher, have a brilliant mansion of his own. Besides, the fruit of his genius, he is told, must not be confined to his own country; it will also thrive in foreign lands and obtain the patronage of foreign governments and peoples.

And thus, he finds himself, step by step, carried upward by the wave of success to a world quite different from that in which he has hitherto moved. And with himself, his wife and children have been suddenly lifted into the dazzling world of wealth, fashion, pleasure, and unbounded vanity.

The wife, brought up in the simplicity and severity of a New-England country home, does not take kindly to very many of the ways of this fashionable and dazzling world, with whose incense her husband is intoxicated. She is "too puritanical" in the estimation of her husband's associates, and too "countrified" in the judgment of their elegant wives. Still, these condescend to patronize her and court her acquaintance as a part of the homage due to her companion,—the rising man.

Thus, by degrees and insensibly, the husband is led to look down upon his wife, to consider her as inferior to his new position, if not to himself. So love dies out in the intellect before it is killed in the heart. Should it so happen that, in his business trips abroad, his wife should accom-

pany him, the result most probably will be to make him contrast unfavorably her quiet, simple, homely tastes with the wit, the brilliancy, the grace to be met with in women of the upper middle class in European capitals. Nor is it unlikely that he will become acquainted, while there, with the deplorable laxity of opinion, entertained on the matrimonial relations by the Voltairian husbands of these women. And so, while his mind is poisoned by anti-christian principles current among the very men he most admires, the pure love of his early youth and later manhood is daily losing all hold on his heart.

How open is an ambitious or a vain man so disposed, to the poisonous suggestions of an unprincipled acquaintance to whom he looks up with deference! or to the wiles of a still more unprincipled woman, lying in wait for a husband like him, shaken in his fidelity to his lawful wife, and unconsciously yearning for a companion more suited to his improved fortunes, his brilliant associations, and his newly born taste for high life and its pleasures!

For, — and many a true-hearted wife knows it to her cost,—there is, unfortunately, in our great cities no lack of women whose sole aim in life is to insnare some such wealthy victim, whose fortune shall minister to their ununslaked thirst for pleasure and display, utterly reckless the while of the faithful hearts they may break, of the misery and desolation they may bring to homes hitherto blessed with all domestic virtue and happiness!

Men fired by ambition, blinded by passion, are but ill suited to cope with the wiles and witchery of some

> "Lady elf,
> Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self."

To men fallen into bondage to such clever and wicked women, the cup of misery to be drained thenceforward is all the more deep and bitter, that they retain some conscience, and remember how innocent and worthy of all love is the wife they have forsaken. Such men dare not sue for a separation in the courts, and they scorn to use the abomi-

nable facilities for divorce furnished by men who are the disgrace of the legal profession, and sanctioned by local legislation that perverts all the holiest purposes of law. They profit by the forsaken and outraged wife's horror of publicity, to screen their own shame beneath the insecure veil of half-secrecy, and give her name to the seducer. Thus they drag from one foreign city to another their secret with them, and with the guilty secret they drag about the sure pledge of the retribution that must overtake them.

## *Retribution.*

The public have not forgotten the sudden and tragic ending of more than one of these scandalous careers,—scandalous at least in the unblushing effrontery with which a brilliant fortune was lavished in unholy gratifications, even when that fortune itself had not been acquired by means which honest men abhor. We remember how the shadow of the divine hand long hung above the home of the profligate, who flattered himself with impunity because Vanity Fair did not discard himself and his accomplice, and who saddened religious hearts by the spectacle of crime successful, unpunished, and apparently secure in its happiness; but the bolt from heaven fell at length, and the home of the criminal, the place of his burial, and his very name, were,—like those spots where, in Pagan Rome, the lightning had fallen on a guilty head,—inclosed and held forever ground that no human foot should tread upon.

Let us believe it most firmly,—though the Almighty Father and Judge of mankind does allow individuals as well as communities to flourish while they most shamefully abuse their free will, and seemingly defy and deride His most patient justice,—that Justice shall have its day for the nation and for the man, as surely as to the longest, longest Arctic night succeeds the dawn of God's sun in the heavens.

Two instances stare us in the face as we write; one of a man who abandoned the young and admirable wife of his youth, having fallen beneath the charms of some Lamia.

"Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman."

He loathed the serpent in whose coils he was fast bound, as much as he had once loved and respected the spotless bride he had first taken to his parents' home. The fear of discovery and the terrors of his own cowardly conscience followed him in his dark ways while on his native soil, and pursue him now abroad like the fabled Furies of the ancients, attached night and day to the footsteps of the man who had profaned the altar of his own home-sanctuary and quenched with his own hand the sacred fire on his hearth. Men who do not divine the secret of that once happy home left desecrated and darkened forever, or who cannot read the agony of the wretched husband's breast, will applaud his genius and minister to his vanity: the world which only worships success, fame, and fortune, may crowd nightly the saloon in which the false wife queens it with the children of her guilt around her, while the true wife far away gives up her whole existence to good works, and her heart to the one hope of God's mercy. But not one day of intoxicating success ends for that faithless husband, but he says with agony in his heart of hearts as he lays his head on his sleepless pillow,

"O to-day and the day to come after!"

### *Ambition, Infidelity, and Nemesis.*

The other instance, one of swift and terrible retribution, was but little if at all spoken of in the public press, or in the gossip and scandal-loving world for which our daily press caters. A beautiful wife, in every way but one the superior of her unworthy husband, had been discarded by him for one far her inferior in graces of mind and charms of person,—simply because the wife was extremely young and modest, while her rival was passionate, and well experienced in all the ways of Vanity Fair.

The former was induced by her wily husband to travel abroad and to remain for years in European capitals under

the tuition of the best masters, in order to complete,—as her husband said,—her early education, and thus to enable her to shine on her return at the head of the establishment he was meanwhile creating for her. The persons who accompanied the artless girl were in the pay of her unprincipled husband, and instructed to expose her inexperience to the most terrible dangers. Her unsuspecting innocence as well as the pure love which filled her heart for her husband, served as a twofold shield against even the thought of temptation. And she returned to her husband doubly accomplished,—we need not say, and a thousand times more worthy of the love of one so utterly worthless.

She found her husband waiting for her, not in the splendid home of which he had so often written to her,—and which she was never to set foot in,—but at a quiet hotel, where apartments were ready for her. There was in his manner a something that fell chillingly on her young heart, and a mystery in the atmosphere with which he skillfully surrounded her, that she was afraid to penetrate. He was,—he said,—obliged to go suddenly to Europe on very urgent business, and her coming home unexpectedly and without timely warning, had only anticipated by a few weeks their meeting in Paris.

She did not believe all this; for she had discovered of late many little things in her husband's conduct and letters which made her suspect both his good faith and his veracity. And now, being told that she was to remain behind while he went abroad, and that she was to remain in her present lodgings without so much as attempting to visit the lordly mansion of which he had written so much, she was thoroughly roused, and accused her husband of deceiving her for some purpose she feared to understand.

He became enraged, and in his rage threw off the mask he had worn with so ill a grace. He plainly told her he loved her no longer, and that he loved another. He threatened her with instant separation, if she made any resistance to his will. If she made up her mind to bear with the inevitable he would settle the new mansion on her with a

liberal annuity. If not, and if she chose to defy him, he had those in his pay who would swear to such conduct of hers while abroad, as should secure him a decree of divorce from her, and leave her penniless with a dishonored name.

She heard no more. A death-like swoon followed the revelation of her husband's unspeakable baseness. For several days the wretched and forsaken wife lay between life and death, and then came a brain-fever. Meanwhile the husband had left for Europe, having sent his paramour and her child in another vessel a few days before he set sail himself.

Several months elapsed ere the poor young creature's slow convalescence allowed her to think seriously or speak of her forlorn condition. A sealed letter from her husband had been placed in the hands of his lawyer, renewing the offers made on that memorable day when she found that her idol was vile clay. She spurned both the offer and the advice of the lawyer, and, as her parents had come to her in her extremity, she told to them her tale briefly and simply, affirming at the same time, that if her father could only accompany her, she would follow her husband and unmask his villany wherever she happened to find him.

The letter left with the lawyer she retained for this purpose. Her father, whose brave spirit she inherited, consented readily. His modest fortune was sufficient to enable him to meet their expenses, and he would willingly expend it all to vindicate the honor of his child, and to punish her unworthy husband. So, they both set out firmly bent on prosecuting their purpose to the bitterest ending.

They learned on their arrival in London that he was negotiating with one of the continental governments the sale of a valuable patent of his own. In that capital the young wife had spent a most agreeable autumn and winter, had been presented at court by the minister representing her own country, and had made many friends among the highest aristocracy. For, in truth, her beauty, sprightliness, and many accomplishments had gained her all the more admiration that they were accompanied and heightened by childlike simplicity and genuine modesty.

Her husband, emboldened by the reports of her deathly sickness and tedious convalescence, had everywhere introduced her rival as his lawful wife; and, by some providential permission they were both to be presented at court on the day after the arrival of our travelers in the capital. There had been a change in the legation, and to the new minister her husband and herself were total strangers. The injured wife instantly adopted her plan of action. She drove without a moment's delay with her father to the hotel of a nobleman, into whose family circle she had formerly been more than once admitted, and laid before him her wrongs, and what was to happen on the morrow.

He was much struck by the sad change wrought by grief and sickness in the lovely girl who had endeared herself to his family, and at once took a fatherly interest in her case. Yes! he would present her and her father at court on the morrow, and take care that they should have precedence of the false husband and his companion in guilt. They must, however, preserve a strict incognito and the most inviolable secrecy. The nobleman meanwhile sought the prime minister, and laid the matter before him in confidence. He warmly espoused the side of the injured wife and her father, and took other measures for punishing and exposing her dastardly husband. The beautiful stranger was remembered by many courtiers and noble ladies in the royal antechambers, and greeted with genuine cordialty as she leaned on the arm of her noble friend. The presentation was made, and then came the turn of her unsuspecting husband, who was waiting in another room. Suddenly, as his name was called out for the first time, and he and his paramour were advancing in answer to the call, a high officer of court appeared, and openly accused the culprit of presenting another woman as his wife, whereas at that moment his lawful wife and her father were standing in the Presence Chamber conversing with royalty.

We need not pursue in detail the story of the guilty pair. He was allowed to escape,—most probably at the solicitation of his kind-hearted father-in-law. He disappeared for-

ever from public notice, either having capped all his crimes with suicide, to avoid the reprobation of the world on whose breath he lived, or to escape the avenging pangs of his own conscience. The woman to whom he had sacrificed honor, home, and happiness, was indebted to her generous rival for her liberation from prison. She never returned to her native land. As to the young wife herself, we shall leave her to the tender care of her parents and the obscurity in which she chose to bury a life devoted solely to the good of others.

### *The Mirror of True Companionship and Felicity.*

From this class of husbands we must not part without holding up, for one moment at least, the mirror of another life and another home,—as an incentive to the inviolable fidelity and constant devotion which are characteristic of all true men, and which should be the special attribute of the man to whom God has given genius, and with it the obligation of shining example. Men such as those whose aberrations we have been describing, have it in their power to do so much for the loved and loving companion of their early years,—just as the faithful wives of such men have a wealth of wisdom and of tenderness to bestow on their husbands amid the noonday glare and the golden evening of their later life!

Let us glance at a home, happily still bright and warm after more than half a century of wedded bliss and united literary labor. Surely, the man who rises to universal fame by his pen and his pencil, may well stand as a peer to the great inventor, and in his home-life serve as a model to the intellectual toilers of both hemispheres.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

*September* 20, 1874.

Yes! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—
I count since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!
In griefs that saddened me thou hadst no part—
Save when accepting more than woman's share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,

My comforter thou wert, my hope and trust :
  Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds :
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust,
  Into the Heaven-lit path, that Heavenward leads.
So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of Life's sad stage,
Since—fifty years ago—a humble name
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.
And if the world has found some good in me,
The prompting and the teaching came from thee !
God so guide both that so it ever be !
  So may the full fount of affection flow ;
  Each loving each as—fifty years ago !
We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base ;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear wife :
  With less of outer care and inner strife,
  I look into thy mind and in thy face,
  And only see the Angel coming nearer,
  To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
  When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,
  Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee ! *

The beautiful friendship, the close companionship in labor and trial, in honor and obscurity, and the abiding trust reposed by each of the wedded souls in the other,—all so touchingly and gracefully alluded to in this affecting tribute of a husband to a wife after fifty years of the closest union,—must serve as a fitting close to the instruction we have been giving, and a no less apt preface to what we are about to say.

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* Samuel Carter Hall. This estimable gentleman and his wife (Anna Maria Fielding, a native of Dublin) are too well known to our readers, by their many popular works, to need any introduction from us. Mrs Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," and "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," are found in every private library, while Mr. Hall's "Art Journal" is still a favorite with all lovers of art. But far transcending all literary merit, is the beautiful home-life of this venerable pair.

## *The Secret Husband.*

There are husbands who fail grievously in a point of duty as well as of deep interest to themselves,—and make it a rule to conceal from their wives their business transactions and troubles, thereby depriving themselves of counsel which would have saved them from ruin.

We are not speaking here, of course, of professional men, lawyers, physicians, and others, who are intrusted with secrets that concern the honor and vital interests of families or individuals,—or of statesmen bound to inviolable secrecy in matters relating to the public service. The violation of secrecy in any such matter is always a grievous sin. Nor is a husband intrusted with such weighty matters in any way justified in betraying them even to his wife, under the pretext that "husband and wife should never have secrets for each other." This only holds in the matters which concern their own affairs, and in which each has an undoubted right to know both the favorable and unfavorable sides.

Women are gifted with extraordinary wisdom and sagacity. They see at a glance the hidden reason of things; seize with unerring certainty principles and consequences that escape the eye of man, distracted as he is by preoccupations from which the female mind is happily free.

We have, among other memorable examples of the blessed influence of female counsels both in domestic and in public affairs, that of St. Margaret of Scotland. Not only did her advice induce her husband Malcolm Canmore to make of his court and household a model for every Scottish home, but she made of Scotland a center for European commerce in a warlike and barbarous age, fostered at home all the arts of peace, founded colleges, churches, missionary establishments, and promoted agriculture, manufactures, and the fine arts. Her husband did nothing without her consent,—and when he followed his own judgment and that of his headlong nobles in opposition to her,—as in the war which cost him his life,—he had always reason to rue it.

Even so was it with St. Louis, King of France. The wonderful wisdom which his mother displayed both in the administration of the kingdom during his minority and in his own education, caused him to consult her ever afterward on all matters of moment. And he trained his queen, Marguerite of Provence, to be, like his mother, his constant and principal adviser. Thus, when taken prisoner with his sick knights in Egypt, he would accept no terms of ransom from the Saracens that had not been sanctioned by the queen, who was in Palestine. And when the infidels expressed their astonishment at his deference for a woman, his proud answer was, that the woman "was his lady and his companion."

Were a more recent instance required in persons of royal station, we should remind our readers of the determination of Queen Isabella, the Catholic, to pawn her crown jewels in order to pay the expenses of the momentous expedition which discovered America. King Ferdinand and the entire royal council had set their faces against the scheme. But the Spirit of God moved the heart of the Queen as He had the soul of Christopher Columbus, and of her might be said what the poet has sung of her illustrious servant:

> "Him by the Paynim bard descried of yore,
> And ere his coming sung on either shore,
> Him could not I exalt—by Heaven designed
> To lift the veil that covered half mankind!" *

To business men, as well as to others, there are difficulties which a woman's ready wit and deft fingers will unravel, when men's self-sufficient and slow wisdom would only perplex matters and render them inextricable. If the husbands to whom we address ourselves be the true men we believe them, they will follow the example of the great statesman and heroic soldier-king, St. Louis, and make of his wife, the mother of his children, "his lady and companion," to be consulted before and above all persons on earth, because more interested than the whole world in

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* Rogers, "Voyage of Columbus."

giving him good advice, and often far more able to do so than any one living person.

How many admirable women have we known, dear reader, wedded to men whom a stupid prejudice about women's radical unfitness for business kept from ever opening their mind to their companions, till the tidings of their common ruin burst upon them, like a sudden deluge sweeping fortune, home, and everything before it! If the wife had been made acquainted, step by step, with her husband's embarrassments, it is ten to one, but she had found a sure way out of them; or, had not that been possible, she would have taken wise precautions against the evil day. But what a cruel wrong is done to her judgment, her heart, her home, and her dear ones, when she is kept studiously in the dark till fortune, home, and happiness are swept away from her as by a flood coming down on them in the night!

We say this much on a very practical subject, and pass to one of still greater practical importance;—the shiftlessness of some husbands, the greed and avarice of others, and the prodigality of still another class. We can only devote a few short paragraphs to each.

### *The Shiftless Husband.*

The world knows of very many such; and by the world, which worships success and honors the thrift that leads to it, the idle and shiftless head of a family is treated with universal and merited contempt.

That in European lands, where some men are born to wealth and high rank, there should be found many who, in anticipation of their inherited honors and riches, indulge in a life of ease, and never learn the value of work done for its own sake, or the blissful reward which attends application to healthful study and to self-improvement, as well as the self-approbation of a conscious devotion to the welfare of others,—is a matter of course.

In England, with its hereditary nobility, its landed gentry, and its entailed estates, if there be found among the

privileged classes one man who spends his youth in utter idleness and ignorance of all ennobling pursuits, there are at least ten who devote their whole time to labor for the good of others much more than for the cultivation of their own intellectual powers or the development of their material resources. The heirs to a great title or to splendid ancestral wealth, are for the most part to be seen among the most laborious of the public servants, or the most industrious promoters of local enterprise and industry. It is the strength of England that her aristocracy, whether of rank or of wealth, thoroughly understand the meaning of *Noblesse oblige*, and will not allow themselves or their sons to lose the leadership of the country by listlessness, indolence, or incapacity to manage their own estates and the interests of their county, as well as the affairs of the nation.

The young man who dawdles and dreams till a coronet drops on his empty head, or unlimited wealth relieves him of debt and permits him to indulge his sloth or his sensuality, is the exception among his peers, as he is their scorn.

But that in a country like America, where every son of the soil is free to be the architect of his own fortune and fame, and the creator of his own greatness,—there should be found men to say to themselves and others, that "a gentleman is not born to work,"—sounds like a practical absurdity. Yet have we seen such un-American Americans, and heard them proclaim this new code of gentility to their own children as well as to others.

Of course these are no true men; on the contrary, they disgrace the very name of manhood, and are either totally ignorant of what constitutes manliness, or affect to ignore it in their utter abjection. For a man, to vindicate his claim to the essential attributes and the simplest virtues of manhood, must do the work of a man, and display in the performance of his life-work the qualities which make up what all denominate manliness.

## *Unmanly Men.*

In the face of these plain truths, that a creature calling himself a man should take on himself the duties of a husband, undertake to provide a home for the wife he has chosen, and to feed and educate the beings who call him father, —while consuming his days in sloth, trusting to the provision made for him by his parents to supply all their wants and to furnish him the means of gratifying his own low inclinations and appetites,—without ever seriously endeavoring to add to this provision by his own personal labor, and looking forward to the death of some rich relative for some legacy that may stand between himself, his wife, his children, and starvation,—is simply monstrous!

These unmanly men neither dig, nor plow, nor sow, nor reap; the rising and the setting of God's sun does not mean for them the beginning of labor, and of rest after labor; the seasons come and go for them without teaching any practical lesson or furthering any useful purpose. They are like the foul and cowardly birds of the Dismal Swamp, that have neither the strength nor the energy to hunt down a living prey, but look out for the animals that perish in the treacherous and pestilential waste, and then perch themselves on the surrounding trees, watching patiently the progress of decomposition, and whetting their hungry beaks for the auspicious moment.

These ignoble birds of prey that are evermore speculating upon what death may bring them, seem gifted only with an unlimited faculty of consuming what they never toiled for, of wasting what they have not husbanded or garnered up.

To appeal to the reason, the conscience, the sentiments of these men, were as bootless as to preach to a flock of vultures. Either the guilty neglect of the parents who educated them,—or, rather, who left them to grow up without training or discipline of any kind,—is to be considered as the prime cause of their own degradation and of the misery they bring on others; or the habit, indulged from boyhood,

of expecting to inherit the wealth of others, killed in themselves all desire of self-improvement, and prevented the formation of the blessed virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and independent exertion.

Where these men are shiftless and helpless without being intemperate and dissolute,—the evil, comparatively, is tolerable to the poor wife left to depend on her labor for the bread of her children, as well as for that which feeds the worthless husband. We have seen these miserable husbands pass from stalwart manhood to robust old age, perfectly satisfied with themselves, as vain of their quality of gentlemen and of their privileged exemption from labor, as the peacock that airs his plumage on the housetop and displays his brilliant colors to the admiring sun, while his female is indefatigable in some remote walk of the garden or the forest in purveying for her tender brood,—anxious only that her lordly mate shall not cross her path or persecute their common progeny.

Leave we the despicable tribe of shiftless husbands; they resemble the wretched multitude whom Dante met with outside the walls of Hell, unworthy of the society of either the Blessed or the Damned:

> "From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,
> Not to impair his luster, nor the depth
> Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
> Should glory thence with exultation vain. .
> . . . Their blind life
> So meanly passes, that all other lots
> They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
> Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
> Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by." *

## *Grasping and Avaricious Husbands.*

It is a sacred duty for the head of a family to make suitable provision for his household, for the husband to place at his wife's disposal the fruits of his thrift, as it is her duty to dispense it prudently within the home: it is the bounden

* INFERNO, iii.; Cary's translation.

obligation of both to lay up for their dear ones and for their own old age. Thus providence and economy are among the first virtues enjoined on parents. We omit all mention here of the duties of hospitality and charity.

Equally opposed to the wise forethought which urges a parent to labor and lay up for his dear ones, and to prudent generosity which should guide himself and his companion in the use of their store,—are greed in acquiring, avarice in retaining, and prodigality in wasting what God gives for such definite and holy purposes.

It is a virtue,—a blessed one too,—to be industrious and indefatigable in providing against the present and the future need; it is no less a virtue to be moderate in using for one's personal comforts or wants, generous in meeting the necessary demands of family life according to one's condition, and generous as well in giving hospitality, and in meeting the requirements of religion, charity, and patriotism. There are men who, while they bestow liberally for all these various purposes, what they have labored hard to acquire, are still careful not to leave the home they have either built up themselves or inherited, without abundant means for maintaining its splendor after their own day.

But what shall we say of fathers of families who make of the labor of amassing riches, not a means for the happiness of their families,—but an end? who earn and hold money, not for the purpose of using it for the comfort of their dear ones or their own, but simply for its own sake,—to have it, to own it, to make it grow, and grow, and grow forever,—like a tree bearing golden fruit that no one,—nor themselves, nor others,—may either gather, touch, or taste, in this life or the life to come?

It cannot, in the gold-seeking and worshiping age in which we live, be too strongly insisted on, that money is a means to an end, not the end itself,—a means of making life happy and honorable, of helping others toward usefulness, honor, and happiness; but not in itself an end, so that the possession and the hoarding of money should be for itself alone, without aiming at anything beyond that.

Hence the absurdity and the guilt of so giving one's self up to making money, that in doing so, one forgets conscience, health, the claims of one's family, the needs of the poor, and every other generous and useful purpose which money is calculated to promote.

It is not so unfrequent a thing to hear, in this great city of New York, of some wretched creature who died of sheer want in a garret or some filthy corner, deprived of all human aid, of all the comforts of society and religion, of all the consolations of earth and heaven, reputed in life abjectly poor, and most industrious in having others believe so, and yet dying worth thousands!—thousands that will profit nobody, nor the wretched soul gone to its account, and which was not created to make money for money's sake, nor even the poor of the neighborhood whom not a penny of it shall ever reach, nor the unknown family and relatives whom the miserable hoarder forsook or forgot, in order to indulge this solitary and absorbing passion of adding little to little without cessation.

"O wealth, with thee is won
A worm to gnaw for ever on his soul
Whose abject life is laid in thy control!
If also ye take not what piteous death
They ofttimes make, whose hoards were manifold,
Who cities had and gold,
And multitudes of men beneath their hand;
Then he among you that most angereth
Shall bless me (Fortune), saying, 'I worship thee
That I was not as he
Whose death is thus accursed throughout the land.'
But now your living souls are held in band
Of avarice, shutting you from the true light,
Which shows how sad and slight
Are this world's treasured riches and array
That still change hands a hundred times a day.

"For me,—could envy enter in my sphere,
Which of all human taint is clean and quit,—
I well might harbor it
When I behold the peasant at his toil,

Guiding his team, untroubled, free from fear,
He leaves his perfect furrow as he goes,
And gives his field repose
From thorns and tares and weeds that vex the soil:
Thereto he labors, and without turmoil
Entrusts his work to God, content if so
Such guerdon from it grow
That in the year his family shall live;
Nor care nor thought to other things will give." *

## *Meanness, Greed, Cruelty, and Misery.*

One home we cannot but think of with unalloyed grief, for it touched us nearly. The wife, of gentle blood, uncommon beauty, and goodness greater than her beauty, was wooed and won by a man her equal in birth and almost her equal in age,—a young and brilliant officer high in favor with the government. She brought him a fortune which more than sufficed to support them handsomely, but which was allowed to accumulate till her dying day, while his own yearly income went far beyond the expenses of their household. Seven children were born to them, not one of whom ever inherited any share of the fortune of either parent.

His absorbing passion, almost from the first year of their wedded life, was to accumulate money, fearful,—as he often expressed it to his familiars (friends he had none),—lest his children should some day be left penniless. Unfortunately the marriage settlement gave him the sole management of their joint property; nor did he rest satisfied till his wife had been bullied and persecuted into making over her property to him in his own absolute right.

She was not an extravagant, nor even a worldly woman. She was conscientious, solidly pious, fond of her home and devoted to her children,—a woman whose qualities should have made any husband happy, and could have adorned any station.

He never allowed her to dispose of a single dollar of the

* Guido Cavalcanti, "Song of Fortune," in Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets."

revenue of her own property, nor even to regulate the expenses of her household; no, not so much as to purchase what was necessary for the table. He was his own caterer; went daily to market with the first light of morning; and disdained not to haggle with fishwoman and butcher, till he had shamed them to his own terms, buying rarely any but the cheapest fish or the poorest meat.

He half-starved his children, making up in liberal sleep what he refused them in substantial and necessary diet, and he starved their souls as well. For he would not allow them to be educated up to their condition; nor would he permit them to associate with those of their own class,—being unwilling that their raiment should be superior to their spare diet or their scanty schooling.

He would have his wife,—whom he shockingly ill-treated,—dismiss her servants, and attend to the household work as well as the education of her children. But she at length rebelled against a tyranny and a brutality become the more intolerable, that the unmanly husband had taken to solitary tippling after the daily official duties were over, and never went to bed sober.

At length his violence forced her to take refuge with her nearest relative far away. She never recovered from his latest ill-usage. The children, one after another, were driven from their most unhappy home; the father married his cook, and died leaving to her and her children the little he possessed at the time. For by a just retribution of fortune, his accumulated wealth had been vested in ruinous ventures, and was swept beyond his reach, leaving him the most wretched and one of the vilest of men.

## *The Spendthrift Husband.*

Of this very numerous class we need only discuss one or two varieties;—the others are so much akin to the intemperate and the debauchee,—that we shall not consider them separately.

There are spendthrifts who are not addicted to the odious

vices begotten of sensuality. Their wasteful extravagance has its source in other, higher, and more refined tastes. The reckless indulgence of these tastes, however, works a no less fatal ruin to the family substance and home.

There are husbands, whose sole purpose in life is to make their wealth the means of outshining their neighbors: men troubled with an inordinate amount of vanity, and with very little brains; who are utterly unable to calculate their own resources, and spend without ever stopping to consider how much they are unable to spend.

Many of our readers will recall William Dorritt, Esquire, "the Father of the Marshalsea," gifted with but two faculties,—the heartless vanity that accepted the services and liberality of strangers as well as the boundless devotion of his own child as the homage due to his own transcendent superiority, and the blind prodigality with which his inherited wealth was squandered for the mere purpose of eclipsing others and asserting his own gentility. Of course, vanity being always mean, this arrogant self-assertion, in the hour of ill fortune will condescend to beg and to borrow, and in the hour of prosperity will basely ignore the friends whose purse and hand were ever the most open; and equally, of course, this purse-proud meanness will make itself most prominent at the very height of good fortune, by tyrannizing over dependants, browbeating all persons of equal or inferior rank, and by cringing like an Oriental slave to superior rank or ability.

These men, even when not afflicted with this morbid vanity, cannot keep out of debt; for they cannot refuse themselves any of the beautiful and costly things which strike their fancy. This is the least odious form of extravagance, —the passion for books, for objects of art, or for other costly hobbies. It tends, none the less, to ruin the happiness and independence of the home, and to imperil its very existence. For, this extravagant and uncontrollable fondness for things which are above one's means, keeps the husband continually in debt, deprives the wife and children, not only of the comforts and enjoyments belonging to

their condition, but frequently of the bare necessaries of life.

Such men are in reality overgrown children, who ought to be kept in perpetual tutelage; who are incapable of managing their own affairs. Their extravagant tastes are but a higher and more refined sensuality, just as ruinous as the drunkard's proclivities.

The extravagant, however, can be made amenable to reason; for their brain is not habitually crazed with drink and their intellectual powers weakened or obliterated by beastly indulgence. They can understand that indebtedness is slavery; that to take from the most urgent needs of one's family what is expended on mere intellectual or artistic pleasure is a grievous wrong.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.

In the third circle I arrive, of showers
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged
Forever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolored water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air streamed down amain.
Stank all the land whereon the tempest fell.
Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath.
. . . So passed we through that mixture foul
Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps.

INFERNO, vi.

. . . Weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it; weakness to resist.
. . . If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission . . .
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

THE sense of the most enlightened Christian ages, basing its judgment on Holy Writ as well as on the fitness of things, deemed it equitable that the punishments of eternity should be a real expiation of the guilt, and by the sense that had sinned. Hence, intemperance in all its loathsome forms, is represented by the great poet,—as punished in a land of eternal darkness, where the abject multitude were immersed in "a mixture foul" of discolored water and sleety slush, large hail and rain pelting the sufferers unceasingly, and filling the land and the atmosphere with intolerable stench. Over this vile and filthy fold of the drunkard,—as over

some miry farm-yard with its swine,—the monstrous form of three-headed Cerberus,—the gluttonous and insatiable, kept sleepless watch, rending the prostrate forms with his cruel fangs, and filling the hideous darkness with his continuous barking.

Surely, when one considers calmly what that form of intemperance is which we designate as habitual drunkenness in a husband and parent,—it must be evident that the eternal death as here described, is but the natural consequence and just retribution of the drunkard's present life. For the intrinsic guilt of intoxication consists not so much in the gratification of the animal appetite for strong drink, or of the craving for the pleasurable excitement which is the first stage of inebriety,—as in depriving one's self knowingly of the mastery over one's bodily faculties and, above all, over one's reason.

It is this temporary loss and suspension of the highest powers of the soul,—of those which are Godlike in man,—that constitutes the specific guilt of drunkenness. The sin of the suicide, the self-destroyer, the man who takes away his own life,—is a something most awful to contemplate. It is the throwing away, by one act of despair or defiance, of all the gifts of the most bountiful Creator, the unmaking of all the gracious plans of His most wise providence in favor of a human soul; it is the setting aside, against all the laws of nature and nature's God, of one's responsibilities to Him and to our kind in the present and throughout the boundless future.

This, and much more than this, is all comprised in self-destruction. But intoxication, whether by alcohol or by opium, is the beginning of self-destruction. It ends,—as every enlightened reader knows,—by destroying the body, by debasing and destroying the soul, by destroying the home, breaking the wife's heart, disgracing and ruining the children. It brings man, destined for the close companionship of God and his angels in the life to come, down to the level of the beast in this world. . . . But, no! this is most unjust to the beast.

It is but too familiar an expression with us when we see a man surrendering himself to the excesses of inebriety, to say that "he is making a beast of himself." The brute is never false to its nature, never sinks below the level of the instincts, the intelligence that nature has given it. Nothing is more temperate and abstemious than the irrational animal which we are wont injuriously to compare with degraded man, when he acts against the laws alike of his spiritual and his animal nature. The dog, even in its extreme thirst, will lap up daintily just enough of water to satisfy its need. It is most dainty, when it has no choice between pure and impure water, in barely lapping once or twice of the latter; and under no pressure of appetite will it so much as taste of what it knows to be poisonous or hurtful. A very ferocious bear in the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, was condemned to be killed by the authorities. The keepers resolved to destroy it by poison. So they impregnated the bread and injected the meat they threw to it with the most deadly substances known to the chemist. The animal, although kept without food for several days to render it the more ravenous, was too wary to follow the promptings of its hunger. It smelled the treacherous food over and over again, turned it on every side, and then went away. Presently, however, — as if it had been devising some plan to meet the difficulty,—it returned to where the poisoned food lay, and pushed it steadily toward its water-trough. Then, after washing it copiously again and again, smelling after each ablution, it came to the conclusion that it might safely taste it. It did not eat it up all at once, but by small pieces, washing each of these over again as a further precaution. This being reported by the keepers to the magistrates, they revoked the order for the animal's destruction. It deserved to live.

It is also well known how much labor and fatigue the camel can undergo amid the burning sands of Africa. This most useful beast is the very impersonation of temperance, performing the longest journeys under the most trying circumstances, living on the scantiest fare and depending on

the supply of water laid up in its complex stomach. It is a supply on which its master often depends in the direst extremity of thirst,—the frugal animal thus saving the life of man at the expense of its own.

We do the beast a foul wrong when we say, that man by drunkenness sinks down to its level,—whereas it is only by sheer violence that brutal man can bring the beast down to his own level by making it drink perforce. Yet, though you may reduce the poor brute to helpless intoxication, do you not bring it down to your level. It has no moral law to guide it; and, if it had, you can only make it drunk by sheer violence done its nature and in spite of its own desperate struggles.

This outrage was perpetrated on the brute once,—and during a war which we shall not designate here. A besieging army had been for months beleaguering a mighty fortress; and, as the siege dragged its slow length along, the officers were wont to spend the uncertain intervals of battle in such amusements as they could find or devise. Neighboring regiments had their festive meetings, and their leaders but too often forgot past dangers and the perils of the morrow in most unseemly dissipation. One of the most notable frequenters of these clubs was a young officer who was always accompanied by a magnificent Newfoundland dog. One evening,—the eve, indeed, of a day since become famous,—the gallant friends had indulged in longer libations and louder mirth than ever; they had "made a night of it," not knowing, they said, who would survive the struggle on the morrow.

Just as they were about to separate, some one remarked that the Newfoundland dog was the only sober individual present, and thereupon it was moved and resolved that the dog be made drunk. So, there are these gentlemen, these brave defenders of their country's honor, engaged in holding the poor struggling animal down, while they poured wine and brandy down its throat. The innocent and temperate animal resisted frantically the outrage done to it by the united strength of these "lords of creation;" at length,

half strangled, half poisoned, sick and helpless, the poor dog writhed on the ground, rejecting, with the native vigor of its unimparied stomach, the poison it had been forced to swallow.

So, the dog as well as its master had to be "carried home" that night. The struggle of the morrow passed by without completely ending the siege. Of those who had been actors in the inhuman scene just described, we know not how many perished. But, not very long thereafter, the survivors met, as before, to make merry, and with them came the master of the dog,—and the dog also,—though not quite all the way.

He had followed his master, forgiving, faithful animal as he was, the cruel injury done himself, on that memorable night;—had followed his master through the camp from tent to tent, and line to line, till they drew near the house or tent used as a club-room. As they approached it, the dog fell behind his master, and when the latter at the very door turned round to call the animal to him, the other turned and fled with the speed of the wind. No coaxing and no threats ever afterward could make the ill-used dog come near the spot where high-born, educated, and brave gentlemen had once reduced him to their own level of physical helplessness,—but not to their own depth of moral degradation.

We know that it is becoming fashionable in our midst, to set aside the salutary severity with which the Church in former times visited both the man who died by his own hand and the man who drank himself to death. With the waning of true religion, charity, dissevered from truth, becomes cruelty, and our caricature of mercy in her maudlin ministrations, becomes the worst of unkindness. True charity loves as God loves, the soul before the body, and in its work of saving the former it also saves and sanctifies the latter.

Our modern doctors and moralists will have it that the despair of the suicide,—the supreme wrong done to the Infinite Mercy and exhaustless patience of the Creator, by renouncing it and putting one's self beyond its pale,—is

insanity, rendering the doer of the most dreadful of deeds irresponsible for his act. They will have it, too,—these modern blind leaders of the blind,—that drunkenness is disease, that habitual drunkenness is chronic disease, by which the brain becomes so weakened, that the will loses all control over its own inclinations.

Oh, we do not deny that just as successive acts of virtuous self-denial impart to the will a continual increase of strength and generosity, even so a long series of guilty indulgences weaken it in the like proportion. We know that habitual generosity and self-sacrifice, aided as they are by the ever-present grace of God, will end by making the Christian man a Godlike being in his strength to overcome every obstacle to virtue, and in the supernatural facility with which he performs the most heroic deeds of holiness.

Knowing, also, what the wise pagans proclaimed long ages before Christ,—that vicious acts breed vicious habits, and that habitual vice is the worst form of slavery,—we must only recall to parents and to all who have the training of youth, this fundamental truth in practical morality: The man who commits one sinful act knows, that by so doing he only disposes himself the more readily to commit a second, and that the second renders more easy still the committing of a third,—every successive fall from the level road of virtue increasing, almost immeasurably, our downward velocity. The drunkard's guilt, in his very first sin, consists, not only in his offending against God and himself by transgressing the Divine Law and the law of his own nature, but in acquiescing in the immediate and necessary consequences of his sin, such as the inability to discharge obligations and duties incumbent on him, the scandal given to others by his evil example, and this very rendering of a second act of drunkenness both more easy and probable.

The child should be warned against the formation of evil habits, and taught that evil habit is a chain of adamant by which the soul fetters its own freedom,—the most glorious and sacred of all the gifts of the Creator. This weakening, fettering, and destroying of the soul's innate freedom—its

most Godlike attribute and power,—is known, or ought to be known to every human soul in possession of its reason, as the inevitable consequence of evil acts become evil habits. This is the very nature of sin. Most true, therefore, in the estimation of all ages, is the affirmation of the great poet:

"All wickedness is weakness."

The first act of wickedness weakens the will, takes away a part of its power for good; every succeeding act adds to the weakness in an increasing ratio. This weakness, this wickedness is "shameful,"—shameful in the eyes of God and men. The man who consents to the first sin, the first weakness, does a "wicked" thing, precisely because it is destructive of his own strength, his own dignity, his own happiness and that of others, as well as injurious to the most high God. Just as it is no excuse of a man's folly, that, without any justifiable reason, he has again and again and again gone into a leprosy or a yellow-fever hospital till he has caught the plague in its worst form, although warned by physicians and others of the consequences of his foolhardiness; even so it is with the drunkard. He has been warned against the first act of intoxication, and the second, and the third, till the habit grew on him and possessed his soul as with the virulence of the most deadly disease.

"That plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission."

And, where a man is at the head of a family, with a loving wife to care for and to cherish, with children to train, like the young of the eagle, to the loftiest flights of excellence, and the pursuit of virtues that lift the soul far above earth and its groveling satisfactions,—the contracting of habits of intemperance, or the exposing himself to contract them, is fearful guilt, and most awful responsibility at His judgment-seat who will hold the husband and father accountable for the life, the honor, the happiness, the souls of wife and children.

And the higher a man is born, the more richly he is

endowed with talents, worldly wealth, and great opportunities, the more favored he is by education and position—and the more terrible is that responsibility; because all these are powers given him to make his home-life blissful, and his home the center from which his own power for all good may radiate far and wide.

The American public has been obliged to recall, in the recent death of a most estimable lady in New England, not only that she was destined to become the bride of the most gifted poetical genius that ever shed luster on American letters, when, at the age of thirty-nine, he was found dead intoxicated with a broken bottle by his side; but that his career of profligacy had already been a long one,—dating from his very boyhood. Only two years before his death, he buried his lovely wife, the *Annabel Lee* of his well-known song,—buried her after having broken her heart, and dragged her through the mire of his own degradation and the extreme poverty brought on by incessant debauch.

Most touching and most instructive it is to recall a few passages of that gifted and guilty man's writings, in which he records both his love for this innocent young thing and his remorse for the misery caused her.

> "And this maiden she lived with no other thought
> Than to love and be loved by me.
> *I* was a child and *she* was a child,
> In this kingdom by the sea;
> But we loved with a love that was more than love,
> I and my Annabel Lee;
> With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
> Coveted her and me."

At the very time when poverty and its saddest privations were preying upon the homeless wife, and nothing seemed able to reclaim the wretched husband from the degrading passion that preyed on his life and his honor, he wrote the poem of "The Raven,"—one of the masterpieces of American poetry. The "Raven" was that same dreadful passion whose fatal hold upon his will left him neither power of resistance nor hope of eternal salvation.

Listen to the awful utterances of that immortal verse, every word and line of which seems to have been written under the inspiration of that demon-haunted fever which ever attends upon alcoholic excess.

"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

"Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite,—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,—
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
*Take thy beak from out my heart,** and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

"And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

To the inveterate drunkard bound, like Prometheus, to his habits with chains which no effort of his can break, the remorse preying on his heart is worse than the beak of the vulture tearing the entrails of living man. And in that ter-

* The italics are our own.

rible remorse the most intolerable pang does not come from the constant remembrance of what the drunkard "might have been" and of what "he has brought himself to,"—so much as from the torturing knowledge of the shame, ruin, misery, he has brought upon his dear ones.

The young wife who chose him to fill her heart and her life with happiness, because she believed him to be what she was herself,—spotless, manly, true, strong to support her through life, devoted to duty, to home, to God, and to all the sacred and manifold obligations of husband, father, and Christian,—knew him not. And she awakened from her dream of innocent love and hope, to find the husband of her choice to be, like one of those horrid monsters of Scandinavian fiction,—a man having to all appearance the stature, the strength, and the beauty of the gods, but who was only half of an empty shell, a mask of humanity without heart, or flesh, or blood, or feeling.

We have seen many of these young wives entrapped into marriage with such half-men by some strange error of their own heart and judgment, by the ignorance and neglect of their own parents, or by some unworthy artifice of the half-man and his parents ;—and they struggled on for years and years to conceal from every eye, even that of their nearest relatives, the dreadful secret of their own misery, rising beneath the load of their heavy cross to sublime heights of heroic self-sacrifice ; arming themselves with invincible patience, meekness, and forbearance, in order to reform their companion, and to enlist in the work of reformation the good God and his angels. Their union reminded one of the cruel method devised by the abominable tyrant Mezentius,* who bound the living to the putrid dead, that they might thus slowly perish of horror and loathing.

It is not, however, the torture of soul arising from the

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* *Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,*
*Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora,*
*(Tormenti genus) et sanie taboque fluentes*
*Complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.*

ENEID, viii. 485–488.

deception practiced on herself and the agony of having thus to live bound forever to one loathsome to every interior and exterior sense, that is the greatest suffering of the wife and mother; it is to see her home made desolate, her children worse than orphaned, every means of sustenance sacrificed piecemeal to the unhallowed appetite of him who should be the sustainer and provider of the home. This is the death-like shadow which falls on the home of the drunkard, frequently from the very first days of his married life; this is the gloom, worse than that of the Valley of Death, amid which his bride finds herself condemned to dwell,—the darkness and the despair increasing day by day, as the husband pursues his downward course. This is the raven that

"Still is sitting, still is sitting,"

above the door of the home which wifely devotion and motherly love are vainly laboring to brighten; this is the dark form of evil boding which haunts her waking and her sleeping hours like a living horror. Its "eyes have all the seeming of a demon's," its cruel beak is ever tearing her heart, and its prophetic voice,—as month of misery succeeds to month, and as the years come and go without alleviation to her intolerable burthen, ever seems to utter in her ears the fatal "Nevermore!" No,—there is never to be for her sunshine around the hearth, joy in her children's endearments, assurance that the father's name will not blight the prospects of her daughters, or that his vice will not cling like inherited leprosy to her sons.

We men are but too apt to commiserate the lot of the drunkard even in the last stages of his reckless and selfish course, when irreparable ruin has fallen on his home, and irremediable disease on himself. We say that "it is a pity; the man is so generous, so warm-hearted, gifted with such rare qualities of soul; so lovable, when he is himself, so sociable," etc., etc., etc. Priests and others who have only seen him outside of his family circle, and when his fits of maudlin repentance were on him,—solely, or principally considered the wreck before them, beholding only in

the man the qualities or gifts which he had neglected or perverted. We do not deny either that this infirmity attaches itself most frequently to the man of lively fancy, facile talent, warm heart, and open hand, or that,—when degraded and ruined by the misuse of his gifts,—the poor prodigal is still deserving of helpful sympathy and charitable compassion. It is not to be forgotten, however, that the Prodigal Son in the Gospel narrative, was unmarried, and that his debaucheries had not ruined a home, broken a wife's heart, and brought children to disgrace and beggary.

As we are holding up the mirror of truth to men, we must remind them of what the wife is suffering in her cold, cheerlesss, darkened home, while the self-ruined husband is parading his native generosity of disposition, and soliciting the sympathy of his old acquaintance, as if he were the victim of other people's injustice, instead of being the destroyer of his home, his family, and himself.

You, dear reader, who know with what a priestly charity and tenderness we are anxious to touch on all these details, will agree with us that these "unselfish" and warm-hearted drunkards, are in their own wretched homes and toward their families, the most cruelly selfish, cold-hearted, and unfeeling of husbands and parents. Is it not true, that in looking upon that sad wreck of humanity we call an habitual and irreclaimable dunkard, we give all our pity to the fallen man before us, and forget the wife and the children at home, whom his merciless and heartless self-indulgence reduced to want and starvation?

Have you not heard of, have you not seen, these men living for years upon the earnings of wives, who had not been brought up to such labor? Have we not known these men to steal and drink the money so hardly, so heroically earned by their delicate and drooping companions for the support of their suffering children, to keep a roof above them, and scant fire on the hearth, and scant bread on the board?—Yes, we have known these "warm-hearted," unprincipled brutes to steal from the wife a whole week's

earnings, and spend the whole of it in the neighboring tavern, treating their vile companions all round to cup after cup of the drugged alcohol,—till not one penny was left to get bread for the hungry children on the Sunday morning? And, viler than this vile husband and his peers of the bottle, viler even than words can express, the tavern-keeper dealt out cup after cup of the murderous beverage so long as the money lasted, fully aware the while of the sore, sore need of the hapless wife and hungry children at home!

Unselfishness, indeed! Have we priests not known more than one of these same men, praised by their casual acquaintances for their amiability and open-handed liberality, to be drunk daily while a mother or wife lay on her deathbed, drunk while she lay in her coffin, and to have come staggering drunk to her grave? Have we not known wretches so utterly reckless of all sense of honor and shame that they would have stolen the marriage ring off the finger of mother or wife in the grave to buy one last glass of alcohol?

Talk of unselfishness! Have we not seen these utterly selfish and utterly unmanly men forget all the most sacred feelings and imperious duties of the husband and the parent, and indulge in their wildest freaks of intoxication, when their sick wives most needed tenderest nursing and lay at death's door for many days in succession? Yet these abominable brutes would return from their long nightly or daily debauch to enter perforce the sick-room and imperil the helpless sufferer's life by noisy demonstrations of affection or bursts of passionate abuse.

The fiend, that seems to possess the souls of men who indulge in the dreadful poisons invented by modern distillers, seems to transform his slaves into fiends after his own image and likeness,—impelling them to show a devilish ingenuity in torturing the poor, patient, overtaxed woman who has to bear the double curse of their name and their companionship. . . . Shall we continue on this subject?

O men, O true men, who read this page, forgive the writer for penning truths so disgraceful to human nature,

so painful to the reader, and so unspeakably painful to the writer himself. If, in holding up the mirror to you, such diabolical forms appear, where the divine features of the true Christian man,—the child of God in life and manners,—should alone appear,—let the fearful apparition only stimulate us all to a salutary hatred of the besetting vice of our age.

Where is the radical remedy? it may be asked. We know but one. The rearing of our boys in such ignorance and such horror of intemperance, that they may be like holy Samuel, or Elias, or John the Baptist, or the thrice-blessed descendants of Jonadab the Son of Rechab, Nazarites from their birth, never tasting wine or strong drink of any kind. Oh! if this book could bring forth such fruit in every family in which it is read, how gladly would the writer sing his *Nunc dimittis!* *

There is, however, one class of men to whom, in particular, we address this concluding paragraph,—those, namely, who are engaged in the traffic of intoxicating drinks. We remind distillers, that, while we should under no circumstances interfere with the necessities and the liberty of lawful trade, there are certain modern expedients in their special business, which are alike beyond the necessities of lawful trade, and a criminal violation of the freedom it should enjoy. It is not only the distilling of alcoholic liquors from substances which render the liquor distilled essentially deleterious, but the drugging of pure alcohol so as to make it injurious or poisonous, or the selling for wine or for any other like well-known drink, what is a dangerous or deadly counterfeit, skillfully disguised.

But it is to tavern-keepers, and all who are engaged in retailing alcoholic stimulants, that our words would fain appeal with all the earnestness and charity of a priestly heart.

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* "Now dost thou dismiss Thy servant, O Lord,
According to Thy Word, in peace,
Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation."
ST. LUKE, ii. 29, 30.

We have seen fortunes,—great fortunes, even,—made in this dangerous business, and made, too, by men who did not care what they sold or to whom they sold,—provided they found and kept their customers till these had given the last penny they had, and taken much more than they could bear of intoxicating drink. We have seen these men flourishing suddenly, their children springing up around them like these trees of rapid growth, that take root in an unwholesome Southern swamp, live a short and brilliant season, and pine away as suddenly as they had grown up, without leaving healthy fruit or a lasting progeny behind.

The blessing of God does not come with money made in violation of His most binding laws; money so made is also burthened with the curse of widowed mothers, of heart-broken wives, of children rendered homeless, penniless, and parentless. And these terrible curses will melt the money in the hands of those who inherit it, and often consume the possessors themselves.

Only think of it. Here is a man calling himself a Christian, a Catholic, having a family to rear, and wishing to educate them according to the dictates of the faith of their baptism. He knows that it is a deadly sin to allow any person to become intoxicated in his house; and yet, because his customers may get as much to drink as they please at the next tavern, he thinks they may as well get drunk in his house. "If I do not give them as much liquor as they want,"—he reasons,—"they will get it elsewhere; and my customers will leave me." So, he refuses no one, and gives to any extent.

This is not the worst. There is among these customers one man, the father of a family, who is an habitual drunkard, who is,—to the tavern-keeper's certain knowledge,—drinking his wife and children out of house and home; and who, besides, is leading a life of intolerable disgrace and misery. He has been warned by the neighbors of the ruin this man is bringing on his dear ones;—he has been warned again and again by the drunkard's unfortunate wife. And yet he allows that recreant husband and father to remain

his customer, to drink and get drunk in his house, day after day, for weeks, for months, for years,—till the man's ruin and that of his family are consummated! Do you think,—can any one think,—that this conduct on your part will meet with God's approval? that it will bring a blessing on you and yours? or that it can bring anything but God's withering curse, blighting yourself, your ill-gotten fortune, and your children after you?

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FATHER.

Love from its awful throne of patient power
Folds over the world its healing wings.

No more truthful and beautiful conception of the paternal office in a Christian household, can be conveyed than by saying that Fatherhood is Love, all-powerful Love, that it should occupy an "awful throne"—one surrounded with affection and veneration, in the home; that its authority should be at once a sacred and a "patient" power; and that its right exercise must result in healing, at their very roots, the inveterate sores of which society complains.

Yes,—fatherly love and authority, acting in the name and place of God, would be to that sick, perverse, and overgrown child,—the youth of the nineteenth century,—a "patient power" which

"Folds over the world its healing wings."

We need in the Home, as it is now assailed by rampant errors, subversive of God, of authority, of order, reverence, and love,—the conviction firmly seated both in the soul of the parent and in that of his offspring,—that a father is in God's place; and that, just as he must make it almost the one chief aim of his life to have his children so consider and reverence him, even so must he do himself his utmost to be to his dear ones the living image of God's love and patient power.

As the great secret of establishing over the minds and

hearts of all within the household the lovingly accepted influence of his august power, lies in being most like to God in word and deed, so fathers will bear with us while we request them to read and ponder well one or two passages from men, who have been most truly what we wish to make our readers,—kings over the minds and hearts of those who called them "Father." We shall thereby show all the more easily and convincingly what is the nature, and what the extent of a father's authority.

### *In what Fathers are to Imitate God.*

St. Thomas Aquinas, called by the veneration of Catholic ages "the Angelic Teacher," says that Christian men are bound to imitate God, to copy in their conduct what is revealed to us of His outward manners,—His truthfulness, wisdom, meekness, patience, justice, liberality, mercy,—and so emulate all the other divine attributes in so far as a created being can follow and imitate the Creator.

Another, and an older saint, Bernard of Clairvaux, teaching a Pope his duties,—in an age when the Pope was revered as the Common Father of Christendom,—thus addresses him:

"What is God? The all-powerful will, the most loving power, the everlasting light, the unchanging reason, the supreme felicity;—who createth souls to make them partakers of His own nature; . . . who inflameth them with zeal for His service, and maketh their zeal fruitful by His grace; . . . who imparteth the strength to practice Godlike virtue; . . . who filleth them with His Godhead to make their bliss perfect; . . . and who rendereth their supreme felicity unchangeable by making it eternal like Himself." *

What more magnificent than this faculty of becoming within your homes the living image of this Goodness which ever yearns to pour out on its intelligent creatures an ever fuller and fuller measure of its exhaustless wealth of love,

* Lib. v. de Consideratione, c. ii.

till, with the dawn of eternity, it can overflow all boundaries, like the victorious ocean-tide, and encompass the loved object within its rapturous depths? Cannot a true father become more loving, more generous, more devoted every day?

Let us show how this divine ideal should be one of practical daily and hourly life, to every man who holds toward others the sacred relation of father,—how it is imitable by him in every one of his actions,—in the discharge of every possible duty inside and outside his home.

When men of the world,—high or low,—are told to take God as their ideal or pattern, they are apt to think and say that the perfection demanded is too high above them, and impossible of attainment. "You might as well," they are tempted to say, "tell us to understand what is the nature of the fire which burns eternally in the bosom of the Sun or of the light which it sheds through the universe. We have near our hand means of procuring heat and light for our dwellings without being at the trouble of studying the nature of the solar atmosphere or of the mighty globe it surrounds."

### *The Divine Exemplar walking in the ways of Men.*

True. But our "Sun of righteousness" has come down to us, veiling his light and tempering the heat of his near presence, that our weak senses might bear this very nearness. We have seen Him,—not as the glorious Being who dwells above in light unapproachable and manifests His unclouded essence and perfections to the gaze of the Blessed,—but as a child growing from helpless infancy through boyhood and youth,—a true man in all his ways and affections and virtues, as well as very God in the powers which he wielded to confirm his mission and his teaching.

It is these sweet human virtues, of every-day life, especially as practiced within the lowly home of his mother,—that we would have parents study and acquire by practice. Then only could they teach and enjoin them on their dear ones.

To fathers in the household (and, in their own measure, to all persons having authority over others) is the divine exhortation addressed, "Be you . . . perfect as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." *

I. *Fatherly Love should be all-embracing, like God's.*

Let yours be perfect love! And how few there are among the wisest, the most learned, the most experienced of good fathers even, who understand what that supernatural charity, that perfect, all-embracing, all-enduring love is, of which He who is Father over us all affords us the sweet and wonderful model!

*It embraces His Enemies among the Heathen.*

To those among His human creatures who are most forgetful of Himself, most bitterly hostile toward the very notion of a Godhead,—who blaspheme Him by their words and their writings, who make of their whole lives one long act of rebellion and defiance of His authority, who are upon earth the embodiment of irreligion, impiety, vice, and wickedness,—see how good, how patient, that Fatherly Love is! Not one of His laws is suspended with respect to the evil-doer, not one of the manifold provisions of nature ordained by that Almighty Love is withdrawn. The sun still rises over him, despite the countless days so horribly misspent, and the sweet repose of night will come again after a day of sin, and God's angels will guard from danger the life of the enemy of God, as unvarying and patient in their watchfulness, as are the stars which look down from the firmament on the sleep of the wicked and the repose of the just.

The great sun in the heavens continues, day after day and year after year, to dispense its light and vital warmth to the man whose whole existence is an outrage to the Creator; the air he breathes loses nothing of its wholesomeness,

* St. Matthew, v. 48.

the heavens above his head and the earth and ocean around him, are unchanged for him in their magnificence and their beauty.

*It embraces Bad Christians.*

There is, however, another order of things in which the unspeakable patience and tenderness of that same Fatherly Love is displayed to all its children without exception. Take the "Household of the Faith,"—that most wonderful creation and world of all in which man knows himself to bear toward his Maker the real relation of son,—not in that vague and remote sense in which every being that owes its existence to the Almighty may be said to be his child,—but in that lofty and sublime sense in which all who are born by baptism of the blood of the Only-Begotten Son, are most truly partakers of his sonship. There are in the house of the Father very many who disgrace their sonship, who live a life unworthy of the unbaptised and the heathen, who are most keenly conscious of their own unworthiness, and deplore, while they persist in it, the monstrous inconsistency of leading a beastly life in a heavenly station.

*Its Infinite Mercifulness.*

And yet, all this while, the Fatherly Love in its unwearied patience, in its unutterable tenderness, in its awful reverence for those who are the Sons of the household,—throws over the secret sins of the fallen an impenetrable veil, deals with their most open sins with infinite mercifulness,—urging the guilty soul by incessant touches of shame and regret and longing to return to that Goodness who cannot refuse to forgive,—and throwing over every step made by the returning sinner, the darkness of a secrecy so full of respect, and pity, and gentleness for the humiliated and repentant soul! Think, O fathers, of that most divine story left us by the Incarnate Mercy, and which is the history of His dealings with the soul of every one of us,—the Parable of the Prodigal Son.*

* St. Luke, xv.

If we would, therefore, apprehend that Infinite Love in all its fatherly tenderness and generosity, we must conceive it not only as all-embracing, having no manifest preference for some of its children over the others, and excluding openly none of the underserving from the light and warmth it dispenses; but we must conceive of it as drawn in a special manner toward the erring and the fallen. This is the supernatural aspect of paternal charity. And this point, on which we dare not insist too much, every right-minded and true-hearted parent will instinctively understand and appreciate.

### *Fatherly Love of St. John the Evangelist.*

A most beautiful instance of this irresistible impulse of true fatherly love, as understood among Christians, occurred in the very infancy of the Church, and is related by one of her earliest and most eloquent historians.*

St. John the Evangelist, while visiting one of the churches of Asia Minor, had remarked among the crowd a young man whose mien and bearing bespoke uncommon gifts. The preternatural insight of the apostle of charity read in that soul a mighty capacity for all great deeds, if properly cultivated,—and which, if neglected, might become a power for evil. The youth was then in the first fervor of his conversion, and, amid the fearful temptations to evil which beset youth in that most beautiful but most licentious land, he needed special watchfulness and care from his religious guides.

St. John, whose angelic life and winning gentleness had so powerfully attracted the young convert, intrusted him, on his departure for Ephesus, to the local bishop. "In the presence of Christ, and in the hearing of thy people," the apostle said, "I give this youth to thy keeping." The trust could not be refused; it was even accepted with readiness. As it often happens, however, the very fervor of the youth

* Eusebius, "Ecclesiastical History," book iii., c. 23; where he quotes as his authority Clement of Alexandria.

lulled the bishop into a fatal security. He fancied that one so good and so generous had nothing to fear from the seductions which assailed every sense on that enchanted shore, and, more particularly, from the company of his young pagan friends and associates. The strict discipline in which the young man lived in the bishop's house, was relaxed after he had been baptized and confirmed. It was thought that the sacramental grace would prove a sufficient protection against the manifold evils of pagan life and conversation.

Human respect—the fear of being true to conscience in presence of the dissolute or the impious—together with the powerful incentive to sensuality where the whole world around him ministered to the senses, soon caused the unguarded youth to fall, and to fall to the lowest depths of guilt and crime. He was outlawed, and betook himself to the mountain passes, where he became the chief of a band of highway robbers, the boldest, bloodiest, and most reckless of them all.

When the aged apostle returned to that city, he missed his protégé among the clergy and select youth of the Church. "Where is the youth that I and Christ with me intrusted to thee in presence of thy flock?" were the first words the fatherly heart could find in its alarm. "He is dead!" was the answer. "Dead! how, and when?" the apostle demanded. "Dead to God and to all virtue," was the mournful reply.

John would not be satisfied until he had learned all, and ascertained where he was likely to find his prodigal. So, though in extreme old age, broken by labor and suffering, he would not rest till he had brought the lost sheep to the fold. It was in vain to represent to him that the wild mountain tracts in which the robbers dwelt were almost inaccessible to man and beast, or that the men of blood who found shelter and impunity there, spared neither age nor sex; the apostle set out without a moment's delay, repeating to the recreant bishop, who tried in vain to oppose his mad project: "Oh! what a guardian have I set over the souls of my brethren!"

"When he reached the retreat of the robber band," the

historian continues,—"he was surrounded by their scouts. He had no thought of avoiding them and no fear of the violence they might offer. He only shouted to them: 'I have come to seek your chief; bring him to me!' The other came fully armed for a hostile encounter; but, on perceiving the man of God, he turned and fled. John, who was on horseback, followed him, crying out as he went: 'Why fly from thy father, my son? I am but an old man, feeble and unarmed. O my poor child, stop and listen: lay aside all apprehension. There is yet hope for thee. I shall be answerable to Christ for thee. I am willing to die for thee, as He did, and ready to give my soul for thine. Only stop, and trust to me; for Christ it is who sent me after thee?'"

### *The Wolf becomes a Lamb.*

The fugitive, overcome by the appeals of that love he knew so well, turns on a sudden and falls prostrate at the feet of his pursuer. He has cast away his weapons, and with his face buried in the dust, he pours forth a flood of tears, concealing the while that guilty right hand which has shed so much innocent blood. John is kneeling by his side, mingling his tears with those of the guilty one, and protesting to him solemnly that he will not rest till he has obtained his pardon from Christ. He has no horror of grasping, despite the other's resistance, that murderous right hand which tears of true repentance are already beginning to cleanse from its stains. He brings him back in triumph to the church in which he had been baptized, remains with him in prayer, vigils, and fasting, pouring forth his whole soul to the Great Shepherd of the flock, to implore His mercy on this lost one which he had reclaimed.

The apostle would not quit his side, calming the terrors and remorse of that guilty soul, by sweet and gentle words, "charming the evil spirit out of him,"—says the historian, by the accents and artifices of his fatherly love. Nor would he commit the care of that sick soul to any one till he had led him step by step to expiate his enormous guilt, to repair

by the most heroic acts of virtue the scandals of his sinful life, and to become foremost in generous goodness as he had been foremost in crime.

It is, we would fain believe, a rare thing to have to recall the sinner from such depths as these. And yet, considering what we daily see, and hear, and read of,—there must be very many homes in every class of society, where deep guilt in some child demands all the arts of a father's love to soften the sinner's heart, and all the resources of his tenderness to raise him up to repentance and newness of life.

We do not, however, hold up the mirror of these Godlike examples, in order to make parents behold therein these extreme cases, in which deep guilt or degradation in a child could only be remedied by heroic charity in a parent.

The love we would inculcate here, is that love which expends itself in the thousand and one little home-charities of every ordinary day and hour, that go to make the household so deeply happy in the sunshine of a father's affection, while it tends to make every child there good, and to keep him good.

### *How the Divine Ideal is realized in the Family.*

Yes, yes; you laughed, dear reader, at our effort, a moment ago, to make you take the Sun in the Heavens as the model of your practical tenderness toward your dear ones. We know it,—it is the sun nevertheless that imparts to the glorious planets of our system their brightness and their vital warmth. But let the planets go! Have you a garden near your home? or beautiful fields and woods around it? or lovely flowers within it? and are you one who takes a hearty pleasure in beautiful things?

Then feast your eyes on the colors and shades which clothe earth and sky around and above your home at morning, or noon, or sunset; look into the face of every flower that blooms in your garden or at your window,—as if in each you read a delightful page of that endless book of beauty, which is only the pale reflection of His charms, in

whom alone resides the essence and perfection of all that is most fair and most bright. Know you not that the magnificences of earth and sky, and the varied beauties and fragrance of grove and garden, of cloud and daintiest flower, —are as much the creation of the Sun in the Heavens, as are the brightness of the evening or the morning stars?

And so,—you, who are the suns of your own homes,— you can by the light of your examples and the warmth of your fatherly love, make the souls, the hearts, and minds and lives of your dear ones more beautiful and fair to look upon, than the most gorgeous flower that ever bloomed beneath the sun. Will you refuse to give to these souls, to these dear and precious lives their coloring and their beauty in the eyes of God and men and angels?

## II. *How to Love Wisely.*

Let your love be a wise love. Wisdom is indispensable to all who have the charge of training and governing others. But, you will ask, what is that wisdom which should temper the father's love in his government of the household and the rearing of his children? Wisdom, in so far as it regards the understanding, is the knowledge of the peculiar nature of things, of the purposes for which they were made, and of the means to make each thing fit itself to its purpose. In practice, it is the directing of others according to this clear knowledge of their destinies and their capacities.

The wise architect, besides the thorough knowledge of the principles, rules, and practice of his art, seizes in every work of his the object for which he builds, and exactly suits the building to the uses for which it is destined. He is the best and wisest builder who so plans and executes every structure intrusted to him, that it is the best of its kind,—the best dwelling-house for rich or poor, the best church edifice in view precisely of the worship to be held therein,—the best for the climate, and for the people; the best for durability, and the best in proportion to the means of those who rear it.

The wise father studies carefully the dispositions of each of his dear ones,—just as the musician studies the capacity of his instrument and the power of each of its chords,—just as the wise gardener acquaints himself with the habits of all and each of his fruit trees, so that each one may be so trained, so cared for, as to yield its utmost in due season.

### *The Divine Art of Training Children.*

The art of cultivating, developing, governing souls (we say nothing of bodily strength and health, in themselves so exceedingly important), is of all arts the most difficult, requiring the highest wisdom, skill, and prudence. We have known parents,—nay, we see such every day,—who seem gifted with almost a divine insight into child-nature, and endowed with somewhat of the divine skill in managing their various capacities and dispositions. They display a like superhuman prudence in training such as are weak, or perverse, or fractious,—addressing themselves, in their method of education, to the affections of each child, calling forth what is noblest and purest and best in their nature, and making them, even from earliest infancy, to love to do what is repugnant to sense or to inclination.

### *Unwise Love.*

Other parents there are,—excellent in many respects, religious, exemplary, gentle,—under whose care children grow up like fruit trees that are never pruned, or grafted; around whose roots no loving hand has dug to loosen the soil or to manure it; from whose trunk hurtful parasites or insects have never been removed. The trees are of the choicest kind, the soil is of the most favorable, and grafts from the very same stock produce, in the neighboring garden, fruits the most abundant and delicious. But the neighboring gardener makes of fruit-growing a labor of love *and a science.*

We have seen parents,—themselves the sad subjects of

inherited moral disease, love their children with a love so absorbing and so unwise, that, knowing them to be prone to the parental weaknesses, they could nevertheless refuse nothing to their appetites;—nay, they would glut these poor diseased little ones with every aliment most fitted to develop in them the fatal germs of the ancestral vice!—This was not loving either wisely or well.

### *Example of Heroic Wisdom in a Father.*

The heroic love of one father, and the marvelous success that rewarded his culture, deserve to be held up to the admiration of our readers.

He was a lawyer,—the son of a man whose transcendent talents might have placed him in the front rank of any profession, but whose incorrigible intemperance had marred all his brilliant prospects, consigning himself to the madhouse and leaving his six orphan children to utter poverty. The son of whom we speak here, was the last of four brothers, and the youngest but one of the whole family. His mother died when the boy was in his third year, a year after his father had become a hopeless lunatic, and six months after giving birth to her sixth child. The two youngest children were adopted by a maiden aunt; of the four others we need make no further mention than to say, that the oldest son drank himself to death before he was thirty.

Our little hero found in his aunt and adopted mother, that supernatural love and wisdom begotten of true piety, which enabled her to discharge the duties she had assumed toward her little orphans, with rare devotion and success. The infant,—a little girl,—was saved and brought up by a miracle of tender nursing, so fragile was the life she inherited. The little brother was watched over with more than a mother's care. The slender means of his aunt were so husbanded by her that she could send him to college in due time,—and his progress in learning was prodigious. His nature was a most passionate one; but the piety imbibed at home and sedulously fostered by his admirable masters, as

well as the recollection of his father's failing and fate, acted on the boy and the youth as a powerful restraint.

It was his good fortune, on entering college, to meet with a spiritual director who had known his father well, and who was most anxious to save his boy from the terrible enemy of his family and happiness. He encouraged the latter to come to him as to a second parent in all his troubles, taught him to overcome his fierce outbursts of temper, and to refuse his appetite everything that was a delicacy or for which he felt a strong liking. On his leaving college, he addressed him in almost the words of the good Father Clifford to the celebrated naturalist, Charles Waterton;* obtained from him a solemn promise of life-long abstinence from everything intoxicating.

The promise in his case, as in that of Waterton, was kept to the end of life. He grew to fame and to affluence as well, dying at the early age of forty-two, leaving five boys behind him, every one of whom was trained from his cradle not only in abstinence from wine and strong drinks, but even from tea and coffee. They were noble boys, healthy, robust, bright,—models of manly strength and beauty, as well as of all manly virtue. Their father made them his constant companions from childhood, making them delight in study and in the practice of all goodness. He asked them to do nothing which he did not do himself,—so that abstinence seemed to them no sacrifice. So far as we know, not one has ever turned aside for a moment from the path in which they had learned to walk with their excellent father.

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* "One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college (Stonyhurst) for good and all, he called me up to his room. 'Charles,' said he to me in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, 'I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far-distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. Promise me, that from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine, or to spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing,' added he; 'but in the end it will prove of incalculable advantage to you.' I agreed to his enlightened proposal; and from that hour to this, which is now about nine-and-thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine or of ardent spirits.'"—NORMAN MOORE, *Life of Charles Waterton*, prefixed to the "Essays on Natural History," London, 1871.

Is not this the way,—approved by nature and blessed of God,—to neutralize and eradicate the fatal germs of ancestral weakness and vice? And was not this to love wisely and well?

### *Another Example of Wise Love in a Father.*

Another instance, in which a like fatherly wisdom saved his child from hereditary consumption,—may suggest a no less useful moral, and shall now be related.

A man of wealth and position had seen his wife and four children taken from him successively by that insidious and implacable distemper. One child, a daughter, was left to him. How could he save her? By a sort of inspiration he resolved to harden her frame, as she grew up, to every influence of the atmosphere, while accustoming her to simple and nourishing diet and to regular though not excessive out-door exercise. From childhood she was made to take a daily cold bath, and when vacation time came yearly for her father, he took her with him to the mountains, lived with her in the open air, in a tent, and made her swim for an hour every morning and evening, even through the cold autumn weather. She is now a lovely woman, the robust mother of a large family of children, whom she brings up after the manner she was herself trained. Will this method prove an effectual remedy to the inherited disposition to consumption? We shall not dispute it with the doctors, nor trespass on professional ground. But surely there is a virtue in generous abstinence, as well as in the healthful use of nature's own appliances, besides the blessing which the God of nature bestows on all generosity and self-denial.

### *Sublime Example of the Rechabites.*

There is,—to confirm such fatherly wisdom and generosity as we would fain inculcate here,—a most memorable example left us in Holy Writ.

When the Hebrew tribes were painfully threading their

way from Egypt through the frightful labyrinth of the Sinaitic Peninsula, — a family of Madianites, — who had, probably, known Moses during his long exile in their midst, —cast their lot with him and his people, renouncing the idolatry of their ancestors, and becoming thenceforward invincibly faithful to the one true God. Even when Israel had fallen away into licentiousness and corruption,—these generous converts only seemed the more bent on honoring the God of their choice by purity and austerity of life.

The fearful sensuality which characterized the Phœnicians and Canaanites, had made on these simple-minded Arabs so painful an impression,—that they refused to live in cities, lest they should become contaminated by the luxuries of city-life. A portion of them withdrew to the northern extremity of Palestine, and the remainder settled in the pastoral wildernesses of the south, not far from the cradle of their race. In the times of the early kings of Judah and Israel, when the majority of the people seemed to have given up forever the worship of the true God, and to sully their homes and lives with all the abominations of the heathen, the chief of this tribe of Cenites or Kenites was Jonadab, the son of Rechab. To preserve his descendants from this dreadful apostasy and its punishment, he bound them by solemn oath to drink no wine, to plant or possess no vineyard, to build no houses, and to live always in tents far away from the atmosphere of cities.

To this solemn engagement these Rechabites ever afterward continued faithful, affording so shining an example of constant purity, piety, and austerity amid the increasing degeneracy of the Israelites, that God allowed them to share in the ministrations of his temple,—as if they belonged to the priestly tribe,—and pledged Himself to perpetuate their race forever.*

Even when the blood of the Apostle James was being shed near the Temple,—almost on the eve of its final destruction, the generous voice of a Rechabite "cried out protesting against the crime." †

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* Jeremias, xxxv. 19. † Eusebius, "Ecclesiastical History," ii. 23.

*God not to be surpassed in Generosity.*

We are not without proof that the Divine Goodness has magnificently kept his promise to this race of noble men. Benjamin of Tudela in the twelfth century mentions that he found the Rechabites to the number of one hundred thousand, fulfilling to the letter every part of the promise made to their glorious ancestor, tilling the ground, living in tents, pasturing their herds and flocks, and abstaining from everything which could intoxicate. In the present century, a European teacher, Dr. Wolff (1829), found the Beni-Khabr (sons of Rechab) to the number of sixty thousand in one place in Arabia, walking in the law of their fathers.

The conclusion must force itself on the serious-minded reader. Jonadab saw that to preserve himself, his brethren, and their descendants from physical degeneracy and extinction as a race, as well as from the deep guilt of idol-worship, he must adopt and practice absolute and perpetual simplicity, austerity, and purity,—utter and perpetual renouncement of all the luxuries of civilized life, and the pleasures of the table. He did not hesitate. And for nearly three thousand years there are the descendants of that man, beneath the gaze of the whole world, sacredly keeping to the promise made to God by their fathers! There is nothing like it elsewhere in profane history.

Surely, this generous parent and reformer loved his children wisely and well!

This is what one father did three thousand years ago,—a simple Arab, unused to all the devices ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of life, for which we have coined the lying name of progress;—he, this high-souled man who feared God and loved his children,—swore for them to be true to God and to be self-denying. And no lapse or length of time has made them swerve from their oath!

On what an "awful throne" did these glorious descendants of a true man place their father! And how truly did the "patient power" of that strong, wise, and fatherly love

of long ago, cover his descendants and the world in which they dwelt with its "healing wings"—as if the might and love of Jehovah himself shielded them from harm amid the political revolutions that have never ceased to convulse their country,—more destructive in their effects than the simoom and its whirlwinds of burning sand!

Would that Christian fathers in our midst could nerve themselves to such generosity and self-sacrifice! God alone knows how deeply, how fearfully our nineteenth century needs it.

### III. *Liberality, Hospitality, Charity to the Poor.*

As to the other virtues which should distinguish the father in his government of the home,—we may dismiss them in a few words.

That he may ever be in the eyes of his dear ones the living representative of the divine perfection, let him be careful to add to the wisdom, and patient, all-embracing love, we have spoken of, the liberality and hospitality which make his home lovely to the friends or the strangers he admits to his table, or to the poor and the needy in whose behalf he acts the part of God's open-handed steward.

Let him, no matter how hard has been his battle with the world in amassing wealth or securing comfort and independence, never allow his children to believe that his heart is set on what he possesses. This superiority to riches and possessions, this independence of all that men value most,—will be only a higher degree of likeness to the Heavenly Father, who is supremely independent of all created things, even while He ministers to our needs with such magnificent liberality, and decks heaven and earth with such beauty and splendor.

It is needful to a child's estimate of his father's greatness of soul, that he should find him ready to give up the whole world for God, and so drawn to the Infinitely Great and Good and Fair,—that he can only love all things outside of God in conformity to the divine will and pleasure.

### *Fatherly Love must be Firm and Authoritative.*

Wise and fruitful of good a father's love cannot be, unless it be at the same time full of that gentle, calm firmness which will be obeyed. The will which enforces obedience willingly and lovingly in the Home, can never be one that is violent, fiery, impulsive, and, therefore, changing and inconstant.

A hot, imperious, wrathful disposition may enforce obedience in an army or on board a ship. There authority is despotic and irresistible,—every act of disobedience and mutiny having to be repressed by immediate and pitiless punishment. For no ship is safe, and no army can exist for an instant, in which the voice of the commander may be questioned or set aside by his subordinates.

In the family the father must govern by a mixture of genuine, enlightened love, and calm, indomitable firmness. All who are subject to him must feel instinctively that what the father wills, he wills lovingly, justly, reasonably ;—*and that his will is law.*

It is scarcely possible, where a man is impulsive, passionate, and imperious toward his children,—that his commands can be regulated either by justice, reason, or wisdom. Hence, the minds of the children will rebel against them, though force may compel them to be silent and obey. Where, on the contrary, they know, from their parent's habitual disposition, that he is himself governed, in every order he gives, by reason, calm judgment, and true love for their own welfare,—and where, especially, experience has taught them that he means what he says, and exacts compliance with his will,—there you may be sure to find neither disobedience, nor disorder.

### *Gentle Firmness and Persistency exemplified in Nature.*

Nothing is so wonderful in the certainty with which it accomplishes its purpose and overcomes obstacles seemingly

irresistible, as the gentle and persistent working of the forces and laws of nature.

Take up a cocoanut on its native soil and when it has fallen in full maturity from the tree. Its shell is as hard, one would think, as iron, without a break or an opening on its surface. If you would get at the delicious substance within you must employ your whole strength to break the shell. And yet, if you plant that nut in the ground, under the conditions favorable to germination, the pulp within will put forth a little white leaf as soft as cream, and the growth and constant pressure of this soft and tender substance will pierce or burst the hard shell, opening a way to the imprisoned life, that in its time will become a stately tree.

See these ancient cities of Mexico, Central America, and New Granada, with the magnificent temples and palaces which attest the genius and civilization of races now passed away. One, who could have seen these mighty structures in all their glory, would have said that the great blocks of which they are built, and the skill with which these are put together, must surely defy the action of time. And yet the feeble and graceful creepers of the tropics, by sending their tiny roots into every joint and crevice, have separated huge block from block, rupturing and disintegrating the hard stone with its marvelous sculptures,—till the whole now offers to the eye of the traveler but a confused heap of fragmentary ruins.

There is, nearer home, another and, perhaps, a more startling instance of the resistless might of the silent and slowly-working forces of nature. We remember in the early spring of 1847, how a portion of the huge and majestic cliff crowned by the Citadel of Quebec, gave way suddenly, falling over and burying the houses and inhabitants that nestled at its foot.

The water had penetrated into what was at first a little narrow cleft in the rock. But water, in freezing, enlarges its volume with a force that nothing can withstand. So each winter the cleft grew in width, admitting a larger

quantity of snow and rain and gravel. The alternate process of freezing and thawing went on silently, imperceptibly to the military men who watched in the citadel and the civilians who slept in conscious security beneath,—till one spring night the mass of half-melted snow and water was such that a single night's frost completed the work of ages, detached a vast mass from the hillside, and sent it toppling over into the river beneath.

Even now there is, a little above the former rift, a new one that is yearly increasing, and which no power known to man can prevent, in its own time, from working a similar catastrophe.

The force of fatherly government should be thus gentle, constant, and irresistible. Children, servants, dependants of every kind, are perfectly conscious of this calm, unruffled, resistless temper of a parent. Even animals feel and obey it. The most spirited and fiery horses know when the hand that holds the reins is strong, firm, and gentle withal,—and they obey its direction and guidance implicitly. Not so when the man who guides them is fiery, impatient, and unsteady. They become feverish, nervous, fidgety, and ungovernable.

### *How Violence paralyzes the best Qualities.*

Need we say more? Let an example or two serve to impress this vital truth.

Napoleon the First was a man of surprising genius. He was not only the greatest of generals, but one of the greatest of legislators. Yet, it has been said of him by one who knew him well and intimately, that what his sword had won on the battle-field, his ungovernable temper lost him in the council chamber. He aspired to be the master of the world, and had at one time become the arbiter of Europe; but he had never learned to control either his anger or his tongue. He thereby made mortal enemies not only of the allied princes he could have bound to himself by gentleness and generosity,—but of his prime-minister Talleyrand, who

knew how to dissimulate and be silent, and who became Napoleon's evil genius and perfidious counselor.

His own brothers hated and opposed him. Before his death, at St. Helena, he said: "I have been spoiled by success. Circumstances and my own energy of character have been such, that from the instant I gained military superiority, I acknowledged neither master, nor laws."

In other and far inferior stations we every day see men, who are remarkably successful as business or professional men, and whose home-life is one of disorder, discomfort, misery, and utter failure.

We know of one man whose great talent for organization and energy of character enabled him to colonize one of our loveliest valleys in the interior, and to found one of our most beautiful cities. Yet could he not wield over his own household that wise, gentle, firm sway without which American boys grow up spendthrifts and vagrants.

If the true father and the true man, for whom these pages are written, is sincerely desirous to see his home-life as blessed as his public life has been laborious, arduous, and successful,—let him learn well the lesson conveyed here. Let him practice self-restraint, and teach it to his children. Those who have never learned to govern themselves, are but ill fitted to govern others,—to govern children especially, who are so wise, so logical, so clear-sighted to perceive the monstrous contradictions between an authority which would impose laws and punish their infraction, while remaining itself lawless, unruly, and most unreasonable.

# CHAPTER XI.

## THE FATHER'S SUPREME DUTY: TO MAKE HIS HOME THE SCHOOL OF REVERENCE.

They gave me a master who was rich in high virtue, the Margrave Henry of Austria, who served women with full loyalty, and spake ever nobly of them as a knight should. He was mild, bold, and of a high heart, wise with the wise, and foolish with the foolish; he endured labor for the sake of honor, and his mouth never spake a bad word; to all his friends he was generous and faithful; and he loved God from his heart. This worthy master said to me: *Whoever would live well, must give himself up to serve a woman.* He taught me much of his gentle virtue, how to speak of women; how to ride on horseback, and to compose sweet verses; he said, *Thereby will a young man endear himself to people, when he can praise women with gentleness, and when he loves them more dearly than himself: for* (said he) *that which arises from a flattering and lying mind can never succeed with the good.* Had I fulfilled all that he said to me, I should have been worthier than I am.—ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN.*

### *Reverence,—the Grand Feature of Christian Homes.*

THE happiness of the world and the salvation of society itself, must depend on the manner in which women, within the home-sanctuary, mold men to loftiness of soul and gentleness of life, while the father and husband, by word and example, teaches his sons a sovereign respect for every one that bears the name of woman.

Do not pass lightly over this thought, as if the practical chivalry it inculcates belonged to the society of the past, or as if this supreme reverence for woman could never again become the worship of all Christian homes and the distinctive virtue of all young men who are proud of their Chris-

* "Duties owed to Women."

tian mothers, and proud, too, of doing homage to her who is the ever-blessed Mother of Christ.

More priceless than all the treasures ever buried in the bosom of the deep and recovered by the appliances of human skill, are such fundamental truths as this, which await the serious inquirer in the very first pages of the Gospel.

We all know how the first words of prophecy ever uttered by man,* were inspired by the Deity † and applied to the divine institution of Matrimony. He who came to restore this fundamental ordinance of the divine economy to its primitive unity and firmness, and who perfected all preceding legislation in His law of charity, generosity, and self-sacrifice, also gave, in the lives of his Mother, of St. Joseph, his foster-father, and in his own private life at Nazareth, the examples of the very home-virtues needed throughout all time.

She who was to be the Mother of the Redeemer, had been united to her kinsman Joseph by a true marriage,—a marriage founded on exalted and mutual affection. Both had left father and mother and the whole world to cast their lot together, under God's wonderful guidance, in poverty, toil, obscurity, and perfect union of hearts. It was a union sanctified by so special a grace, that from the virginal love and life of both was to spring and blossom forth that Tree of Life in whose blessed fruits and leaves was to be the healing and salvation of the world. ‡ Just as John the Baptist, His forerunner, was endowed before his birth and through Mary's instrumentality, with a grace that made him shine like the morning star, the precursor of the sun,—even so were both Mary and Joseph privileged with the purity and holiness that fitted them to be the parents and first companions of the Holy One of Israel.

### *Threefold Reverence practiced at Nazareth.*

We find in the lowly home at Nazareth of Joseph and

* Genesis, ii. 21, 22, 23, 24. † Matthew, xix. 4, 5, 6. ‡ Apocalypse, xxii. 1, 2.

Mary, honored during thirty years by the presence of the incarnate Son of God, the practice of that threefold reverence, which has been characteristic down to the present century, of every Christian family and state,—the reverence for God, for parental authority, and for woman. More than ever, at a time when false science and revolutionary socialism league themselves together to destroy the foundations both of domestic and of civil society, does it become necessary to insist upon this threefold reverence, without which all the glory of our civilization must disappear forever.

The Christian family, wherever it was free, during the past eighteen hundred years, resembled the settler in some one of our lovely valleys in the interior,—along the course of the Susquehanna, the Wyoming, or the Connecticut. He had placed his home high above the stream, so that the sweep of no inundation could reach it; and for generations had beheld from his secure position the fields and farmsteads far and near laid waste in spring by the devastating waters. But lo! he wakes up from his fancied security one morning to see a portion of the bluff on which he has built, ingulfed in the swollen river, and to discover that the swift-flowing waters are slowly but steadily undermining the very soil beneath his foundations.

### *This Reverence now more than ever Necessary.*

The waters of unbelief are daily rising higher and higher, undermining the hitherto secure foundations of the family and the community; the captious errors of the socialist and the communist are sinking deeply into the minds and hearts of the vicious and idle who will not work, and of the hard-toiling poor whose work is but ill requited,—like a conflagration which acquires fiercer destructive force from everything it preys upon.

We must build the home far away from the mighty flood and high above the reach of the flame,—on that Rock of Ages which alone can withstand the utmost violence of the deluge, the fiery tempest, and the earthquake. It behooves

us, therefore, to convince ourselves thoroughly of the deep practical truths to be learned by children and parents, by rulers and subjects, by families and by nations, of the Hidden God, who toils, obeys, and grows in all spiritual loveliness beneath the roof of the Carpenter Joseph.

## I. *Reverence for God.*

The prodigious self-abasement of the Word made Flesh,—taken in the whole compass of his mortal life, was one perpetual act of reverential submission and loving expiation offered for the entire race of man by Him who had become the Second Adam, to repair the ruin caused by the blind pride and selfish sensuality of the First.*

The infinite reverence with which the Second Eve, the Mother of our Life, accepts to be associate with the Crucified in his labors, humiliations, and self-sacrifice,—is set forth most eloquently in the simple words of her answer to the angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word!" And then, how that absolute and heartfelt reverence for the expressed will of the Deity, is manifested in the pains such a Mother takes to separate herself from all the scenes in which her Son is glorified by the people, only taking her place,—woman-like and mother-like,—by His side when He is lifted up on high in shame and agony! And was the cry of that motherly heart, pierced by a sevenfold wound, not heard along with His, when He "was heard for his reverence," as He yielded his spirit to his Father?

But what of him who was the visible head of that lowly and most blessed household of Nazareth? what of Joseph, the "just man," true and perfect in the discharge of his

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* "Wherefore when He cometh into the world, He saith: Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not; but a body Thou hast fitted to me. Holocausts for sin did not please Thee. Then said I, Behold I come: in the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do Thy will, O God."—*Hebrews*, x. 5, 6, 7. "Who in the days of His flesh, with a strong cry and tears, offering up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save him from death, was heard for his reverence."—*Ibidem*, v. 7.

office as custodian of God's chiefest treasures on earth, as husband to such a wife, and foster-parent to such a Son?

See, when the first perplexity assails him, how promptly and unhesitatingly he yields obedience to the injunction of the heavenly messenger: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife!" How reverently he complies with the divine command when bidden to fly without preparation or provision across the wilderness to Egypt, trusting himself and his precious charge, on the way thither and while there, to the guidance and care of the Most High and his angels! The same reverent and trustful submission shines forth in his receiving the order to return to his own country, and to fix his abode at Nazareth. Were not he and Mary the ready pupils in all this of the Divine Babe who grew up beneath their roof and their nurture,—like the Lily of the Valley beneath the shade of twin palm-trees, embalming with its fragrance and delighting with its simple beauty only the obscure corner of earth on which it grew!

## II. *Reverence for Parental Authority.*

Respect for man can only come from respect for God; a loving and conscientious obedience to human authority can only be found in the man who sees the majesty of his Divine Author reflected on the brow of parent, prince, or magistrate. There can be no degrading submission to the voice or will of father and mother in the home, when the child is taught and feels assured that they speak and command in the place of the Heavenly Father. There is nothing but ennobling obedience in observing the laws of Church or State, in accepting the authority of Pope, bishop, and priest, — of emperor, king, or president, — when the reverent eye of faith sees the Eternal Lawgiver behind the earthly legislator, and the knees of the heart are bent to the Infinite Majesty, as man bows down before His representatives here below.

When our Emmanuel gave himself a mother upon earth and consented to pass for a time among men as the son of

the Carpenter Joseph,—He did so with the design of teaching all after-ages in His own person how they were to reverence father and mother. He interrupts the obscure life of toil, poverty, humility, and obedience which he was leading at Nazareth, to show Himself in his twelfth year at Jerusalem the true God-Man, already fitted by the plenitude of his wisdom to teach Israel and enlighten the world,—and lo! after proclaiming to his parents and to the audience assembled in the Temple, that he has an indefeasible right to "be about His Father's business,"—he becomes once more the docile and dutiful child, returns with them forthwith to Nazareth, and thenceforth till his thirtieth year "was subject to them," and, as the pregnant years succeeded each other, He "advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men." *

This is the order of nature, carried out by its very Author when he came to repair and to teach the world: it is and ever must be the law of life and of all intellectual and moral advancement, so long as the world exists and as man continues to be what he is.

Shall we ever lay this truth to heart—that human society, both in the Home and in the State, is paternity, dependence and loving progress in all moral worth, much more than that "liberty, equality, and fraternity," which sets one half of the human race to cut the throats and burn down the homes of the other half?

### III. *Reverence for Woman.*

Do we, in this nineteenth century,—this age of boasted progress and freedom from old prejudices,—marvel at that noble ancestor of a long line of emperors, who was so "rich in virtue," and "who served women with full loyalty, and spake ever nobly of them as a knight should"? We forget that she who, being the Mother of our Head, is thereby the Mother of us all, was looked up to by Him with all the reverence which the best of sons ever paid to the best of

* Luke, ii. 42–52.

mothers. We forget also that Mary was treated with supreme reverence by the angel, by Joseph, her husband and protector, and by St. Elizabeth, their cousin; and that this reverence pervaded the entire Christian family down to the age of the Reformers, forming the very spring and soul of Christian chivalry and the guiding principle of domestic education.

Read over the passage of the Evangelist St. Luke, in which is related the Angel's message to Mary, and weigh well the reverent words of salutation:

> "Hail, full of grace,—the Lord is with thee!
> Blessed art thou among women!"

Then listen to the almost adoring words of Elizabeth, who, like her unborn babe, was filled with the Holy Ghost, as soon as the Mother of the New Life, the Eve of the new creation, the living Ark of the New Covenant,—had crossed her threshold:

> "Blessed art thou among women!
> And blessed is the fruit of thy womb!
> And whence is this to me
> That the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

And then, as the Divine Spirit rushes upon her own soul, and opens out before her eyes the book of the future, the trials and triumphs of the Christian church,—her prophetic soul hears every succeeding age bending before herself with reverence and repeating the words of the Angel and of Elizabeth:

"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed!"

### *Joseph's respectful and faithful service to Mary.*

From the hour that the Angel discloses to Joseph the august mystery of Mary's Motherhood, he understands, this chaste Joseph of the New Testament, that he is infinitely more honored than Obededom of old. For, it is no longer the figurative Ark of the Mosaic Covenant that he has the

honor of sheltering beneath his roof; but the true Ark, and the abiding presence of the Incarnate Deity bringing with it untold blessings.*

Thenceforth he understands it to be in conformity with the divine plan that he should devote himself,—every thought, and aim, every aspiration and pulse of his heart, every day and hour of his life, to the service of that most blessed Mother, and the preservation of that Life of our life, from its first tender blossoming on the root of Jesse till its glorious maturity on the Tree of Calvary.

He knows that the Babe intrusted to his keeping is one to be "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" in the light vouchsafed him from on high, he sees that until the time appointed for his Emmanuel's manifestation by John, He was to be, in his life of absolute dependence and laborious obscurity at Nazareth, as if he were in the eyes of the nation "without father, without mother, without descent." The blood of David in the veins of the high-souled Carpenter, and the heroic spirit of David firing his heart, will thenceforth prompt him only to deeds of unhesitating devotion and self-sacrifice to protect both Mother and Babe from the manifold perils which beset them.

How tenderly, how reverently he watches over her during the period that Emmanuel remains hidden within the Holy of holies! How full of sovereign respect, and love and tenderness is the solicitude with which he guides her to Bethlehem, when "the fullness of time" has come! And who can appreciate his mingled grief and humiliation, when the City of David casts forth the Lamb of God in the cold midnight hour to be born in a cave by the roadside! And then follows the touching story of the hurried flight to Egypt, when Christ, the Hope of the world, and his humble Virgin-Mother, are left, under God, to the care of this other most true-hearted Joseph,—intrusted with a charge infi-

* "And the Ark of the Lord abode in the house of Obededom the Gethite three months: and the Lord blessed Obededom and all his household."—2 *Kings*, vi. 11.

nitely above the administration of the broad empire of the Pharaohs.

Can we wonder, that this man, so holy, so true, so honored by God and his angels, who was the guardian of Christ,—the Head and Parent of regenerated humanity,—and of Mary, the type of the Church, should have been so reverenced in all Christian lands, and that, in our own days, he should at length be solemnly proclaimed as the Guardian and Protector of the whole Christian family?

We have, therefore, in the very first pages of the Gospel history set before our eyes that Holy Family,—as it has been called by the reverence of Catholic ages,—that most august household in which Emmanuel grew up from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to modest and gracious manhood, subject all the while to his parents, both Mother and Child respecting in the Carpenter the divine seal of that fatherly authority, whose prototype and fountain-head is in the Eternal God.

### *Woman ever reverenced in Catholic Households.*

There never has been, since Christianity began, a Catholic family in which Christ, his Mother, and his foster-father Joseph, have not been a reality most familiar to the mind and dear to the heart. Indeed, every household in Catholic lands has been modeled on this sacred home of Nazareth. The devotion of Joseph to Christ and his interests, his reverent service toward the blessed Mother and her Babe, his living faith and unquestioning trust in the all-directing providence of God,—have been the virtues proposed to the imitation of Christian husbands and fathers. Every man within these homes professed to reverence in wife, mother, and sister, the dear and lofty image of Mary's spotless excellence. Nor, all through the countless hosts of chivalrous men, who professed to honor women, was there to be found one true man who had not been trained to imitate St. Joseph, and to reverence in all women Mary Immaculate, the sweet Mother of the children of God.

These men saw with their own eyes, that, in the women of their families, "Goodness gave greatness, and greatness worship." * And old Chaucer, toward the close of the middle ages, gave expression not only to the heart of Catholic England, but to that of all Christendom, when he wrote:

> "For in reverence of the Heavens queene
> We ought to worship all women that beene,
> For of all creatures that ever wer yet, and borne,
> This wote ye well, a woman was the best . . .
> Wherefore me thinketh, if that we had grace,
> We oughten honor women in every place."

If such was the universal respect paid to women, so many ages after the death of the Blessed Mother of God, and all through heartfelt love for her who is also our sweet Mother, —what, think you, must have been the love and worship paid to her by the husband into whose hand and heart God gave her to keep, to honor, to cherish?

### *The Rule of Catholic Households.*

It is impossible that any true Catholic man should think deeply of these things, and make of the holy and elevating sentiments they inspire, a guiding principle in his home-life, without reverencing and worshiping his wife, the mother of his children, the angel of his hearth and heart. It is quite impossible, where true love in the husband is begotten and hallowed by deep piety toward our Lord and his Blessed Parents, that it should not be manifested in a chivalrous devotion toward the wife and mother; that his home should not be blessed with noble children,—true "children of God," full of loving submission to father and mother, and prompt to fulfill every duty of home-life and citizenship.

### *Reverence for Women a Want of our Age.*

Besides,—and this observation is not without its opportuneness at the present moment,—our Divine Solomon is

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* Ben Johnson, "New Inn."

most anxious that we should find in the hidden and unfailing treasures of instruction laid up for us in the brief records of his own private home-life, what is most needful for our own day and country. Unfortunately, to very many Catholic families, these treasuries of revealed truth are like the magnificent reservoirs of Christ's great ancestor, Solomon,—constructed so many ages before the Christian era with such forethought and munificence, they are now discovered, by English and American explorers, at the cost of much money and labor. Uncared for, unknown, hidden away in Jerusalem, half-choked by ruins, or far away in the neighboring mountains where the gigantic works are scarce known to rulers or people,—are they not the lively image of our own splendid birthright of truth, lying around us and beneath our hand, while we cry out for the living waters, and the land is desolate in its moral barrenness?

If families and communities in our nineteenth century will only apply themselves to the study and imitation of these God-given models of private holiness and public virtue,—if all classes in society will only revive in their hearts and homes and lives this threefold respect for God and His Law, for parental authority, and for womanly purity,—we need not fear the inflow of new ideas or the changes threatened by political revolutions.

### *The Ideal Excellence of the Life at Nazareth most eminently practical.*

The supernatural light vouchsafed in such abundance to the Blessed Mother and her noble companion aimed at a life of extraordinary and continual devotion and self-sacrifice in the cause of God's highest interests and of man's salvation. Their life-work was to be that of Christ. They were to be identified with Him, and their actions to be lost in the splendor of his career,—just as the planets nearest the sun, though sharing most in its warmth and brightness, are lost in the surpassing effulgence caused by the very nearness of the mighty luminary.

The obscurity, the apparently purposeless inactivity of Christ's hidden life at Nazareth, was no mystery to Mary and Joseph, how much soever it may puzzle the rationalists or half-Christian biblicists of our modern literature. If our divine Model wished to mark out, by the deeds and virtues of his brief public life, the road which apostolic men in the church and statesmen in civil society should be studious to follow,—He assuredly wished no less to make of the long years spent beneath the roof of Joseph in toil, poverty, obedience, and growth in all Godlike excellence, a lesson to be taught and imitated by the weary and heart-sore millions of the laborious poor.

His parents were enlightened from above to seize the divine purpose both in the one and the other;—and, just as they set themselves with their whole hearts to study and copy Christ in his long probationary humility and toil, so did their inflamed love of the divine glory dispose them to follow Him.

We can thus conceive, that both husband and wife in that most blessed household, would encourage each other to copy to the life all the excellences of the dear Model they had ever before their eyes,—and even, were that necessary, exhort Him as he grew up beneath their care, to run his own giant race of obedience and self-immolating charity. Such was the heroic Mother's purpose, when she "stood" beneath Him in his terrible death-agony, and with her most assuredly would have been present Joseph, had he been then among the living, to support and cheer both herself and her Son in the accomplishment of this supreme act of comformity to the divine will.

Nearness to Christ in both these august personages, meant, therefore, the closest fellowship with him in abnegation, suffering, and all magnanimity. It meant, practically, the closest resemblance to Him whom they studied more nearly, copied more faithfully, followed more devotedly than any of his dearest disciples.

Thus, in the three persons of the Holy Family, we have the most perfect embodiment of purity;—and purity, let us

not forget it, is always strength of soul, and the principle of heroism in action. And, as it is impossible to honor and to practice purity without reverencing and honoring woman, so the study of Christ's life at Nazareth and piety toward His Mother, begot throughout early and medieval Christendom, that spirit of chivalry which went hand in hand with the highest heroism in designing and accomplishing great things.

A reasonable curiosity which is not exclusively distinctive of scientific men, but belongs to all of us, leads to seeking out the sources of great rivers and gazing with wonder at the lake or the rivulet which is the head and well-spring of the mighty stream. So let us look for a moment at some of the sources in the household piety of Catholic nations, of the heroism, courtesy, and gentleness of manners which we couple with chivalry and the knightly enterprises it originated.

Hear Christian Spain through her Ildefonso of Toledo: "O my Lady, and my sovereign mistress, Mother of my Lord, handmaid of thy Son, parent of the world's Creator! I pray and beseech thee that I may have the spirit of thy Son, the spirit of my Redeemer, that I may think of thee true and worthy things, speak of thee true and worthy things, and utter whatever is most true and most worthy concerning thee.

"Yes, I desire to become the servant of the Mother of my God; and why I should desire this, they know who love God, they see who are faithful to God. . . . But not so ye, O wise of this world, who by your wisdom are made fools, and who reject this doctrine, who refuse to believe that she alone should have Him for Son, whom every creature hath for its Lord. But I, as the servant of her Son, desire to have the testimony of submission to his Mother. Thereby, what serves the handmaid is referred to the Lord, what is shown to the parent redounds to the Child, what is paid to the Queen passes to the honor of the King.

"By this Virgin God has come, and having gathered together the nations and the languages, we have seen his glory

as the glory of the only-begotten of the Father. We have flowed to Him from all people, we ascend to this Lord, to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, which is the Church of the living God."*

### *To Love the Mother means to Love the Son.*

And this tender and universal feeling toward the Mother of regenerated humanity only served to deepen the love felt for her Son. What St. Augustine wrote toward the close of the fourth century held true of all those which followed, while the reverence for the new Adam and the new Eve spread with the Church all over the world:

"To them who believe,"—the great Doctor says,—"the beautiful Spouse (Christ) is presented at every turn,—beautiful in heaven, beautiful on earth, beautiful in miracles, beautiful in sufferings, beautiful inviting to life, beautiful not heeding death, beautiful laying down life, beautiful receiving it back again, beautiful on the Tree, beautiful in the Sepulcher, beautiful in the celestial Kingdom. The weakness of the flesh does not turn aside their eyes from the splendor of that beauty."†

### *How Catholic Ages Meditated on the Heroic Deeds of Christ and His Mother.*

In the days of Augustine and Monica, of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Ildefonso (died 667), it had become the custom for the Christians of both East and West to divide the Psalter into three divisions of fifty Psalms each, which they recited or chanted in public. But for the unlearned poor, and the multitudes who toiled in the city and country, in forest and field, far away from the churches, the sweet custom arose and spread of reciting the Psalter of the Incarnation or of the Blessed Virgin, consisting in repeating the Angelic Salutation fifty times in each division. And this

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* *De Virginitate Sanctæ Mariæ.* † *In Psalmum,* xliv.

they did in order to proclaim thereby their living, loving faith in Him whom all the Psalms and other inspired writings foretell and proclaim as the Father of the world to come, while they saluted at the same time with heartfelt reverence the Mother whom they could not dissociate from him in life or in death, on earth or in heaven.

Thus, in the age of St. Bede (the venerable), who died in 733, this manner of praying prevailed all throughout France and England. "The beads used to be suspended with veneration in churches and public places, for the accommodation of all who wished to use them. We read of St. Eloy that for a certain devout lady he made a chair adorned with one hundred and fifty gold and silver nails, that by the signs of the nails she might repeat the Psalter of Blessed Mary.*

This led step by step to what is known as the Rosary, a most beautiful form of mental and vocal prayer, perfected by St. Dominick in the thirteenth century, and which has ever been so dear to all Catholic homes and hearts.

### *Chivalrous Zeal for the Spread of God's Kingdom.*

So, all this sweet and devout thought of the mysteries of Christ's life,—this familiar contemplation of the three great figures of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in the studied story of our redemption, begot in souls, together with the love of purity, reverence for woman, and a mighty desire to imitate and glorify the Redeemer, by spreading his faith and his reign in all lands.

Although the age of chivalry has passed away, and, it is thought, the spirit which animated it has disappeared for ever with the institution itself, yet the general favor shown in our age for the works in prose and poetry which set forth the glories of ancient knighthood,—would prove that this spirit is still a living reality. Thank God, we know it to be such wherever in the English-speaking world the beauti-

* Digby, "Compitum," book ii., ch. ix.

ful productions of the Bard of Chivalry * are still read with admiration by old and young.

### *Also to Purity as the Brightest Ornament of Chivalry.*

The piety begotten by this daily meditation of the sublime mysteries of Christ's life and a familiar acquaintance with the heroic achievements of his apostles, martyrs, and principal saints, prompted men not only to become knights for the protection of female innocence and weakness,—for the defense of the Church and the recovery of the Holy Land from Islam, and for the extirpation of infidel and heretical rule,—but it also spurred men on to such enterprises as the recovery of the Holy Grail,† when lost by the sin of its keepers, and to the high and spotless purity which could alone enable one either to see or to recover it.

The virgin-knight, Sir Galahad, who is privileged to recover and possess the sacred treasure, is the youngest of the knights of the Round Table:

> "'God made thee good as thou art beautiful,'
> Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight."

### *Sir Percivale and his Saintly Sister.*

A nun, the sister of Sir Percivale, himself a blameless youth, had risen to such a height of purity and holiness, by her fervor in expiating by voluntary austerity, the scandals she heard of in the outside world, that God also granted her to see the Holy Grail as it was borne away from its unworthy guardians at Glastonbury. Says her brother:

> "And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun shone,
> And the wind blew through her, and I thought
> She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

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* Tennyson: see his "Idyls of the King."

† The Holy Grail (French, *Sangréal,* or *Sang réel,* the very blood of our Lord), was, in the Arthurian poetry, supposed to be the Cup which our Lord used in the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea had collected the drops of blood which fell from Christ on the Cross.

> . . . Behold her eyes
> Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
> Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
> Beautiful in the light of holiness."

So, this saintly girl, anxious only to stir up in chosen heroic souls the spirit of purity and self-sacrifice as a remedy to the social poison that was leavening souls in the world, chooses Sir Galahad for her champion,—the one destined to recover the Holy Grail, the palladium of England's Christianity. She binds his sword around him with a belt she has made herself:

> "Saying, 'My Knight, my love, my Knight of heaven,
> O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
> I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
> Go forth! for thou shalt see what I have seen,
> And break through all, till One will crown thee King
> Far in the spiritual city:' and as she spake
> She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
> Through him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
> On him, and he believed in her belief."

Such was their conception, in these ages of faith, of the purity which adorned the souls of Joseph and Mary, of the ardor which such holy wife could breathe into the soul of such holy husband, of the unearthly love which bound them together in promoting the interests of God and His Christ: such the spirit in which one might imagine Mary addressing holy Joseph and sending him forth to "see what she has seen," and to endure and brave all labor and suffering, in following their common Lord and Love.

### *This Pure Spirit fruitful in Great Men and Women.*

What marvel that such popular belief and piety begat so many great men and women in every Christian land? Take that great nation, which for eight hundred years was ever in arms against the domineering Mohammedan,—Spain.

"Having great examples of virtue in their Catholic kings and princes,"—says a writer who knew them well,—"the

Spaniards in general live in a most Christian manner. For they observe justice; they observe the precepts of the Church; they assist at the divine offices; they hear sermons; they venerate priests; they respect elders; they love their friends; they injure no one; they console the afflicted; they assist the needy; they show the right way to those who are wandering from it; they admonish sinners; they pardon the penitent; they keep faith, love the studious, and hate the wicked:—therefore do I prefer Spain to other countries. For I am delighted with the admirable morals of the Spaniards, with their singular urbanity, their noble customs, not alone those of the knights and priests, but also of peasants and husbandmen."*

### *The Country Population in Spain Uncontaminated.*

Nor,—much as the systematic introduction of Voltairian skepticism and the prevalence in the cities of revolutionary doctrines have affected Spanish institutions and manners,—has the mass of the Spanish people been robbed of ancestral faith and piety by the successive social and political revolutions.

Do not think, because the stream, as it flows by the crowded city or skirts the great centers of industry, becomes polluted by the manifold impurities poured into it, that its waters have been contaminated throughout their entire course and even in their well-springs.

We have only to go

> "Away from city, smoke, and sin,
> Unto the solitude wherein
> The happy stream is born,"

and we may be sure that there we shall find the air pure, the crystal fountain stainless, and all around peace and purity.

> "Hither the sunshine cometh not,
> But leafy branches shade the spot
> Where sleeps the baby stream;

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* Marinus Siculus, *De Rebus Hispanicis*, lib. v.

And here with folded wings Love lies,—
We feel his breathing, and our eyes
Meet in a happy dream.

"There, looking down upon its face,
We watch the water in the place
From whence it singing flows,
And picture sweetly, while we rest,
A little Naiad in a nest,
Where the wild lily blows." *

### *Catholic Home-Life Surviving in Protestant Countries.*

We may well console ourselves, in view of the dangers with which society and religion are at present threatened, in reflecting that home-education in every Catholic land, is still based on this venerated ideal of our fathers,—the home-life of Nazareth. Even in countries, which regard with undisguised hatred not only the authority of the Church, but the very name of Catholic,—the ancient virtues and traditions of Catholic home-life still continue to be cherished. That is a mercy of Him who is Father over all the families of nations, and who, having "made them for health, . . . there is no poison of destruction in them," † for which he has not prepared an antidote in his own good time. No! the power of evil is not unlimited; nor is the reign of the Enemy of God and man to endure forever.

### *A Noble National Character.*

Surely we have seen enough of these blessed homes on both sides of the great ocean, not to feel secure of the future, even though the present be full of doubt, and danger, and fear. The greatest man ever born in Ireland, Edmund Burke, wrote at the close of the last century: "The Castilians have still remaining a good deal of their old character, their *gravidad* (dignity of deportment), *leal-*

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* "Wayside Poesies."

† Wisdom, i. 14. *Creavit enim, ut essent omnia: et sanabiles fecit nationes orbis terrarum: et non est in illis medicamentum exterminii, nec inferorum regnum in terra.*

*dad* (loyalty), and *il timor de Dios* (the fear of God)." This is more true even of other provinces of Spain than of Castile. It is true of the whole rural population from sea to sea. And these noble characteristic features,—the lofty self-respect and dignified courtesy, the steadfast loyalty to God, country, and honor, that fear of God which is not the abject servility of superstition, but the enlightened sentiment of that Majesty which rules and judges the whole earth,—all that comes from the intimate knowledge and daily practice of these great principles that guided blessed Joseph in Nazareth, and still form the living law for every Spanish father of a family in Europe or America.

What we most need in our day are men conscientiously and invincibly attached to principle,—God-fearing, self-respecting, nobly independent while reverencing the rights of others,—incapable of betraying their conscience, their trust, or their honor; men uniting to the vigor of body inherited from chaste and temperate ancestors and sustained by personal virtue, to the strength of soul which true piety begets,—that dignified and gentle courtesy which is only the flower and perfume of Christian charity.

Catholic faith, Catholic piety, Catholic home-life begat such a nation of men in glorious Spain during her long struggle with the Moor. If the national character degenerated, and with it declined the national greatness,—it was because other principles and another life, hostile to their ancestral faith, penetrated like the miasms of a plague into Spanish homes, and tainted there the atmosphere which Christian purity and piety ever generate.

### *How to Preserve and Improve National Virtues.*

Would you see, among the Spanish race at home and abroad, the old domestic virtues flourish anew, and with them revive the pristine glories of the proudest nation of Christendom? Leave Religion free to set up the ideal we have been describing, and men free to make it a living reality in their homes and their public conduct!

We Catholics, by our degenerate lives, are responsible for much of the evil which at present afflicts both Religion and Society. The sole remedy against its increase lies in our honoring the faith of our fathers by living up to its precepts and teachings, to the high ideal which it holds up to our imitation and to the noblest of household examples.

> "Good alone is good without a name,
> And this breeds honor : that is honor's scorn
> Which challenges itself as honor's born,
> And is not like the sire : honors best thrive
> When rather from our acts we them derive
> Than our fore-goers. The mere word 's a slave
> Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave
> A lying trophy."

# CHAPTER XII.

## PATERNAL AUTHORITY AND HOME EDUCATION

He that honoreth his father shall enjoy a long life;
And he that obeyeth the father shall be a comfort to his mother.
He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents,
And as his masters will serve them that brought him into the world.

*Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 7, 8.

What principally strikes the observer who studies the civilization of China, and what is in reality its distinctive feature, is the preponderance of paternal authority. Indeed, this authority is the chief tie of the family, the fundamental basis of government and laws, and the very soul of religion itself. It preserves domestic harmony, feeds the spirit of obedience toward the public authorities, and hallows both the memory of ancestors and the popular respect for traditions.

Filial piety is in China, what the love of freedom was in Greece, what love of country was in Rome, and what the religious sentiment was in the Middle Ages.—M. L. DONNAT.*

THE mightiest rivers on the surface of the globe have their source in the highest mountain solitudes, most frequently in the vast snow-fields which furnish them perennial waters. The ancient traditions of India will have it that the sacred streams of the Indus and the Ganges rise at the very foot of the mountains that are nearest heaven and the dwelling place of the gods.

So is it with all authority most revered among men, with every institution from which human life and society derive power, happiness, and stability. One has to go back to the cradle of humanity to find their certain origin;—their sanction must come immediately from Heaven itself.

The beginnings of these venerable customs and institutions of the vast Chinese Empire, if traced back conscientiously from century to century, would lead us to the very

* *Ouvriers des Deux Mondes*, vol. iv., p. 116.

age of Noe and his sons: the traditions on which repose the ancestral worship of China, the religion and moral life of the nation and of every home within it, are thus found to be anterior to Moses and his law, anterior even to Abraham and that Chaldæan corruption from which the great patriarch fled.

Thus we can appreciate how ancient and universal was the wisdom enunciated by the Son of Sirach:

> "He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents,
> And as his masters will serve them that brought him into the world."

That fear, full of reverence, submission, and love, which, before the deluge, formed the religion of Seth and Henoch, flowed on through the breasts of Noe and Sem, to be the religion of the renovated human family. It was the law of nature, as immutable as the Eternal God,—that reverence, honor, and love for the Father in Heaven, should be the source of the respect, obedience, and affection which we are bound to show to our parents. Do away with "the fear of the Lord" in the hearts of children, and the home will become a ruin. Let religion and filial piety disappear from the majority of homes of a nation, and you can safely predict its extinction. Just as the vast regions watered by the Indus, the Ganges, the Amazon, and the Mississippi, would soon become a barren and uninhabited wilderness, if their sources in the mountains should fail, because the winds of heaven ceased to bring there either rainfall or snow.

It is then of unspeakable importance that this paternal authority, God-given as it is, fundamental as it must be regarded in human society, should be thoroughly understood and most religiously upheld and reverenced.

Were Christians to forget either its origin or its claims, they would be reminded of both by pagans and Mohammedans. Thank God, there is one great society, one ever-present and unerring authority, which can never cease to reutter the divine precept, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and to explain its significance and scope to the nations.

### *Divine Origin of Paternal Authority.*

It is, then, the sentiment of the Church that the father in the family derives his authority not from the State, but immediately from God himself. The family was before the State, which owes its existence and derives its powers immediately from the people or the association of families and individuals who compose the people, and ultimately only from God.

By no human law or legislator can the authority of the father over his children, and the duties essential to his office, be done away with, confiscated, or superseded. It is the interest of civil society and of its legislators to lend their aid to the divine and natural law in this. Our lawgivers, our magistrates, our voters would only be playing into the hands of the socialists, communists, and levelers, by trenching on the father's legitimate authority within his own household, instead sanctioning by their enactments its rights and protecting its free exercise.

Let us once more repeat it here,—to abridge in the family the father's authority over his children, or to weaken in any way the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie,—is to move the foundations of the earth!

With this warning we dismiss, for the present at least, this portion of our subject, and proceed to show what is the extent of parental jurisdiction, and what is the corresponding obligation of the father, or, in his stead, of the mother. The reader, of course, will understand us to speak here of education.

### *Education, the Parent's indefeasible Right.*

One of the first injunctions laid on the great Christian Society of Ephesus, was, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is just;" * and then the Great Apostle rehearses the Mosaic precept, continuing thus:

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* Ephesians, vi. 1.

"And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord."

With regard to the first part of this injunction, we have said what is abundantly sufficient in the preceding chapter. There is no more certain safeguard against a parent's provoking his children to anger,—to all the rebellious and passionate discontent which an oppressive use of authority creates,—than the wise, gentle, patient, all-embracing love, and firm discipline described there. We have now to insist on the "bringing up in the discipline and correction of the Lord,"—that is, on the duty of education,—Christian education, as is evident from the very words of the apostle.

And now, dear reader, do not be alarmed at this beginning, as if we meant to inflict on your patience a long lecture or sermon on the training of childhood and youth. What we have to say is exceedingly practical, and had better, therefore, be said briefly. It is also exceedingly important, and must be said clearly. At any rate we shall do our best to tell pleasantly a tale so often told, and requiring, nevertheless, perpetual and conscientious repetition.

The object which the great Christian apostle had in view in insisting upon bringing up children "in the discipline and correction of the Lord,"—was, undoubtedly, the formation in them of habits of supernatural virtue,—such virtue having its standard of excellence in the life and teaching of Christ.

This,—as being in reality Christian education,—is to be most carefully distinguished from mere instruction in letters or in worldly knowledge. Our remarks, in this chapter, shall apply to both the one and the other,—keeping very distinct before the mind of the reader, the parent's office in forming the character and molding the soul to Christ-like goodness, from the function of training the mind to the acquisition of knowledge and science.

The author, during many years of his life, has been occupied in the duty of teaching; he is, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of the teacher's functions at

all times, and especially in his own age and country. He has also been all his life a keen student, seeking to complete the early knowledge given him in one of the foremost institutions in America, by serious studies undertaken in advanced manhood—undertaken, too, with the purpose of benefiting American youth. He will not, then, be suspected of undervaluing modern methods or their results, or of holding cheap the science of the age, the ripest fruits of which he has sought so laboriously in the best schools of both hemispheres.

Of scientific and literary studies he will treat after he has said here what a long experience and deep conviction urge him to say on education proper, as distinguished from instruction.

### *What Education is.*

Under the Christian religion, man, regenerated by baptism, is taught that the entire race is called in Christ to a supernatural destiny, through the profession of a supernatural faith, the practice of supernatural virtues, and the use of divine ordinances, that are supernatural in their aims and effects. It is the sacred and indispensable duty of every Christian father to live up to this belief himself, and to see to it that his children are educated up to it.

On this point the Church has spoken clearly, emphatically, definitely: so, there is no room for questioning her mind and purpose thereon. We only insist on it here, because, in our own country, as elsewhere, the right and duty of the parent are made to conflict with what is called the right of the State. Let it suffice that the same St. Paul has said elsewhere:* "If any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Is it not a confirmation of the charge given so many ages before that to the fathers in Israel, "Lay up these my words in your hearts and minds, and hang them for a sign on your hands, and place them between your eyes. Teach your children that

* 1 Timothy, v. 8.

they meditate on them"?* And again, at a period much nearer the Christian era, "Hast thou children? Instruct them, and bow down their [neck] from their childhood." †

The Christian generation of the nineteenth century believe and affirm that it is their right and their duty to form their children from infancy to the knowledge of "the truth as it is in Christ Jesus," and to the perfect imitation of his virtues. The injunctions of the apostle, and the Divine Will revealed and declared through him, they believe to be addressed not to the State or the civil magistrate, but to every father in his place and office as head and master in his household. The obligation of seeing to it that parents do comply with this duty, has been imposed on those whom "the Holy Ghost hath placed . . . bishops, to rule the church of God," and in a special manner on him who is, under Christ, Shepherd of the whole flock, and whose office it is to feed both the lambs and the sheep. The mainteance and development of Christian life, as such, is the care of the Christian Society, the Church,—not of the Civil Society, only in so far as the Church requires and accepts its coöperation.

So much for the duty of the parent in Christian education,—as well as its correlative, the right to educate. As to its exercise, we need not say much. It is the province of the mother to train and to form,—it is that of the father to sustain and aid her with the whole weight of his authority and sympathy. Where both parents are true practical Christians, united in mind and heart in this the most essential part of their work,—though they may not have much of worldly learning or worldly means,—they will be sure to bring up their children well.

As, however, we devote a special chapter to "Education in the home of the laboring man and the unlettered,"—we must now give some practical advice on parental duty in directing or superintending the education of children both in the home or in institutions outside the home.

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* Deuteronomy, xi. 19. † Ecclesiasticus, vii. 25.

## I. *Home Education.*

Where the atmosphere of the home is pure and healthful to soul and body,—though it may be neither the abode of wealth nor that of culture,—its influence on the spiritual growth of the child is most salutary. For both the interior and the exterior man may grow to all goodness and loveliness even in the cottage of the field-laborer, the shepherd, or the peasant, as we read of David growing up beneath the roof of Jesse, of the Blessed Peter Favre developing all his most amiable and most admirable qualities of soul while pasturing the flocks of his father and uncle on the mountains of Savoy,—like the exquisite and sweet-scented flowers of his native Alpine solitudes, unfolding all their loveliness amid barren crags and perpetual snows.*

Nothing can ever wholly take the place of the blessed and manifold influences which the daily words and actions of father and mother, their very bearing and manners, and the mysterious but all-powerful action of the very air that good people breathe, exercise on the children that grow up around them. The earth retains throughout the longest and severest winter, even when all is covered with deep snow, some portion of the vital heat received from the sun in summer; and we know that, even after the sun has set and during all the hours of the darkest night, the air retains the most precious qualities of what is called diffused light; and thus beneath the frost and the snow will the germs of all the earth's beauty and wealth continue to bide the return of spring; thus, too, through the midnight darkness all living things in field and forest will continue to grow till dawn once more brings back the sun.

We have, at the moment we write, one of these obscure, laborious, but most blessed homes quite near us, where the children, amid the silent, gentle, but most powerful influence of their parents' and grand-parents' homely virtues and

* See in "The Life of the Blessed Peter Favre" (London, 1873), the early training of one of the greatest men of the sixteenth century.

example, all grow up to that upright, innocent, and honorable type of manhood and womanhood, that so vividly brings before us the dear homes of another land. Yes, yes,—there is a teaching more eloquent than the lessons of the most accomplished masters and mistresses, an education more congenial to man's higher nature, more beneficial to the growth of every faculty of soul and every power of body, than all the book-learning and all the scientific gymnastics of the schools.

It is not that we do not prize the latter at its very highest worth, but that we consider the influence and training of a father and a mother in whom the Spirit of God dwells, and who bring up their dear ones according to the instincts of that Spirit, to be the sole mighty agency of nature, mightily seconded by nature's God, for the unfolding of all that is noblest in the human soul.

### *The Home-Formation prepares the Substance of the Soul.*

This first education of the child in the paternal home, is one that lays the foundation of all future greatness; just as the neglect of such education, or a perverse and vicious one, is the source of all the failures, the misery, the guilt, and ruin of after-life. This first formation (*creation* the old Catholic language termed it) gives to the soul its "grit," as well its shape: it never loses either the mold or the temper then imparted to it. Like the magnificent Japanese vases seen at our Centennial Exposition, the exquisite designs, wrought, after the casting of the vase, into its substance, or the no less marvelously beautiful scenes inlaid on the bronze itself in gold or silver or color, are the work of an artist other than the potter. Thus the first formation of the soul and the character in the home and by the creative influence of the parents and of the whole atmosphere around them,—is like the casting of the vase. It gets its form, its molding in these early years;—the second education of the schools, and the final education in the world amid professional business and the battle of life, may be compared

to the designing, the inlaying, the enameling, the chasing, and the coloring bestowed on the molded form to make it in every way perfect and admirable. This extraordinary wealth of ornamentation, however, is only lavished on vessels made of the best materials. Where the metal is base, or where there is a flaw, the artist will not attempt to carry out elaborate and costly designs, for the imperfect or unworthy vessel will not bear them.

At any rate, the action of virtuous and intelligent parents, during this first process of education, may be most aptly likened to the hidden, slow, but wonderful action of nature in forming the most precious marbles or the rarest gems; the marbles of Paros and Carrara, out of which Art has fashioned its masterpieces, are composed of the same substance as the commonest limestone, just as the diamond is identical in composition with pure coal or charcoal. By the action of laws, whose secret is known to the Divine Author of all things,—the beautiful marble is prepared by the hand of nature and made ready for the hand of the sculptor, just as the diamond is crystallized in Nature's own secret laboratory, where no human eye has ever witnessed the process, and laid up for the skill of the jeweler to polish and to set it.

We repeat it, the influence and the action of the best of parents in forming the soul and life of their dear ones, is in accordance with the laws of nature, with His will who is its creator and lawgiver; it is therefore strictly natural; and even in following the higher impulses of supernatural grace, this formation does not cease to be natural in the full and comprehensive sense in which the Christian philosopher understands it.

This formation makes the marble marble, and not lime; makes the diamond diamond, and not coal-dust. The soul of the child receives therefrom its quality and its form; the education which follows only gives polish, design, ornament, and setting.

## *Infinite Reverence due to Children.*

Hence, parents cannot be too careful and wary in all that relates to the early training of their children. There is not an action, a word, a tone, a look, that is not observed by these wonderfully attentive little eyes; and not a thing observed that is not remembered for a time at least. Everything in the parents influences these sensitive plants; everything in the home,—its comfort or discomfort, its cleanliness or uncleanness; the pictures on the walls, the very furniture and its arrangement, all exercise a subtle but most undoubted action on the senses of these tender ones. Like the self-registering instruments of our observatories, they receive and retain impressions made by all the phenomena of earth and air; and because these impressions act upon the secret springs of nature in the soul, life's center, the action produces results that are permanent, sometimes everlasting.

Indeed, it is because the soul of man partakes of the nature of the Infinite and Eternal, that parents should be so solicitous about every teaching and every impression given to their infant children. It is ascertained that there are trees in our American forests that live for upward of a thousand years; the English yew tree lives longer than this, and we know not but others may be endowed with still greater longevity. Thus the impression made on one of these saplings, the twist given to it, the mark set upon it, will remain forever on the tree's substance, and outlive in duration kingdoms and empires.

Your child's soul is destined to outlive the sun in the heavens, to live with God, sharing His life, His glory, His bliss throughout all the unimagined countless cycles of eternity. This is elementary Christian truth. There is not an impression you make on the soul of your babe,—for good or for evil,—that is not of itself destined to be everlasting. There is not a direction or inclination your teaching or your neglect gives to that tender soul, but will per-

sist beyond the grave. There is no lesson of yours, no matter how imparted,—by words, or actions, or the influence of your life and your home,—but is of infinite importance to your child's welfare, of eternal consequence to its greatness here and hereafter. We say "hereafter,"—for it is only in the Eternal City that man attains to the full perfection of manhood. Eternal life is the autumn of humanity, the golden season of maturity and perpetual fruition.

### *What Seeds should be sown in Young Hearts.*

When, therefore, you, O Father, encourage and aid your wife, in every way that your countenance, coöperation, and sympathy can, in sowing in your child's heart the first seeds of generosity, self-denial, devotion to the welfare and happiness of others,—the early love and fear of God, the sense of duty and inflexible honor, the horror of all that is untruthful, hypocritical, and time-serving; you are sowing seeds of immortality.

> "I wonder did you ever count
> The value of one human fate;
> Or sum the infinite amount
> Of one heart's treasures, and the weight
> Of Life's one venture, and the whole
> Concentrate purpose of a soul." *

We have seen gardeners in France, where common wine is so plenty, employ it to water certain favorite plants, because the generous liquid imparts to the flowers a richer hue. We have heard of persons in tropical climates injecting the living tree with some deep coloring matter, in order that such precious woods as mahogany might by this process receive a deeper and more beautiful tint. Indeed, modern chemistry has found means of injecting the veins of wood employed in certain important constructions with a liquid that will prevent the wood from decaying and crumbling away.

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* Adelaide Anne Procter.

All these industries of the gardener, the merchant, and the mechanic, will help a thoughtful parent to understand what undying and varied beauty, what priceless qualities of mind and heart, what immortal vigor and virtue,—can be imparted to the soul of a child by the careful and conscientious culture of father and mother,—by HOME-EDUCATION.

### *Special Advice to Fathers.*

We must not repeat here the instructions given to mothers on this important subject.* As, however, the father's authority is paramount in the family, and as he before all and above all is responsible for the vicious education given in the household, we are bound to direct his attention to some few points of no little moment.

Let him see to it that there be in the house neither pictures, statues, nor books, unworthy of meeting the eye of innocent childhood and chaste-souled youth. Parents too often need to be reminded that the first and incomparably the most essential purity, is that of the soul—of the mind, memory, and imagination. So many young people of both sexes grow up around us to beautiful manhood and womanhood without ever having had a thought or a suspicion of evil cross their mind or fancy! One feels, in presence of these spotless souls, as if one beheld an angel descended from Paradise, surrounded with an atmosphere of heavenly light and fragrance.

There is no father, who in his heart of hearts does not most devoutly wish that his little sons and daughters may grow up in this ignorance of all that can stain soul or body, as well as in the knowledge and practice of all the virtues and graces, that can make innocence itself tenfold attractive and powerful for good. Innocence is the virgin gold without alloy or blemish; the added virtues and graces are the exquisite form given to the gold, the chaste designs and enameling that embellish, and the gems that enrich it. The soul thus kept pure, and then perfected by every

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* See "The Mirror of True Womanhood."

manly or womanly virtue, and further adorned by all the graces and accomplishments of education,—is a vessel into which God may pour His Spirit, and which He may use for all His most gracious purposes.

### *No Vile Pictures or Books in the Home.*

It behooves, therefore, every enlightened father, to banish from his house the vile pictures and the still more vile literature of the day. It is one of the deep schemes of the atheistical and social revolutionists of our times, to publish in the cheapest and most attractive forms books of every description aiming at implanting corruption both in the mind and in the heart of the popular masses,—of boys and girls, particularly.

There are works of fiction written in the most enchanting form, every one of which is based on some theory hostile to religion, subversive of conjugal fidelity, of filial piety and parental authority, and illustrated by romantic incidents that are as sure to deaden or to kill innocence in the soul, as slow doses of arsenic or strychnine are certain to destroy within a given time the life of the body.

The revolutionists of Europe showed a diabolical skill in conveying into the homes of the people whom they wished to dechristianize and corrupt before they made them ripe for insurrection, these antichristian and antisocial romances at a mere nominal price, and these cheap and exquisitely illustrated works in which all that was most sacred was caricatured, and all that had hitherto been deemed pure and chaste was profaned and defiled.

### *Deadly Influence of Bad Books in France.*

We remember, at Laval and Amiens, in France, to have watched on Saturday evenings, young working-men and women forming long files before some cheap book-store, where these productions were sold or lent for a mere trifle, to be taken home and fed upon for several days or the en-

tire ensuing week,—filling the whole soul with the intoxicating fumes of the rankest impiety and the most unblushing licentiousness. We knew then what fruits would come of this devil's husbandry; and has not France reaped them? and are they not, at this moment, preparing to gather another harvest of civil strife, social convulsion, and anti-christian hatred, such as, perhaps, the world has never yet seen?

### *French Novels the Soul's Poison.*

Is it not notorious that French novels, and indeed, the whole of the lighter literature of France, breathe a spirit deadly to the souls of the readers and to all the virtues on which, in our midst till now, family happiness and purity were founded? One thing of late has filled us with equal astonishment and alarm,—that our most distinguished publishing houses should so far forget their own high position, the esteem in which they were held by the public, and the reverence they owed both to the religion they profess and the morality of Christian families,—as to translate and circulate the infinitely dangerous productions of Georges Sand and the most seductive French and German novelists. Surely this is worse than the crime attributed, rightly or wrongly, to a fanatical partisan during our late civil war, who purchased abroad in every center of pestilential disease, the garments of the dead victims, imported and scattered them among our most populous cities, that a multiplicity of plagues might effect what armies could not on the battle-field,—the ruin of our people.

### *Guilt incurred in Circulating them.*

These publishing houses themselves are loud in condemning our "Dime Novels" and filthy illustrated papers. But we do not hesitate to affirm, that beneath the enchanting style of the pestilential works of fiction which they popularize in our midst, a worse poison is prepared for the unsupecting mind of youth,—than in the worst of "Dime

Novels." Each is a curse to our people ; the French novel a tenfold curse to our American homes with their traditional beliefs and noble ancestral virtues. And will the propagation of this curse among the Christian families and chaste youth of America, bring a blessing on the publishers, or on those who lend their pens to the vile work of translation ?

It is for fathers of families,—the God-fearing men whom this book will reach,—to exclude these poisonous and pestilential books from their homes. This rigorous exclusion becomes, at present, more than ever necessary. For it has of late become the fashion to issue in the cheapest form the most attractive books in the whole range of English literature. Of these "Libraries," as they are designated, some may be more free from objection than others ; but, for indiscriminate use, in the hands of young people, of children especially, all are most objectionable.

Keep them out of your children's hands,—keep them out of your homes.

Some of our Catholic publishers, anxious to provide an antidote as cheap and as attractive to the taste as the poisonous intellectual food of these "libraries,"—are publishing popular and cheap editions of the masterpieces of Catholic writers. May God prosper their enterprise, and increase a hundred-fold their own means of doing good !

### *Danger of promiscuous Newspaper reading.*

The same precautions and watchfulness should be used by Christian parents, in a very great measure, in the choice of newspapers and periodicals. We are not afraid that any truly enlightened journalist shall take us to task upon this subject. No parent,—we would venture to affirm,—could be more strict in excluding from his home and from the hands of his children, both the vile literature we have been describing, and the indiscriminate use of the daily and periodical productions of the Press,—than several distinguished journalists well known to us. Newspapers are only for men engaged in the active business of the world. *They*

take from the columns of the daily journal what is to their own immediate purpose, and let the rest go. Third or fourth-rate politicians alone find in editorial disquisitions the intellectual food they crave for. But children and young people are not politicians. And may their good angels long keep them out of the miry paths of politics!

Besides,—there is no worse school for the mind than our daily papers. The cheap and very imperfect knowledge to be found there on such a multiplicity of subjects, only taxes the memory, without exercising the intellect and the judgment. The superficial learning thus easily acquired, will prevent a man from applying himself seriously to methodical study. What such learners gain in surface they lose in depth. They never attain to real science on any subject. There is a worse injury done to the mind than this,—it is to unfix its firmest beliefs and notions, to leave it without strong convictions or lofty principles. For, it is very hard for a young man to read, day after day, misrepresentations of his baptismal faith and the dearest objects of his veneration; to see the principles he has been taught to consider as immovable as the foundations of the earth, laughed at as superannuated, or absurd, or illusory, without finding all firm ground of respect and belief swept from beneath him.

Let parents believe us, then,—the later in life their sons betake them to reading much of the newspapers, the better for their minds, their hearts, and their fortune, as well!

### *Be your Sons' Companions.*

This is the proper place for recommending to fathers to make themselves the companions of their grown-up sons. Of the watchfulness to be exercised by a good mother in order to keep her boys from dangerous associations, the author has written at length in another work,* and he earnestly requests fathers to ponder seriously the advice there

* See "The Mirror of True Womanhood," chapters xiv. and xv., pages 217–290.

given. It is so desirable that both parents should be guided in this vital matter, by the same rules! As we have already said, it must be the father's delight as well as his duty to make the mother's will the supreme law in this respect.

But we find it impossible to turn our back on this part of our subject, without again beseeching every father who takes up this book, to make every effort, every sacrifice of his own rest, and comfort, in order to make his sons and daughters find at home all the amusement and recreation they need, and in order, as well, to share all the out-door amusements of his grown-up children.

Dearest reader, whoever you are, we suppose you to have nothing in this world so much at heart, as the making of your own home the sweet paradise to which you long to come back, whenever business or duty keeps you away for a time, and out of which you never go without regretting the necessity that impels you. Is it not to have one such a sweet spot on earth that you have labored late and early? Is not the creation of such a true home—a true heart-rest—the reward you most covet for all your labors and trials on this side of the grave? Then do your utmost to make your home to be for your sons and daughters what it is for you, the center of all their thoughts, affections, and longings.

## *Beware of Bad Companions.*

One poor young man's terrible fate brings, after many years, before our mind the blissful interior of such a home, and the tragic consequences of slighting a parent's admonitions about loose companions.

The victim in this sad domestic tragedy was in his twenty-first year,—the son of a man who had begun by being a hod-carrier, then a journeyman mason, then a builder on his own account, and finally a most successful speculator in real estate, but in every stage of his business a man fearing God, self-reliant, of equal integrity and business capacity, honored and trusted by all who knew him, and ever the modest, unobtrusive man he had been from his early youth.

He had made for himself and his five children just such a little home-paradise as you would expect the true Christian, without pretension or love of display, but with abundant means and natural good taste, to create for himself. No one knew how much of comfort, of goodness, of happiness, and native refinement there was in that "nest of a house," but those who partook of its hospitality, and they were not many.

The two oldest sons had been successively associated with the father in his own thriving business, had been most happily married, and had gone forth from beneath the parental roof to found homes in every way most like their mother's, coming back weekly to her to spend the Sunday's rest in the sunshine of her own delighted smile and her husband's proud affection. The youngest boy,—perhaps over-petted by his parents because he was the youngest, had asked to be sent to college, and had finished with credit his collegiate course. On returning to his parents, he seemed to weary of the quiet of their home-life,—and, if the truth must be told,—of the companionship of his parents and of his brothers and sisters. He had formed a friendship with a college companion, belonging to a family much superior to his own in social position,—and, in spite of the anxious entreaties of his mother and the indignant remonstrances of his father, he spent most of his free time in this friend's company, and accepted even an invitation to pass several weeks with him on a shooting excursion.

This young gentleman, the other, of course, invited to his father's house on their return. The beautiful young daughter of the house, the twin-sister of our collegian, struck the fancy of the fashionable and well-born friend, and the latter at once resolved to make a conquest of her. He was handsome, witty, accustomed to the best society, and played and sang charmingly. The artless girl was smitten by all these accomplishments as well as by the marked attention the young visitor paid her. This happened on the very first night. But both parents, warned by their secret instincts, did not invite their son's friend to return, and lost no time

in telling their son with all due precaution and tenderness, —that the young gentleman's companionship was one they did not wish for him, and that his intimacy in the family was most undesirable. Had there been no other reason for this than the patronizing airs of their late visitor, the honorable self-respect of the parents would not submit to be looked down upon by anybody. Besides, the young man was known to be fast, and that was a sufficient motive to cut off their family from all intercourse with him.

Unfortunately their son was blind to all these reasons, and deaf to their entreaties, and he had already begun to turn his sister's head about the conquest she had made of his wealthy and much-admired friend. The latter, presuming on this friendship, renewed his visits as well as his attentions to the now conscious and fascinated girl; and the visits became so frequent and the attention so marked that the father felt himself bound to tell his visitor, that he could not permit him to continue his intercourse with a family so much inferior to his own in social position. He therefore requested him to abstain from anything like attention to his daughter, since an alliance between the families was not to be thought of.

The other was not to be put off in this way. The father had spoken plainly to him, and he resented his interference as an insult to his own family pride, resolving to punish the parent in the child. He had a zealous ally in the girl's brother, and through him kept up a clandestine correspondence with her. The girl's infatuation was natural enough, beset as she was by secret professions of love on the part of the false friend, and by the guilty persuasions of her brother. She had a conscience, however; and deemed herself bound to tell all to her mother, laying before her the letters she had received. Thereupon the honest mason sought the young gentleman's father and laid the whole matter before him. He had no desire, he said, that any of his children should wed outside of their own condition. He was anxious to secure for his daughter, the virtuous and industrious son of a man like himself, who had been the

architect of his own fortunes and belonged to his own Church. Any other would only create division, discomfort, and unhappiness in his family.

Meanwhile, the two young men had gone out fishing together, in order to console each other on the untoward opposition their plans met with, and to devise some means of thwarting it. They drank freely all day, and were returning homeward at dusk, when some ill-natured allusion of the half-tipsy lover to the insolence of wealthy shoeblacks and hod-carriers, stirred up his companion's blood. Hot words were bandied, and blows were exchanged, and in the scuffle the boat was upset, but not before the mason's son had received in falling a blow on the temple which rendered him insensible. Neither of the young men could swim; the senseless man sank to the bottom; while the other barely saved his own life by clinging to the rudder of the upset boat till fishermen at a short distance came to the rescue. But the unfortunate companion, in the interval, had sunk and come to the surface repeatedly, and now was to be found no more. When, after much exertion, the body was recovered, all life had been long extinct.

And so, into that family which had never known sorrow or sin, late at night, the fishermen carried the dead undutiful son, destroyed in the full flower of his youth, because he would choose his own companions, and be wiser, better than the parents who had so tenderly,—all too tenderly, it may be,—reared him. On the grief of the mother,—the heart-rending remorse of the twin-sister, we mercifully drop the veil.

> "Oh, who that knows where faults may first begin,
> Shall bid not earth be just, before 'tis hard, with sin?"

On this matter, as well as on many others, which regard domestic education, we must refer our readers to "The Mirrow of True Womanhood," and the Mother's office in the household.*

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* See, in particular, chapters xii., xiii., xiv., xv.

## *Training of the Mind.*

With respect to intellectual education, it must be further added, that the father cannot be too watchful and firm in preventing his sons from acquiring loose habits of learning, thinking, and studying. It is most essential to the welfare of every boy that he be forced to be orderly and methodical in acquiring knowledge, as well as in using it. Do not give a child too much to do, but make him do well whatever you give him. This thoroughness and accuracy may be a little irksome to him in the beginning; but if you are firm and persistent, the boy will soon see the benefit of working in this way. A mind must be very ill constituted, that does not take a great natural delight in acquiring knowledge, and in making a sensible progress in it. We are so framed by our all-wise Creator, that the soul rejoices as much at mastering a problem of algebra or geometry, at learning to draw a classic head or a beautiful tree in a landscape, as in being the first at base-ball or cricket. We feel a joy and a pride in cultivating and displaying our powers,—a deeper joy and loftier pride at excelling in exercises of the mind than in those of the body.

You must act upon this natural love of progress and excellence, and accustom your boys, in whatever they do, to do it accurately, heartily, and well. For well they can scarcely do it unless they do it with a will. One indispensable condition toward doing everything well is, not only to put their heart in it, but to put their whole mind to it. Attention to one thing at a time, undivided attention to what one is doing here and now,—are golden rules for success. Inattention weakens the mind and prevents it from grasping the subject or taking in the knowledge of what is just before it. It is like the attempt one would make to grasp with the hand, at one and the same time, three different balls, each of which is quite large enough to fill it. "One thing at a time," must be the rule. We have known men, gifted with more than fair abilities, who have suc-

ceeded only in becoming "confused" in every subject they would fain study, comprehend, or discuss. Because their mind never had been trained to these habits of accuracy and close attention. Place before their mind's eye the simplest proposition, and, instead of looking at it simply as it is, they will puzzle themselves by seeing, alongside of it, another proposition which is both like and unlike the first,—so that they do not know which is which. These men become the most troublesome of logicians, because they never seize accurately what you say to them, nor see clearly what they mean themselves.

### *Grammar-School Education.*

Happy the children blessed with a home in which they can receive a complete education, moral and intellectual, fitting them for all the duties of after-life! We fear that such homes are very rare among us,—rare, at least, as compared with the immense majority of families less privileged in culture or in means. In Ireland and England during the dark centuries of persecution, home-education was the exclusive mode of training the children alike of rich and poor Catholics. The very necessity of rearing them in the knowledge and practice of their ancestral faith, as well as in all such branches of learning as became their station, made the parents themselves uncommonly careful in acquiring the necessary accomplishments and the methods by which these should be taught to others. Thus were brought up many a generation of devoted men and women,—true to all that we hold as most sacred and praiseworthy. College education was only to be had abroad, or,—in the case of children of the lower classes,—to be got in scraps from itinerant masters, who taught at the risk of their own lives, while the peril of their pupils and of the pupils' parents was little less.

These days have passed in the Sister Islands,—and the dark cloud which there so long oppressed Catholic homes, now rests on more than one continental country;—how

long,—is the secret of God's providence. But no man who has read in local history of the trials and heroism of our Catholic ancestors, and who is acquainted with the robust faith, the solid and varied learning, as well as the unshaken attachment to principle of the men and women who have gone forth from these homes,—can feel surprise at the zeal of their descendants for the religious training of the young.

It is far from our purpose,—even could we do so here with advantage or propriety,—to enter into a discussion of principles concerning religious teaching in the schools maintained at the public expense and placed under the control of the State.

We simply affirm the sacred and indefeasible right of the parent to see to it that his child, by whomsoever or wheresoever educated, be not only safe from all teaching and influence calculated to weaken his faith or stain his purity, but also trained in the knowledge and practice of the true religion. It is the parent's imperative and indispensable duty to take care that his children are so brought up at home: the masters to whom he trusts his boys outside of his home, either for elementary instruction or for college or university education, only represent him, and possess over his children that portion of the parental authority that he devolves on them.

If the college or the school cannot or will not give his boys such religious and moral training as is the parent's right and duty to obtain for them, then his conscience will induce him to seek elsewhere such educators as may fulfill the obligation of forming the mind and heart of youth in accordance with the dictates of the divine law.

### *The Foremost Duty of a Parent.*

The religious and moral training of the children, is foremost among parental duties. No matter in whose hands the boy is placed, and how safe soever the guidance of his teachers may be, the father must see to it that the teacher does his duty thoroughly.

It cannot, from this point of view of simple and unavoidable duty, be a matter of surprise that Catholic parents everywhere show themselves so jealous of the purity of the religious doctrines taught their children, and of the irreproachable morality of both masters and companions. Nor, where the atmosphere and teaching of a school is judged pernicious by the parents themselves or their trusted religious guides,—can it be a matter of reproach to such parents, if they use every endeavor and make every sacrifice to secure schools and teachers, safe in point of doctrine and morality, and equal or superior in point of ability to the more privileged or patronized.

### *This Conscientious Spirit not Aggressive.*

Between the imperative sense of conscientions duty impelling both parents and their religious teachers to secure truly Christian schools, and the aggressive spirit that denounces what is wrong and defective without ever building up anything,—there is assuredly a wide difference.

We are for allowing other religious denominations to secure and maintain for their children educational institutions in every way suited to their views of parental duty. But the right we should vindicate for others, we must unhesitatingly and unflinchingly assert and pursue in our own behalf.

Yes,—a thoroughly Christian, thoroughly Catholic system of education for our boys,—is the first and most pressing need of our age and country. The Church has again and again declared it so; and, even in the absence of any such recent and solemn declaration, the voice of authority in the past has spoken loudly and repeatedly, while the clearly expressed voice of God in His revealed word, leaves no doubt as to the duty of parents and the obligation of pastors.

Most blessed of God, therefore, and approved of all true men is the generosity manifested by all rich and poor in this needful work of creating and supporting Christian schools. And, above all, most blessed will be the day when

our Hierarchy can spare, from the many pressing wants of their struggling institutions, the means necessary for creating Normal Schools,—the nurseries of accomplished teachers of both sexes !

With these remarks on the greatest need of the century, we pass to the superintendence which the father ought to exercise on his boys daily after their return from school.

This superintendence is but a part of the parent's necessary coöperation in the work which the teacher is doing during school hours. Are we doing parents injustice when we say, that very many, if not most of them, seem not to be aware of the great importance of their helping forward by every means in their own power, the efforts of masters, professors, and all others engaged in educating their children?

*Education the joint Work of both Parents and Teachers.*

This is a matter not to be passed over lightly. For, after many years spent in Canada and the United States, in the labors of a professorship, and after a serious study of college and university life abroad, the author is bound to say,—that one of the chief reasons,—if not, indeed, the chief reason of the ill success of college education in the case of so many boys, lies at the door of the parents.

The parents at home and the masters and directors in school or college, are bound *to work together* in educating the boy. The work for which they join hands, is always and necessarily the work of the parents. If, at school or in college, those who undertake to educate youth fail in doing their full duty, they sin, in doing so, against God, against the parents, and against the child, especially. But, meanwhile, the parents are not relieved from their obligation of watching with a scrupulous care over the progress of their boys both in learning and in virtue. When the school or the college fails to do its work, or does it wrongly, —then it becomes incumbent on the father to have the wrong repaired, and to use a twofold diligence in making up for lost time.

The great bulk of fathers and mothers,—even of the better educated,—think, or act as if they thought,—that they have done their full duty, when they have sent their children to the Sunday school for religious instruction, and to school or college for secular instruction, or the completion of their entire course of education.

This is a great mistake. You must moreover make sure that your boy reaches the Sunday school in good time, that he is there properly and thoroughly taught;—and it will be both your interest and your duty, if you attend yourself occasionally in the catechism class, and, after catechism hours, question closely the boy about what he has learned. But, will not this be too great a hardship for the child as well as for the parent? So far as the child is concerned, there will be no hardship, provided that you study to make him love to learn his catechism, as you should make him do all else,—by a generous sense of duty.

We remember well, while yet a very young priest in the dear old city of Quebec, that hard-working men would walk for miles to Sunday school with their boys, making the road pleasant for these by lively and entertaining conversation, and, when catechism and prayers were ended, returning to their homes with redoubled joy to share with their children all the sweet and innocent recreation of the Sunday evening. Indeed, the Sunday-school seemed to be the great work of the Lord's day for all the most distinguished men of the place. The then Provincial Secretary, the Right Honorable Sir Dominick Daly, was at the head of the Christian Doctrine Society, and taught his own catechism class, and so did every one of our foremost merchants and young men,—the non-commissioned officers of the garrison also deeming it an honor to take a hand in this divine work.

And thus we were reminded of our own native home, where the gentlest and the best devoted several hours of the blessed Sabbath repose to the religious instruction of the young.

No, no! Do not say it is a hardship either for fathers or for their sons to gather, on the Lord's day, this sweet

manna of divine truth ;—doubly and tenfold sweet the God of the Sabbath knows how to make it to men of good will.

We say nothing of the means employed by zealous and enlightened priests to render the exercises of the Sunday school interesting, attractive, and delightful,—such as choral singing, recitations, and appropriate rewards from time to time.

In like manner you will see to it that your boys do their duty at school, and that they study after school hours the matters given them by their teachers. Omit no effort to excite and sustain your boys' emulation ; if their masters are really zealous to push them forward, do you second this zeal by every means in your power. See their teachers often ; show them that you are most anxious to coöperate with them. Without being either obtrusive or unduly inquisitive, you can easily ascertain what methods are used in the school, and what pains taken by the masters in furthering the progress of their pupils.

### *Respect, Love, and Sustain your Children's Teachers.*

But, above all things, beware of the too common and most hurtful custom of certain parents (and uneducated parents are not the sole offenders in this respect),—of considering their children's teachers, and treating them, as if they were natural enemies to be watched, abused, and thwarted at every turn. There are parents, who take the part of their unruly and untruthful children against their teachers, who look upon every punishment inflicted on the latter as an injustice which calls for immediate redress. There are others again who keep their children away from school on the slightest pretext, or who are utterly careless of sending them punctually at the appointed hours ; and having thus broken in upon their boys' studies and seriously hindered their progress,—they will blame and abuse the masters for the backwardness, the insubordination, and all the irregular and idle habits of which they,—the parents,—are themselves the sole cause !

Never,—unless you have carefully and calmly ascertained the fact,—never sustain your boys against the teacher's authority; and, especially, never, when your boys complain of the latter, allow yourself to utter one word of censure or blame. Always lean to the side of authority. You have given the teacher yours in the school; make your boys respect it invariably.

Take a lively and continual interest in your boys' studies. Let them feel that you are more pleased with their daily progress, than if they brought you home gold or some precious object at the end of each day's schooling.

If you are forced to choose another school for your children,—or, when you have not made your first choice,—we should advise you to peruse slowly the following beautiful lines, full of that love of innocence and child-life, which was so dear to the Master.

"I sauntered where the town and country meet,
Where Art and Nature battle for the street,
Where, ere the stones had vanished from my foot,
The grass laughed up at me a gay salute.
In leafy contiguity I heard
The mellow note of some love-brooding bird;
And nearer still I heard a droning noise,
Come from a hive of bees or school of boys,
But which I could not tell, until my eye
Lighted upon a porch, as butterfly
Lights on a kingdom of all-mingled bloom,
Wherein the flowers breathe out their beauteous doom
And fill the air with souls. To that flower-cell
I leaned my ear, as to a humming shell,
And heard the moan as of a fairy sea
Far in the dim domain of mystery.
Then growing bolder, I advanced a pace
Into the trellised porch, and saw the place:
And, lo! as I do live, a little school,
Wherein an easy dame kept easy rule,
And learned, as well as taught, the way to know.
About her sat, but in no formal row,
Her little students, serious, but unfrightened.
Surely, I thought, this is a school enlightened,
Where neither word of wrath, nor lash descends
To harden knowledge unto hateful ends:

Where rule is quietly taught and quickly learned,—
Things apprehended, if not quite discerned;
And where bright youth is lifted to a height
From which he sees each glorious height on height,—
Those starry souls by whose effulgent breath
The world is snatched from chaos, man from death.
A pleasant school—a pleasant sight for eye
That loveth spots where nothing seems to die;
Where winds are soft, flowers sweetly bloom, and man
Fits like a star into dear Nature's plan,
And wins by truth and unreposing duty
The throne of wisdom and the crown of beauty." *

Yes,—that is what parents and teachers, the most advanced in years and in learning, the reverend guides and eminent governors of peoples, can do every day they live, in spite of the longest and widest experience,

"To learn, as well as teach, the way to know."

The oldest of us, the most learned, the wisest,—as they look back over their dealings with the young, would wish to undo much that they did, to unlearn much of what they thought they knew, and to begin again with childhood, and "learn the way to know,"—the way to know child-nature, in particular, the sweet and love-lit way to children's souls.

Above all, O fathers, be sure,—whether your dear ones are "schooled" inside your home or outside of it,—that their souls are not narrowed down and straightened by the methods followed in teaching them, and that their hearts retain all the freshness, the candor, the simplicity of childhood. Keep them children as long as ever you can!

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* Robert Buchanan, "Wayside Poesies."

# CHAPTER XIII.

## PATERNAL AUTHORITY AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

These Teachers were known to maintain that double commerce which Muratori styles sweet and useful—with the wise living and the wise dead.* The guides of the Catholic School, as the learned men of the Church from primitive times, are still what they once were—clear but mystical—devoted to serve men with an intense affection, but separate from the crowd. Remote from all egotism, it is clear to their disciples that they only obey a high influence, and that their awful task is imposed. This character of retirement and solemnity adds a great interest to their lessons, as to their books. Youth will not turn from them to hear a teacher, who, like the generality of writers now, is one of the public—a man of noise, a man of news, a man of money.—KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

AN unerring instinct in the heart of a Catholic parent will direct him, in seeking for his boy the guides who can lead the latter safely through the walks of classic antiquity, and the bewildering mazes of modern science—like the ill-arranged departments of some Centennial Exhibition—to select the men who have sought eminence in learning through a holy ambition, and who impart it for His love who "is a God of all knowledge." It is a great attraction too for men who have had themselves, very often, to fight a hard battle with fortune, and whose ancestors had to endure all but the loss of life in fostering Catholic education,—to be able to give their sons, their money, and their

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* *Dulce est eruditionis sectatoribus quotodie com mortuis versari; dulcius profecto futurum, cum vivis, a quibus brevi facilique compendio eruditior in dies discedas.*

"It is sweet to the votaries of knowledge to hold daily converse with the dead; but far sweeter will it be to converse with the living, from whose intercourse, by a short and easy method, one may daily become more learned."

heartfelt sympathy to institutions of higher learning struggling against the most adverse circumstances.

If parents could only understand, that, much as the parish school deserves of their unflinching support, the College and the University are even more deserving of their enthusiastic advocacy and utmost generosity. For the parish school is destined to serve as a feeder to the college, just as colleges are, in the mind of the Church, to serve as fruitful nurseries to the University. And if the body of our people only knew,—what the author can speak of from the most certain knowledge,—how little the noble men who devote their entire existence to the arduous functions of classical instruction, receive of active, cheering sympathy and sadly needed support from the community they serve so well! No—there is no class of toilers for the public welfare, who should be more cordially helped on in the divine life-work they are doing, than those who rear our priests, our statesmen, our enlightened merchants and professional men.

### *The Divine Work done by our Colleges.*

The sole aim and sole care of these devoted guides of youth,—the very flower of our aristocracy of learning and piety,—is to prepare for the Church and the country public men whose example shall be a living lesson to all beneath and around them, and whose salutary influence shall counterbalance that of the unprincipled, the irreligious, the selfish, and the sensual. Farther on in this book, we shall speak of schools of science,—whether theoretical or applied. We only wish at present to direct the parent in the choice of a proper establishment of higher education, and to offer to the educators themselves some practical suggestions that may aid them not a little in their labors.

That in our establishments of higher Education we should have men whose sole interest and sole avocation lie in their doing thoroughly the work of rearing youth to the practice of true piety as well as to solid learning, must be a subject of congratulation to Christian parents. There is so much

heart-satisfaction for a father and a mother in the thought that the men and women to whom they intrust their dear ones, will make of their advancement in virtue a matter of even greater importance than their progress in knowledge!

*The Catholic Ideal of Religious Teachers of Youth.*

The ideal followed by such teachers of youth all through the middle ages is thus described by Digby:

"The care of religious men to educate the young was not confined to supplying them with oral or written instruction. It was for them especially that religion loved, under the form of the fine arts, to impress on the material elements around, the stamp of ideal humanity, that, as Fichte says, 'at their very awakening into life, they might be environed by noble objects, such as by a certain sympathetic power, would educate the outward senses, whereby the education of the inner man might be greatly facilitated.' It was the object of education not so much to impart a variety of knowledge, as to cultivate that mind which would be able either to reap the benefit of knowledge subsequently obtained, where an extraordinary degree of knowledge was required, or to discharge the ordinary duties of life with honesty and perseverance to the end, where there was no occasion for acquiring such a distinction.

"Agreeable to this plan, the young were to be thoroughly imbued with a delicate and profound sense of everything noble and gracious, which would be alike useful to all; that, to borrow a simile from Plato, as the young who inhabit a healthy spot are benefited by everything around them, so whatever was thrown before them from beautiful deeds, whether in the way of seeing or of hearing, like an air from pure places bearing health, might lead them to a resemblance, and friendship, and harmony, with what is good and fair."*

To his ideal of education in ages that must ever be dear to the Christian soul, let us only bring the living, practical

* "Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith," b. i., chap. vii.

spirit, the thorough intelligence of the needs of modern society, and the hearty earnestness, which endeared to all who knew him the great educator of our own times mentioned in the following passage. We submit it to the consideration of all our great teaching bodies.

### *Earnest Workers doing Noble Work.*

"The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's * great power as a private tutor resided in this, *that he gave such an intense earnestness to life.* Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feelings about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in this world.

"All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual.

"Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated; none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honorable pursuits of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all the pupils re-

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* Thomas Arnold, D.D., born in 1795, died in 1842. He was, successively, head master of the Classical Schools of Laleham and Rugby,—preëminently successful in each.

spect themselves, and in awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God has assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have for his labors, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth. He possessed it eminently at Rugby; but, if I may trust my own vivid recollection, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham.

"His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence, which stirred within them; *it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God*—a work which was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.

"In all this there was no excitement, no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but a humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth, the end for which his various faculties were given, the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance toward heaven is to lie. Hence, each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent; *in striving to cultivate his own gifts, in whatever direction they might lead him, he infallibly found Arnold not only approving, but positively and sincerely valuing for themselves the results he had arrived at; and that approbation and esteem gave a dignity and a worth both to himself and to his labor.*"*

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* Quoted from Knight, "Half Hours with the Best Authors." The italics are our own.

*The Presiding Spirit makes the School.*

There is no doubt of it—the entire and most perfect success of the work of education, carried on at any one moment by a great school or public establishment, depends on the master spirit who presides over it, and who knows how to infuse his own earnestness into his subordinates, to communicate to every one of his pupils something of the sacred fire which burns within his own bosom. Where every pupil is "made to feel that there is work for him to do,—that his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well," there will of a necessity be earnestness, not to say enthusiasm, in the daily and hourly efforts of each student.

There is a way of making boys at college know and feel, that the study of Greek and Latin is only an introduction to the whole of that ancient world and its civilization, with which the world and civilization of to-day are so intimately connected. We know,—and many among our readers, we doubt not, have known, very young people, girls even of tender age, who make it a delight to master the languages of Greek and Rome, that they may thus be enabled to read and appreciate the masterpieces of their great writers.

Let the men to whose lot it falls to teach boys the first elements of the rich and beautiful tongues of Virgil and Horace and Cicero,—of Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, and Homer,—be the men they ought to be, full of the Christian spirit,—thoroughly acquainted with the languages they undertake to teach, thoroughly in love with their work, and deeply interested in the advancement of each of their pupils; knowing how to throw around their lessons and explanations a little of that light of fancy which is so lovely and attractive to young minds;—and they will find little difficulty in communicating to these a love for their studies.

It is because the men who are charged with the task of teaching Greek and Latin, are themselves but most imperfectly acquainted with the simplest elements of these languages (and we have known many such), that the labor of

learning, for boys full of life and naturally impatient of dullness, becomes one of intolerable hardship.

*A Bad Teacher is a cruel injustice to his Scholars.*

We remember, in an institution for the highest and most important of all human sciences,—to have seen a man intrusted with the duty of teaching a class of Hebrew to young men who had been themselves, every one of them, for years occupied in teaching the higher classes,—and this Hebrew scholar had to spell most painfully every word and syllable of the text (the Book of Psalms) he had undertaken to explain. Of course he blundered even in the spelling, confounding long vowels with short, and mixing up in inextricable confusion the various consonants. Of prosody, or harmony, or all the innate beauty and grace of the language of the Royal Prophet,—there was not, could not, be found a trace in these absurd readings. And yet for a whole year this preposterous system of teaching Hebrew was allowed to disgrace the institution and insult the intelligence of the men on whom it was afflicted, and who could not help themselves!

Not so had we been taught in our own dear Alma Mater, where the most accomplished Rabbi to be had in the land was called in and well paid to initiate us into the first elements of the inspired tongue. The very phrase as it flowed from his lips impressed itself on our memory; its very harmony made us desirous of possessing the language and resolved to master all its difficulties.

Superiors of colleges, then, who are thoroughly in earnest about having their work done and well done, will see to it that those who coöperate with them in their most important labors, shall be not only thoroughly in earnest, like themselves, but thoroughly competent, as well, to do the work they take in hand.

They are aware that the mental education of every boy intrusted to them, is like the planning and rearing of an edifice destined to last forever: they know, therefore, that

the foundations must be carefully and solidly laid, if they would have the superstructure stand. For, in the name of common sense, what can you build on foundations which are themselves, without substance, solidity or cohesion?

### *Irreparable wrong of employing Incompetent Teachers for Beginners.*

Hence, the absurdity, the crying injustice to both parents and pupils, of giving the charge of grammar schools or elementary schools in any educational establishment, to men who are not perfectly masters of the branches to be taught therein. An uncommonly clever boy will always manage, if he be at all intent on learning, to pick up from his own reading and reflections, enough to make up the deficiency in his master's knowledge or method. Indeed, such boys learn but little from any but the best masters; for they are pretty sure to be in advance of his lessons and of the majority of their fellow-students.

Here, however, our plea is in favor of the majority, or of the large minority in every large class of ordinary intellects. Their intellectual food has to be prepared for them with great skill and presented in form and quantity suited to their mental capacity and appetite.

This large minority is made up, most frequently, of the very men who will one day be the solid, influential men of every profession. They are not, while at school, the quick, the brilliant, or the clever men; they are, as experience shows, the men who are slow, serious, studious, and sure to succeed in the end. We have seen so many of these brilliant and dazzling college geniuses, come to nought in mature age, like these marvelous plants of Java and Sumatra which grow up to their full perfection in a single night, expand their bright flowers to the morning sun, and droop and wither before it has set. Their slower and less shining companions of the forest, are more timid in putting forth their early shoots, and less ambitious to display their rapid growth and flowering pride. The palms which furnish food

to man, the oaks and other forest trees which go to build his home and his fleets, are the growth of years. All nature's most perfect and durable works are the slow and gradual produce of time.

*Do not neglect the Slow Many for the Clever Few.*

It would, then, be both want of wisdom and want of justice in any teacher to proportion his pains to the uncommon capacity of the few, while neglecting the need and claims of the many. And, surely, it can be neither wise, nor just, nor prudent in the faculty of any great institution to provide the more advanced pupils with skilled and experienced talent, while leaving the beginners to the mercy of mere tyros or blockheads.

It is, then, the interest and duty of the father to be most solicitous about the progress of his boy during this early stage of college study, and to inquire conscientiously into the quality of the instruction given him in every branch. Just as he would be most careful to watch over the moral purity of the young student and to inquire into his progress in self-restraint and self-denial, even so must he make sure that he is taught what is promised, that he learns thoroughly what he is taught, and that he does not acquire at the very beginning of his intellectual life, these habits of mental indolence and inaccuracy, which are scarcely less fatal to professional success, than the kindred moral habits are to solid virtue.

We repeat it, therefore: this thoroughness, earnestness, heartiness, are necessary in the men who take upon themselves the all-important task of guiding boys in the very first stages of classical education. The "indescribable zest" mentioned in the last extract, and the "strange joy" felt by children and youths who climb a high mountain for the first time, and look down from the summit on some glorious and untrodden region beyond, can never be the feeling of such as follow the guidance of those who cannot climb, and to whom the most modest literary eminence

is as formidable a height as Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn.

Who of us, in boyhood and in early youth, had not experienced that same "indescribable zest" for facing impossible difficulties, as we ran along beside a loved master or parent over the broad sunny fields or up some wooded hillside? Did not the spirit which gave buoyancy and strength to every limb come from the companionship and cheering words of the man we loved dearest on earth? And was not "the strange joy" of difficulty overcome and success accomplished begotten by his smile and his happiness in our efforts?

### *The Teacher's Enthusiasm, how Contagious!*

Our readers will pardon us one reminiscence, all the more readily that no personal vanity mingles with the memories it calls up. In the ever-dear and venerable institution which opened its arms to us, a stranger and an orphan, nearly half a century ago, we found men the exact counterparts of Dr. Arnold, his equals, assuredly, if not his superiors, in disinterestedness and self-sacrificing devotion to their holy calling, and not his inferiors in secular or sacred knowledge;—men, belonging by their birth to the first families in the land, and deeming it more than royal honor to serve God in their lowly and obscure labor of teaching youth, without other stipend than the roof above them and their humble garb of priestly poverty; men whose heart and soul were in their work, and who knew how to kindle in our young hearts an ardent zeal for our own advancement, as well as a deep respect and lasting attachment toward themselves.

If, looking back now and comparing our own experiences and observations, we are forced to give to the great school to which we owe everything under God, the tribute of an admiration which only increases with each succeeding year, —it is because we recall how our dear masters labored to infuse into every student among their five hundred the hearty love of study and the no less hearty love of piety.

That there should be, in a school over which such men presided, whose whole life was the "Imitation of Christ" in practice, an atmosphere of genuine purity and piety, was natural; but there was, at the same time, an atmosphere of earnest emulation for study. In one other house—in France and beneath the very shadow of the ancient castle of the Laval-Montmorencys, did we see an equal zest for study, and, as should be expected, an incomparable fervor of piety,—as if the name of the great bishop who had founded the time-honored institution far away on the banks of the St. Lawrence, drew down a special and an equal blessing on it and on the great seminary that flourished beneath the shadow of his ancestral halls.

We cannot help, in reading the life of Dr. Arnold, and remembering the man who above all others crowned the work of Francis De Laval-Montmorency,* seeing in our own admired master every excellence set forth by the biographer in the renowned head-master of Laleham and Rugby. He was our companion in our studies, laboring continually with us, making the labor light not only by that high intelligence which could explain, simplify, and illumine what was most difficult and abstruse, but by making the labor joyous by his bright wit and sunny spirit.

### *Classical Studies a Training for the Public Man.*

College or university education is, of course, specially designed to train men for every walk of professional and public life. It is not only churchmen, statesmen, and military men, but lawyers, physicians, great architects and engineers, great manufacturers and merchants, and men of independent wealth and position, who find in such schools the varied knowledge and ripe science they need,—but men of the most varied avocations, and of every social rank are fitted by such training,—when it really is what it professes to be,—to work successfully and attain eminence in any useful pursuit.

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* The late Very Reverend Louis Jacques Casault, D.D., who obtained the erection of Laval University, Quebec.

A young man who has gone through a complete and serious college or university course, under masters who were, not shams, but thoroughly able to teach whatever they professed, is ready, on returning to his family, to enter upon any career that his talents, his inclination, may suit him for, or the will of his parents may open to him.

### *The Parents to blame for the Failure of their Sons.*

That many do not bring from several years spent in college, the accomplishments and business aptitudes for which their parents were so anxious,—is due to a variety of causes, one of which, and not unfrequently the chief cause, is the parents' own want of consistency.

Let us explain this. As we have said above, the work of education is and ever should be,—in order to be successful,—the joint work of teachers and parents. This holds true of college training fully as much as of grammar-school learning. Indeed, we should rather say, that to make a college course perfectly successful there is need of a more watchful, more cordial, and more constant coöperation on the part of the father.

When you send your boy to the parish or the public school in order that he may get a thorough knowledge of what will fit him for a trade or for commercial business, both you and he, as well as his teachers, perfectly understand what the boy wants in the way of learning and what he is to do with it. He gets it within the expected time, and is forthwith apprenticed to his proper business.

This cannot be done with boys sent to college. You cannot determine beforehand, no more than the boy can himself, what profession he will embrace once his college course is completed. For a college course is by its nature intended to prepare young men for the learned professions, the priesthood, the law, and medicine.* Very, very rarely

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*Hence the anomaly,—a most calamitous one,—of having a "Commercial course" in some of our colleges. Necessity alone,—the necessity of affording to children coming from Central and South America a school where they can be

does it happen that any one can predict of a boy who enters upon the long and important course of college education, that he will to a certainty become a priest,—and so of any of the other professions.

Besides, the Church, with the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the experience of eighteen centuries to enlighten her on the ways of men,—has ever had a most prudent care of college youth,—the flower of her children. She knows that, as it is for the sacred ministry,—so is it for each of the secular professions,—God must call to its duties those who are to fulfill them without deadly peril to themselves and with all usefulness to others. She has well-approved rules for the guidance of her ministers in determining who is called and who is not, as well as for the direction of the young men, who, at the close of their college studies, must elect what path they are to pursue in order to serve God in conformity with His will and their own intellectual and moral capacity.

*When your Son can choose understandingly.*

And it is only at the termination of these studies that such an election can be made with any degree of wisdom. Most unwise,—to say the least of it,—is the conduct of parents, who, having set their hearts upon having their son a priest, leave him no freedom in his own choice, and thus do him moral violence to impel him into a career for which he has neither vocation nor aptitude. What can they expect but misery to him and bitterness of heart for themselves, from a course so opposed to conscience and right reason?

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given a business education while having their faith protected,—can excuse the temporary existence of such a strange and baneful division of studies.

If our trained professional educators of the highest grade thus take on themselves to teach "book-keeping," etc., can they be justly surprised or offended, if men destined professedly, to give nothing but commercial or business training, should usurp the higher functions of classical and university education? It will not do to say *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* In truth the essentially important is that as in skilled mechanical labor, so in skilled intellectual labor and professional training, every one should qualify himself to do thoroughly what he promises, and not undertake what he is not qualified to perform.

We are not, of course, denying that it is a most laudable desire in parents to have their sons advanced to the priestly office. Too many and too touching traditions connected with our native country and race, have cast a halo around fathers and mothers who sacrificed everything and endured the utmost of privation to see their child ministering at the dear altars of their faith. But we are only pleading here,—and in the interest of both the parents and their sons,—the necessity of not considering their becoming priests a foregone conclusion. The circumstances which made the desire of such parents not only heroic, but almost a sure sign of the divine will, have passed away with the secular persecution that begat them. In the English-speaking world, there is now perfect freedom. Hence it is, that the will of God must have precedence of the desire of parents in a matter where the divine honor, and the dearest interests of religion are so nearly concerned.

### *How sacredly College Students should be Shielded from Evil.*

What is most important for parents, who entertain such a praiseworthy ambition,—and what is to our immediate purpose at present,—is, that every father who sends his son to college with such a hope, should take especial care not to foster in his child's soul inclinations or habits that would render him unfit not only for the sacred ministry, but for any profession or public trust.

We must be pardoned, if we speak more plainly and say here how very little care certain parents take, during vacations from college studies, to preserve their sons from amusements and associations that are utterly irreconcilable with their avowed purpose. How often have not the heads of colleges to mourn over the total ruin of piety and innocence effected during a single vacation by the blind indifference or criminal indulgence of parents! The habits of self-denial and self-control contracted during ten months of severe discipline and courageous efforts at self-improvement, are

lost in a single month, or a single week, and superseded by habits which we do not dare to describe. And yet, these very parents will be the first to cast on the college the blame which belongs solely to the parental home and its utter want of discipline!

Parents who have themselves had the benefit of a thorough university training understand all this well, and are careful to sustain the college authorities, even when everything does not please them in the way their boys are getting on. They are also most careful to encourage and direct the praiseworthy love of self-improvement in the latter,—feeling sure the while, that where a boy has talent and application, his college course will make a man of him, in spite of his professor's shortcomings.

Another cause of the baneful impatience of parents is the necessity which compels our colleges to admit, side by side with the undergraduates, very young boys, and, therefore, to have in a house professedly devoted to the higher classical and university studies,—not only grammar schools for teaching Greek and Latin, as preparatory to Humanities, Rhetoric, and Philosophy, — but an English elementary course preparatory to the grammar schools themselves. This gives the college a false position in the eyes of the parents, especially when these send their children very young, and when they are themselves uneducated, or, at any rate, unacquainted with the ancient classics.

### *Too much Demanded of our Colleges.*

They see their next-door neighbor's boys, who are trained in the town school, not seldom more advanced in English, arithmetic, geography, reading, writing, etc., than their own boys of the same age at college; and then, at a time when the neighbor's boy has completed his course at the public school, and is entering on business, their boy is painfully toiling through elementary Latin, and later plodding still more laboriously through elementary Greek. They, judging things from their own standard, do not see and

cannot appreciate the progress their son has made in all these years. They hear their illiterate acquaintance say—they, perhaps, hear their boy himself saying, "What is the use of Greek and Latin? Why spend so much time and spend so much money in learning, or trying to learn, *dead* languages, while the *living* English mother-tongue is (apparently) neglected?" . . .

Reasoning thus, — they are tempted to take their boy away in the very middle of his studies, and then blame the college for their own fatal blundering. Now let us look at this in the light of common sense.

### *Folly of Interrupting College Studies.*

There is no tradesman, no skilled mechanic knowing from his own experience how much time and labor it costs to become a first-rate worker in any craft, but would condemn such trifling with the work of a thorough education. A craftsman knows that a boy has to undergo his apprenticeship to the end in order to be thoroughly master of what he intends to learn. Nay,—you will find very few first-rate tradesmen who would not lengthen the term of apprenticeship rather than shorten it, so convinced are they of the necessity of long study and long practice to acquire consummate skill. They would think a man a fool who, having bound his son for seven years to a most important trade, would take him away at the end of three or five years under the pretext that, if the boy does not know his business by this time, he must be a blockhead or an idler, and his master not much better. The common sense of the average laboring man would condemn any parent for thus trifling with his boy's future.

Shall we set up a standard utterly opposed to this unerring common sense, when we have to judge of studies and training that are, in reality, an apprenticeship to the most important of all arts, the highest of all professions?

Let us go a step farther in this most practical subject.

The course of nature is, that, under ordinary circum-

stances, boys until their twelfth or thirteenth year should be prepared for college at home, under the eye of exemplary parents, enjoying all the blessed influences of the family circle. Nothing,—so God has ordained it,—can, in the ordinary course of life, take the place of a true Christian mother's love in forming within her home the mind and heart of her boys at this early age. The discipline established by her, supported by the father's whole authority, and perfected by his companionship with his sons,—is the most priceless of blessings for the future collegian,—the future public man.

It is, therefore,—speaking always with the same reservations,—an irreparable calamity for the boy, when he is taken prematurely from beneath his mother's wing to receive elsewhere the nurture which her love can alone bestow;—or when, deprived of a mother, or, again, when unblessed by a true Christian mother,—a boy is cast almost from childhood into the midst of a hundred or more other boys, like a blind puppy into a pond, to swim and scramble ever afterward for salvation and the life of heart and spirit.

Not all the supernatural devotedness of the best of masters can make up for this privation of maternal love and fostering tenderness.

When, however, a sad necessity imposes on our Catholic institutions these parental functions, it should not be forgotten that an immense debt of gratitude is contracted by the parents, and that abuse of our institutions is but an ungraceful way of discharging it.

If, therefore, you deem it imperative,—because you cannot obtain at home for your young boys the religious training which you desire,—to intrust them thus early to priestly hands, make up your mind at the same time to let the young tree grow through the remaining months of winter, through the slow spring and the stormy summer, watching and waiting patiently while the autumn of college-life is ripening and perfecting the fruits which are to reward your trustfulness, and your generous coöperation in this long husbandry.

### *It is important to Begin Well; it is infinitely so to End Well.*

It would be folly to place them in a college at so young an age, if you did not intend to keep them there to the end. It would be worse folly to take them out in the middle of their studies, in order to put them to business, or under the pretense that they have learned enough. The worst folly of all would be to interrupt the work of their thorough culture, just as the college course was near its close. You would thereby resemble the man who had watched his peach tree blossoming, and the fruit growing after the blossom; and who, becoming weary of long waiting, would pluck the fruit while still green, and before the golden sun of autumn had matured and mellowed it. If you have but bitter and unsavory fruit on your table, after all your labor and waiting, who is to blame but yourself?

Think well, then, before you determine fully to give your child the benefit, the priceless benefit, of a college education; think ten times more seriously before you determine to take him away in the middle of his course; but let no consideration induce you to withdraw him when he is in the last crowning years of his intellectual and moral training.

### *The Distinction between a College Course and a University Course of Studies.*

This is the proper place for pointing out the essential but little-understood difference between a complete college course and a university course proper. The former aims at giving such complete and thorough instruction in ancient and modern letters, in history, philosophy, and the sciences, as to enable the student at its close, to begin forthwith the special study of any of the great professions of theology, law, or medicine. This was formerly and is still characteristic of the colleges or college-schools founded and patronized by the Church,—the parent of university education.

The university, as distinguished from the college, gave instruction in these learned professions, enabling their respective students to become, successively and at determined stages of their course, bachelors, masters or licentiates, and doctors, in theology, ecclesiastical and civil law, or in medicine.

Thus, to borrow an illustration from the great Catholic Laval University, in Quebec ;—the Seminary of Quebec, out of which the Laval University has grown, as the crown of ripe dates from the palm tree,—has its collegiate school which, at the end of the full course of literary and scientific instruction, qualifies the students by a searching oral and written examination to become bachelors of arts, or bachelors of letters, or bachelors of sciences, according to their proficiency in all the branches taught, or to their relative superiority in letters or in the sciences, while falling below the necessary degree of excellence in the other cognate branches.

The bachelor's degree confers on the graduate the right to have his name registered forthwith for any of the three university courses of theology, law, and medicine, which he elects to follow. Over each each of these courses presides a board of professors called, collectively, the faculty ; each faculty confers degrees in its respective branch ; and each has a special register on which is solemnly inscribed the name of each student duly qualified, this ceremony being called matriculation.

We should add, that the collegiate school (*Petit Seminaire*) is charged with the Department of Arts or that which, besides preparing, as above stated, all students for the university courses proper, perfects them in ancient and modern literature, and the mathematical and physical sciences, enabling them not only to acquire the degree of proficiency therein necessary for the bachelor's degree, but further perfecting them so as to become themselves masters in the great art of teaching and forming others in the professor's chair.

Parents, as well as all intelligent readers, will appreciate

the exceeding care taken by the Church in past ages and at present, to prepare for their high and holy duties not only the priest who has to be the religious guide and teacher of others, but the lawyer and the magistrate who have to discuss and administer the laws of the State, and the physician in whose hands are placed the health, the life, the honor of families. We need not say that the legislator, the statesman and the publicist find also in the law school the science which can alone surely guide them in laboring by voice and pen for the dearest interests of their own nationality, and of the entire brotherhood of nations.

Fathers who think of all this in putting their sons to college, should, therefore, know that the college is itself in its most conscientious completeness, but a preparation for what is or must be, under one name or another, the university proper or its equivalent.

### *A Thorough Education fits one for Thorough Work.*

You wish to see your son a priest; but you would not have him other than a priest fit to teach all sacred science, and fit, as well, to appreciate the truth of all secular science. Do not say that the perspective of all these long years of study and of preparation after preparation, is only fit to discourage both parents and students. After having gone through the ordeal ourselves, and having had a long subsequent experience in the ministry,—we are forced to say most earnestly,—that our fear is not that the student of theology will become a priest too late or enter at too ripe an age on the awful duties of his new office; our fear could only be to see him become too soon the teacher and guide of others, without having gathered the fruit of knowledge in its delicious maturity, when he could himself appreciate its qualities and commend them to the taste of his hearers.

A high-minded Christian father, who is guided in his desires and his judgments by such lofty views as these, will feel himself richly rewarded at seeing his son enter public life armed with that sure scientific knowledge, which is a

mighty power to sway other men. This very knowledge will enable the priest, the lawyer, the physician, the scientist, the publicist, or the artist,—to make his mark at once. For, the amount of good done is not measured by time, but by the perfection with which it is accomplished.

It is not necessary that a priest should labor many years, but that he should labor well and to good purpose. Our Great High Priest lived thirty years in the obscurity, toil, and subjection of Nazareth; He labored in public only three years; and His praise in the Gospel is: "He hath done all things well; He hath made both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." *

For every son of yours, whether priest or layman, may your sweetest reward be to hear such praise from the lips of the good and the great!

### *The outcry against Greek and Latin.*

If we have not wearied you outright, dear reader, we would fain add a few words in this place, and before concluding this chapter, on the opposition to the teaching of Greek and Latin in our modern colleges. Parents who hear the senseless outcry made on this subject, ought to know precisely both the motives of those who make it and the solid reasons on which is founded the universal practice of Christian schools for so many centuries.

When the opponents of classical education have asserted noisily, that Greek and Latin are "dead languages," and that the youth of the nineteenth century should not waste on studying the literary remains of dead nations so many precious years, which were more usefully bestowed in mastering living literatures,—they fancy that to this implied argument there is no possible answer.

It is, however, a manifest fallacy. The Greek and the Latin are not, and never have been, dead languages in the sense in which our opponents would have it understood. Till the downfall of the Greek Empire in 1453, both the classic

* St. Mark, vii. 37.

language of Demosthenes and Plato, and the local popular dialects, had never ceased to be in use,—the former in the numerous schools of the East, the latter among all classes in ordinary conversation. Even now, after more than four centuries of forced intellectual sterility much more than of religious intolerance, the vernacular Greek of Athens is nearer to the exquisite dialect of the Attic masters, than the vernacular Italian is to the tongue of Cicero. And yet, the very best modern scholars have good reason for affirming that the Italian spoken throughout the Peninsula is not a corruption of the Latin, but a living popular language coeval with the dialect of Latium, and ever spoken side by side with the latter, when it had become the polished and perfected idiom of the masters of Rome and of Italy. Wherefore it can be said, as a thing historically probable, if not certain, that, although since the downfall of Constantinople and of living Greek literature, the pure idiom of Attica ceased to be heard in the schools of oppressed Greece, still it continued to be spoken in its popular form everywhere, and to be understood by every educated person. Nor did all the learned men of Greece migrate to Western Europe after May the 29th, 1453.

How much more certain and undeniable is it that the Latin tongue, the official dialect of Rome and its government, the cherished idiom of its poets, its orators and its historians, never, for one year or one day, ceased,—even after the downfall of the Western Roman Empire,—to be the language of the schools, the law courts, the government, and, especially, of the Church in her liturgy and her official teachings and administration. Rome,—and the great intellectual centers created by Christian Rome throughout her vast empire,—have never at any time till now ceased to speak as a living language the tongue of Cicero, Livy, and Horace.

Thus, it is no exaggeration to say, that wide-spread as was the use of the Latin tongue in the days of Cicero, and apart from the mere perfection or elegance of form,—its use was even more general in Italy and throughout Western Europe in the days of Leo X.

### *Disuse of the Latin in Protestant Countries.*

Since the religious disruption caused, at that epoch, by Luther and his associates,—the Latin as the language of the schools and universities, as that of the great learned professions, and as the medium of official and epistolary intercourse, has been abandoned by Protestants, precisely because it was the language of Christian Rome. In our own day, moreover, rationalists and revolutionists have been unanimous in raising an outcry against the culture of the ancient literatures.

But the sounder public opinion of both Europe and America does not favor this sacrifice of the Greek and Latin to modern theories of progress and civilization. And we trust the day is far distant when the study of the classic masterpieces of Italian and Grecian genius shall cease to form the chief basis of high literary studies.

Indeed, in European countries that we need not name, one of the features of the recent wholesale persecutions against the Catholic Church, was the substitution of living languages for Latin and Greek, the compulsory education of clerical students in the State schools, and the consequent abolition of all special seminaries for the training of Catholic youth.

### *Efforts to destroy Priestly Vocations and Education.*

Thereby the enemy showed that he understood the teaching of the Classics and the use of Latin and Greek to be one of the great instruments of the Church not only in her own special work of teaching and enlightening, but in the more general labor of promoting the true civilization of the race. We mean, of course, that in all Christian schools due prominence should be given to the Christian classics,—to the writings of the early Greek and Latin Fathers, whose beauties of thought and diction are all the more thoroughly enjoyed, when a thorough Christian and a thorough scholar

fills the professor's chair, and guides the young minds he is training so as to see and admire only what is truly beautiful and admirable.

Let Catholic parents remember, that from the day which would see Latin and Greek banished from our colleges would date the ruin of all Christian education, the ruin of the priesthood, and the beginning for the Christian Church of a darker era than that of Julian the Apostate. For the intellectual darkness would not be measured by one man's life, nor limited to one generation.

What we need in our Colleges is,—not that the study of modern languages shall supersede that of the ancient Classics, and that the cultivation of mathematical and physical science shall take the place given hitherto to the teaching of ancient and ecclesiastical history,—but that extraordinary and united efforts shall be made to teach the Classics thoroughly, to throw such interest into the study of the ancient literatures and histories, that young men shall be able to master them, to get enamored of them, and to cherish the love of them ever afterward.

### *True Catholic Education combines the Ancient and the Modern.*

Do we mean that thereby they shall neglect their own mother-tongue, or modern languages, or the mathematic and physical sciences, without which a scholar is only half a scholar? Most certainly not. We cannot forget that the training given in our own dear Alma Mater combined a thorough knowledge of both classical and scientific lore. And we are proud to see, that with the new responsibilities assumed by her in organizing a university course complete in every department, the old equal love for the culture of antiquity and that of the ripest science of our times still continues to burn with undiminished fervor.

It ought also to be well understood, that neither a thorough mastery of the ancient classics, nor the slight acquaintance with the Latin tongue required for the study

of theology and the discharge of the priestly functions, has ever been, in the judgment of the Church, a sufficient intellectual education. The extraordinary sacrifices which she makes yearly in lands, where the revolution has stripped her of everything, to create or to sustain universities worthy of being in the foremost rank of true science, are a most eloquent proof of the desire she has that her priests shall be as superior in learning as she wills them to be superior in moral excellence.

### *The Clerical Standard of Science.*

Surely a clergyman, mixing in daily intercourse with men of the world, with scholars and gentlemen in every walk of life, where all the living questions about society, religion, and science, about history and art in all its branches, come up for discussion,—must not feel that he is, in all these matters, treading upon unknown or uncertain ground. He must have already studied and discussed and mastered all these mighty problems. He must stand, in every company where the serious-minded and the cultivated meet, like one who is naturally looked up to for light, not as one who is compelled to be dumb through sheer ignorance, and therefore looked down upon. He will everywhere meet with conscientious and anxious inquirers after truth,—after the truth on these momentous issues between science and religion,—and must he perforce be silent? Has he no light in his lamp wherewith to guide the soul who is seeking the right road amid the surrounding darkness?

We need to have our clergymen leading the advance of intellect on every path of solid science. We need to have our young professional men in the world, after they come forth from our colleges, armed cap-à-pie with such armor that no assault shall pierce it, and with such victorious weapons, that no enemy shall stand before them.

*The Classics are only Models of Literary Excellence.*

The knowledge of Greek and Latin is only a small portion of the varied culture that fills a college course; the study of the classical authors in these languages,—is for the intellect and the taste, a training and a molding similar to that, which the selected art-students from every country in Christendom have to undergo in Rome, while contemplating, studying, copying, and imitating the immortal works of pagan and Christian art collected there. Just as the painter or the architect in examining and analyzing the masterpieces left behind by the artists of Italy and Greece, finds daily new worlds of ideal perfection and beauty opened before him,—ideal forms and conceptions which he can make his own by study and imitation,—even so is it with the glorious forms of literary perfection bequeathed to us by antiquity. We can make them our own, copy them, endeavor to surpass them.

It is universally conceded, that to be a superior painter or sculptor, long years of study in Rome are an indispensable discipline. It ought to be,—indeed it is just as generally granted,—that to attain the first rank in literary excellence, the study of classical literature is a discipline none the less necessary.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was almost as enthusiastic a student of Greek antiquity, as William Ewart Gladstone, or Guizot, or Wiseman. The writers, poets, orators, who might be mentioned as forming exceptions to this rule, are, in reality, no exceptions. The contemporary models on whom they formed their method and their diction, were, every one of them, the living copies of ancient excellence.

In one word, if you send your son to college, only keep him there when you find that he has both the talent and the love of study that will insure success. Then spare no encouragement to your boy, no help to his masters that can further and increase this success. Wait patiently for the end, and you will be surely rewarded.

If, on the contrary, you find, after necessary trial, that your boy has neither aptitude nor inclination for such studies,—you will do a prudent parent's part in withdrawing him and putting him elsewhere to studies proportioned to his talent and his bent, and under such discipline as may secure both his learning well what he is put to, and his cultivating his own heart by self-discipline.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## THE SECOND EDUCATION.

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.

TENNYSON.

We are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physic, or manufactured goods, BUT TO BECOME MEN: not narrow pedants, but wide-seeing, mind-traveled men. Who are the men of history to be admired most? Those whom most things became: who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, considerate in a sick-room, genial at a feast, joyous at a festival, capable of discourse with many minds, large-souled, not to be shriveled up into any one form, fashion, or temperament.—HELPS.*

THE public school, the college, and the university only prepare youth for the great school of the world. Academic training of every kind fit young men to educate themselves for the serious business of life. This second and decisive education should be kept in mind both by parents and by teachers, while a boy is undergoing in school the intellectual and moral discipline that is to form his character and to exercise on his future career so great an influence.

He must be told, while still amid the quiet shades of his Alma Mater, that he will have hard and noble work to do, and a long battle to fight. His educators only train him to familiarity with his workman's tools, and accustom him to bear and use his armor and weapons. On entering on his chosen professional sphere, he must prove that he is an

"Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to labor, sure to conquer."

We are anxious—in the first place—that the youth who

* "Friends in Council," i., p. 64; New York, 1861.

turns his back on school and his face toward the serious and stern work before him, should show himself "a noble liver," by the principles and virtues displayed in private life, while proving himself, besides, in his professional dealings, the "active doer, strong to labor, sure to conquer."

The "nobility of life," that all have a right to expect from the long and carefully trained student, must manifest itself in his duteous conduct toward his own family. Young people returning home at the end of their academical education, are, all too frequently, apt to fancy, that their "good behavior" and their "accomplishments" are things to be put by with their class-books and their diplomas, and only to be brought forth from the closet for the admiration and delight of strangers.

### *Be the Delight of your Home-Circle.*

Have we not known young ladies, who charmed the large audience assembled on the "graduating day" with their musical and oratorical performances, and who could not be induced to play, or sing, or recite one poetical passage in order to gratify their home-circle, precisely because it was but the home-circle? What perversity of temper, taste, and judgment! Ah, young ladies, we were taught in our young days—long ago—that every accomplishment brought from school by the sons and daughters of any good family, were to be chiefly and before all else, displayed for the pleasure of father and mother and brothers and sisters. It was then the rule and the fashion to delight the family circle each evening with music and song and charade, brothers and sisters all joining hand and heart and voice rapturously, precisely because father and mother were delighted lookers-on, and all the more rapturously because they alone were there to drink their fill of the deep delight. Has this rule become "old fashioned"?

But our words are more for your brothers than for you. Young men,—we happen to know it,—often toil heroically

to deserve their degree of bachelor or of master of arts. It is most praiseworthy toil, assuredly; and it should ever be an earnest to all who witness it of the still nobler qualities that are to mark the after-college life.

Do not forget, however, young laureates, that there are other arts, often harder to master, and not less necessary to you, which you are to study, to court, to possess, and to practice, if you would be the true men the world expects you to be. There is a science, more needful even than those which enable one to read all the mysteries of earth and ocean and the starry heavens,—the science of living with others so as to contribute our utmost to their happiness.

### *Claim of Parents on their Educated Sons.*

Before and above all others your parents have the first claim on you,—now that you are once more the inmates of their home. Shall we consider together one or two points which are of most especial importance to you and to them at this critical period of life?

Though you may be the most generous and devoted of sons, and most desirous of showing your parents how deeply you prize the self-sacrificing love that has been so long waiting for your return to the home, yet we venture to affirm that you are far from estimating that love at its real value. Even where parents are so blessed with the goods of fortune, that the cost of the longest and most expensive education is to them a matter of no account, there are other sacrifices which a noble-hearted youth will consider to be infinitely greater. There is the generosity of a mother's love, consenting to the long years of separation from her dear ones,—perhaps her only one. This unsatisfied craving of a motherly heart is not one that dies out with time: it rather increases with each succeeding year. For the love and pride of a true mother's heart look forward to the beautiful bloom of early manhood in her boy, with a yearning to which nothing can be compared in depth and intensity.

The father's patient waiting is often scarcely less deserving of filial gratitude and admiration. For, after all, it is to his sons that a father looks forward not only for the dear companionship which is a need of fatherly natures, but for the realization of the hope deposited in every father's heart by God's own hand,—of seeing himself living again and prospering in his sons. And how often does it not happen that a father's hopes and affections center in the son whose education and progress he watches with ever-increasing anxiety?

### *The Debt of Gratitude due to Poor Parents.*

When the parents who thus "watch and wait" for the long-expected return of the absent one, are anything but favorites of fortune; when they have both toiled and suffered through the tedious college years, denying themselves everything, that the absent one should want for nothing; when they had set their hearts on seeing him combine in his own person, at the end of his studies, all literary accomplishment and moral excellence,—with what an unspeakable intensity of expectant love, do not these two fond, hungry hearts stretch forth to meet him on his coming home! Who can describe the mother's joy and triumph, when the boy she has parted with long ago returns a man, or almost a man,—every accomplishment and youthful grace exaggerated in the light of her motherly admiration?

Who can say, on the other hand, how much a son thus returning to the home of his childhood, has it in his power to do for the contentment, the perfect happiness of his parents? Sweet above all the rewards that mind could plan, or wealth purchase, sweet above all thought and beyond our power of expression, is the grateful devotion of such a son to such parents. . . .

A son blessed with such parents as are here described, must have brought away from their home—how lowly soever we may picture it—the undying memories of a love incomparable in sweetness and blissfulness. Whatever may

have been his experiences at college, as boyhood slowly grew into youth and early manhood,—it is not likely that the spectacle of others' wealth and home luxuries, could have blotted away from his true heart the image of his father's hearthstone and of her who kept ever burning upon it the bright fire of her own womanly charities.

"My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feelings' tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!"

Yes—we have seen not only the young man, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, find no repose, enjoy no satisfaction, and apparently close his ears to the concert of admiration and praise that greeted him inside and outside the academic halls,—till he was fast clasped in his mother's arms, and heard one word of simple congratulation from her or from his father's lips. The added brightness and warmth which his presence seemed to bring to the dear hearth of his childhood, was more grateful to his inward and outward sense than the rapturous applause of multitudes. And, oh, how we have seen a happy mother's face transformed by the sight of her returning boy, as if the light of another world shone upon it, and her whole soul beaming forth in the look of unutterable gratitude with which she heard her darling's words and received his caresses!

*Loving to come back to the Old Nest.*

We have seen sons, later in life, when they had homes of their own,—homes, too, blessed with all a man's heart can desire,—yet loving to fly back to the old nest where their infancy had been sheltered, and coveting the sweet warmth of their mother's wing, as eagerly as if the whole outside world had not one other restful spot for them! Ah, true

men! to them shall be given, in their turn, sons and daughters who will love to make their father's home a paradise, and to crown his old age with the priceless love that he had lavished on his parents.

Do not be ashamed of being ever a little child when you seek the dear and holy atmosphere of a father's home and a mother's tenderness. It must be your praise in the eyes of all true men, ever to feel and to say of the roof beneath which you were reared—

"My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there:
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, envy, malice, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair,
By thee—my own fireside!

"Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,
To thee—my own fireside!

"Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!"*

You will say,—and most justly,—that a soul incapable of prizing the purest and dearest of all this world's joys,—a mother's proud affection and a father's manly love,—must be a soul afflicted with some moral deformity. Yet is it most true that there are many such.

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* Alaric A. Watts.

If, in our long acquaintance with parents and their sons, we have been gladdened by seeing the former made happy by their children, by witnessing the fondest, proudest realization of a father and a mother's dreams,—we have also known of more than one instance of bitter deception. Of the latter we only permit ourselves to speak here, in the hope that this page may attract the eye of advanced students, and warn them in time to prevent their incurring the guilt of the blackest human ingratitude and one of the most dreadful of possible misfortunes.

There have been sons, tenderly loved and cared for, educated at the cost of sacrifices known in their full extent to God alone, on whose future goodness and greatness both parents had built the dearest hope of their life, — and who, at the end of their college or university course, were ashamed to return to their paternal roof, as if to acknowledge poor father and mother were to them a degradation! Ah, thrice unhappy parents who had conceived and nursed so long the fond, foolish, fatal ambition of devoting their substance and their lives to "making their son a gentleman"! As if anything but the gentle heart and the generous spirit could make the gentleman!

We glance rapidly at such moral monsters, both because we would be most unwilling to have our readers believe that they are anything else than rare monsters of ingratitude and baseness, and because we must hasten to say how common are the opposite examples of manly affection, and true nobleness of spirit.

To those who know the numbers of high-souled men sprung from the laborer's cabin, reared and educated at the expense of a whole life's toil and privation, and filling the most honorable stations in every rank of the community,—we need not say that such perversity as we here hold up as a warning, can only be exceptional. Were the writing of this book to have no other effect than to spare, by prevention, a single motherly or fatherly heart such agony as we have beheld,—we should have good cause not to regret our labor.

### *Home-Treasures of Affection.*

And so this much to remind young men, that their first duty, on their return home, is to their parents and their family. Within their home they should exert themselves not only to repay father and mother with unceasing love and reverence and devotion, but they should find especial delight in making up to their brothers and sisters for the manifold regrets of the long absence from home.

Friendships formed in college, we know it well, are often the purest and the most lasting; still a friend's constant affection and support is rarely comparable to the treasure of a brother or a sister's love. Those only whose souls are guided in all things by principle and conscience, can appreciate what a noble brother's friendship is, or what is the treasure of a sister's undying fidelity.

Cultivate these home charities, these family affections, first of all and before everything else. And then persuade yourself that the first, and most frequently the best, school for studying the social virtues and social refinement,—is in the bosom of your own household.

As we are laying down a few practical rules to help young men in acquiring, together with the true graces of social manners, the true esteem of all who know them, let us begin by saying, that the solid foundation of all interior sweetness, outward gracefulness, and all real lovableness,—is God's grace in the soul's center, and the serenity which its presence produces.

You need a higher motive than ever not only for preserving undiminished the manly and unaffected piety of which you acquired the habit at school, but of increasing its vigorous growth in the sunlight of public life. You must not look for approval to those above, around, or beneath you: look to God alone! Though but a layman and a young man,—you are now "God's man," bound to represent Him in the eyes of the world, bound to be His son in Godlike action, and destined to gain for Him many victories in the

battle of Truth against Error, of goodness against triumphant depravity. You are God's soldier and servant. Look to Him alone for strength, approval, and reward!

You are God's organ, in more ways than one; you are appointed by Him as a teacher to those "who sit in darkness," who know your ancestral faith only through the misrepresentations they have heard of it, who, perhaps, know your God Himself only through the distorting haze of a bad education and a false philosophy.

### *Mission of Educated Young Men.*

You are to teach them. This is so true, that henceforward, wherever you go and are known as a child of the Great Mother, brought up in one of her privileged schools, your life will be taken as a sample of her godliness, your words will be repeated as the echo of her doctrines, and your person, your manners, your very bearing in public and in private, will be pointed out as the result of Catholic culture.

Yes,—you are so truly a teacher, that your whole life will be watched, scrutinized, recorded, and commented on,—as a living lesson of Catholic enlightenment and morality. In the schools which sprung up in the Spain of the sixteenth century as well as in newly discovered America, the young teachers—the saintly sons of the great St. Teresa—were wont each morning to say, before beginning their lessons, the following most beautiful prayer. Do not fear to read it, to make it your own. A lovely flower is none the less lovely or fragrant because it happens to bloom in a cathedral close, and beneath the shadow of God's holy house. So fear not to cull it and wear it near your heart. Here it is:

"O most lowly-minded King of hearts Christ Jesus, by the very heart of that merciful condescension which led Thee, our Orient from on high, to visit us in our need, I beseech Thee to create within me through the Spirit who is Thy Gift, an humble and pure heart, all athirst for Thine

own secret teaching: in order that in this school of Thy lowly followers, I may learn to guide, without leading astray, the tender souls committed to me by Thy sweet Mother." *

Wear near your heart, in an especial manner, the desire to be Christ-like in your soul, and Christ-like in your life, and the resolve to win to Him by the sweet fragrance of your gentleness, your refinement, your modesty, your unblemished purity and honor,—the souls who know neither Him nor your Great Mother!

You need only be true to the divine light and voice within, in order to appear before others, in all the relations of life, as God and men would have you. The conscious possession of His grace, who is the deep ocean of peace, sweetness, and love, will enable you, force you even, to look with contentment and love on all persons and things throughout His creation.

The spirit of true piety is not the sad, melancholy, brooding, and bitter thing that a gloomy fanaticism would make it. It is lightsome, joyous, loving, compassionate, and all-embracing in its kindness. The Spirit of God in a youthful soul, just beginning to run its race of usefulness in the world, sheds abroad over earth and sky and ocean, over the whole moral as well as the material world, the light of deep and joyous contentment with which their Divine Author uttered, in the beginning, the judgment, that "they were very good."

It is sad enough to see old men, who have tasted of life's bitterness and disappointments, without being chastened by them or impelled to draw nearer to God,—who have sate at the banquet of life without appreciating or enjoying a single one of the delights spread out for them there by the most bountiful hand of our God,—to go darkly and

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* Humillime Rex cordium Jesu Christe, per viscera misericordiæ tuæ, in quibus visitasti nos oriens ex alto, obsecro te, creare digneris in me cor humile et purum, cupidissimum secretæ eruditionis tuæ: ut in schola humilium discipulorum tuorum fiam dono tuo sapiens ad regendam sine deceptione novellam prolem dulcissimæ Genetricis tuæ.

gloomily down to their grave abusing and cursing their fellow-men, and asserting that all is bad in this beautiful world of ours. They pass through life, like beasts of ill odor by night through the loveliest of gardens, without perceiving or having the capacity to perceive the varied wealth and beauty and magnificence of nature and art around them.

### *To the Pure of Heart the World is ever Beautiful.*

Not so do the eyes of pure-hearted, noble-minded youth look out upon God's universe. They behold it overspread with the heavenly tints that clothed it at its prime, when God walked forth in visible form to enjoy the works of His own hands, "When the morning stars praised [Him] together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody." * The divinely enlightened heart of the young and the pure is drawn instinctively toward what is good and lovely, not only in the society of men, but throughout every other walk of creation. And this lightsomeness and freshness of heart dies not away with youth, but lasts, in the true man, increased and intensified, through manhood and old age. The springtide of the pure heart is eternal. The lamp of God which illuminates the soul-sanctuary never ceases to shed its golden splendors on the outside world. Its light only grows more vivid as the day of eternity draws near.

Oh, may that freshness of heart, that unfading youth of soul be ever yours, through all the vicissitudes of age, health, fortune, enjoyment, and suffering!

Let this interior peace, this deep contentment, this disposition to see in man and in nature the bright side only, save you, within your family circle, from the fatal faults of censoriousness and fault-finding. Have always words of praise for your dear ones.

"Be to (their) virtues very kind;
Be to (their) faults a little blind." †

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* Job, xxxviii. 7.

† Matthew Prior.

Carry with you the same rule into the outside world. Be prompt to see the good qualities of those with whom you have to associate; be slow to acknowledge their faults even to yourself; and be careful not to show one man in ten thousand that you have discovered in others or in himself anything you deem blameworthy.

Be, on the contrary, both prompt and generous in praising the good you see in others. Do not believe that all men are prone to evil and ever ready to do you a mischief. The longer you live, the greater and wider your experience of mankind, and the more will you have reason to bless God that there are so many noble and beautiful souls left on earth to prove the presence on it of good angels and of the God of angels.

### *Purity is always full of Reverence.*

Never,—so long as He spares your mother's life,—fail to show her daily and hourly a love full of infinite reverence and tenderness. Let your love for your sisters be also most respectful and deferential. And should God send you, in His own good time, a woman who can be all in all to you, let your love for her be distinguished by the same reverential feeling, and your life-long service to her be one of respectful and heartfelt devotion.

Reverence is to love, what a casing of purest gold and crystal, adorned with precious stones, is to the portrait of the one dearest to our heart: it preserves the loved image from soil and decay, while permitting us to gaze on the cherished features, and to wear it continually near our heart.

Think and speak of all women with something, at least, of the respect and the deference you are wont to show to your mother and your sisters; and never permit yourself anything approaching to disrespect toward the poorest, the lowliest, the most unworthy of their sex. If you would have a sure, an infallible sign marking out to you, in the intercourse of life, the man who should never be your friend, your companion, or your business associate, let it be disre-

spect to women. The man who forgets what is due to his mother's sex is neither a true gentleman, nor a true man: and he who habitually thinks and speaks evil of women, is one who has long ago forfeited self-respect and is unworthy of the esteem of virtuous men. He is a moral leper to be shunned carefully and mercilessly.

### *Truth and Honor.*

Be truthful,—truthful in thought, in intention, in word, and deed,—in the whole tenor of your life, as if He who made your soul were visibly present to you in your studies, your conversations, your every daily act, standing—revealed to your eyes—by the side of every person you spoke to, and dealt with.

Be honorable.

> "Inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
> To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
> Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,
> And saving those that eye thee."

He who has ever passed in Eastern lands for the wisest, if not the greatest, of men, said long, long ago: "A good name is better than great riches." * We must, however, hasten to warn you not to mistake false honor for the true, the shadow for the substance, the vain praise of men for the just judgment of God on the solid merits of His children; the road of pride and self-worship, leading aloft and ending at an inevitable precipice, for the safe path in which the "noble liver" walks, while he seeks and sings praise to the Most High God.

The son, well-born and high-souled, has only one aim in doing, daring, and bearing great things,—to glorify his father, to reflect honor on the mother who bore him. The crown he wins he only values because he can lay it at their feet, the songs sung in his praise are only sweet to his ears in so far as their music can reach and thrill the souls of his parents.

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* Proverbs of Solomon, xxii. 1.

This most true and lofty sentiment dictates also the care to be had of one's name and reputation. For the name one bears is the father's name, the family name ; and its honor belongs not to one's self exclusively, but rather to one's parents and kindred.

We know,—you, flower of our Christian youth, know it far better than the multitude,—that our dearest honor is that of the God who created and redeemed us, that of the Church, who, under Him, is the dear Mother of our souls. For them we stand or we fall ; on them is reflected alike our honor or our dishonor.

### "*The Pious and Just Honoring of Ourselves.*"

"The Catholic Church nourishes that 'ingenious and noble shame,' which Milton so extols, adding, 'or call it, if you will, that esteem, whereby men bear an inward reverence toward their own persons.' And if, as he continues, 'the love of God, as a fire sent from heaven ever to be kept alive upon the altars of our hearts, be the first principle of all godly and virtuous actions in men, and this pious and just honoring of ourselves the second, serving as the radical moisture and fountain-head, whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth,'—where, except in the Catholic Church, can we find any security for its perpetual transmission? Where else can honor hope to find an inexhaustible source of that self-respect which makes man fear not so much the offense and reproach of others, as he dreads and would blush at the reflection of his own severe and modest eye upon himself, if it should see him doing or imagining, though in the deepest secrecy, that which is base.' " *

There lies the distinction between false honor,—the worship of self, accepted from the world for the sole sake of self, by the proud or vain man,—and true honor, the self-respect, the pious and just honoring of ourselves, for His

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* Digby, "Compitum," b. i., ch. ix.

sake and His love, who is our Father in Heaven, and next for her sake, who is the Mother of His children here below.

We have a striking and memorable illustration of this in the conduct of St. Ignatius of Loyola. The once chivalrous and sensitive soldier, who shrank from the thought of worldly dishonor as from something a thousand times worse than death in its most appalling form, became, after his conversion, filled with an insatiable thirst for humiliations. So long as these only fell upon himself without involving his good name as connected with others, or with the honor of God and His Church, he would drink in and savor insult and scorn with more avidity, than the fainting traveler from across the burning wilderness, would drink of the first cool spring on his path. Thus, while pursuing under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, his first long course of moral discipline in the cavern near Manresa, Ignatius would sally forth occasionally from his retreat, dressed like the poorest of beggars, with matted hair, unshaven beard, sallow and sunken cheeks, and go limping slowly and painfully through the streets of the town to beg from door to door the bread needful to his sustenance. Little did the inhabitants, who gave or refused alms to the stranger, imagine that the sickly, emaciated, infirm young man, was one of their own proudest nobles, a soldier who had gloriously defended the honor of Spain. And as they watched him limping along the street on his shattered limb, the little boys, thinking him demented, would take pleasure in following him with jeer and scoff, as ill-bred children are apt to do. But whenever they did so, Ignatius would stand still, and with downcast eyes listen to their crys and abuse, as if their words of scorn and mockery were to him the most ravishing of earthly harmonies.

*Where our Good Name involves God's Interests.*

Many are the anecdotes told of this great-souled man, attesting his supernatural love of contempt and humiliation. When, however, he had begun to bind to himself, in the University of Paris, the chosen souls who, like Francis

Xavier and Peter Favre, were to be with himself the founders of the apostolic Society of Jesus, he was not willing that any stain of dishonor should fall on his own name or that of his companions,—because he knew that such disgrace would prevent the mighty good his associates were destined of God to do in both hemispheres.

Thus having been once accused of some infraction of the University rules, he was unjustly sentenced by the faculty, to undergo the shame of a public flagellation before the assembled students and professors. He allowed the proceedings against him to go on till the very moment came when the punishment was to be inflicted, and then produced such overwhelming proofs of his innocence, that he received the compliments and congratulations of the very judges who had so hastily condemned him.

This same zeal for the good name of his infant Society he again and again displayed in Italy, and with such success that the slanderers were silenced forever.

Thus is it with you, young men, who stand before the world not only as the representatives of the families whose names you bear, but also as the children of a Father and a Mother, whose honor is in your keeping, and to whom your honor, your good name and spotless reputation, are treasures that you cannot compromise or barter away without deepest guilt and undying infamy.

# CHAPTER XV.

## BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one, like rays
    That fade upon a summer's eve.
    But, oh! what charm, or magic numbers,
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
    Those weary, happy days did leave?
    When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this—
    E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

ALLSTON.

### *How Boys look up to their Father.*

IF fathers only knew the magic power they possess of filling the souls of their boys,—while boyhood's golden day is still in its morning,—with sweet and holy memories that remain to embalm and sanctify a whole lifetime! Somehow, girls look to their mothers for all that makes the enchantment of their earliest years; but a boy, with the instincts and yearnings of manhood strong within him, will look up to his father as his ideal,—and to imitate him will as surely be his first endeavor, as that of the bird impelled to leave the nest, will be to try its wings in following the flight of its parent. Girls are like sweet and delicate flowers that need far more of shade than of sunshine, shedding their fragrance and displaying their loveliness in the quiet nooks of the garden, or along the shady borders of some lake in the woods. Boys are like the trees in the forest; they will

shoot up their slender stems alongside the parent trunk, stretching ever upward to spread their branches in the full light and heat of noonday.

Companionship with their father is the first great ambition of boys to whom God has given a true father, one worthy to be admired and imitated; outside of school-hours, they yearn to spend with him every moment of recreation and repose. From their mother they receive, in the morning and evening, as it were, a double bath of life. A boy returns to his mother's arms and rests in the sweet glow of her affection at evening, when he has had his fill of lusty effort and outdoor exercise, as naturally as the lark, after sunset, descends from the purple clouds where he has been circling and carolling since early dawn, and seeks his nest in the flowering grasses. Her voice, the dear light of her eyes, her smile, and her caresses have on every faculty of a boy's soul the same effect that the subdued glow of twilight, the stillness, coolness, and dews of night have on growing shrub and tree after the parching day, the wind, and the storm.

The caresses of maternal love, the prayers murmured by her side, the kiss and the blessing with which she consigns her dear ones to sleep and to the keeping of their Guardian Angels,—are, in very truth, the sweetest image of God's infinite tenderness. The lessons of piety instilled into the willing heart of boyhood in these dear evening and morning hours, sink as naturally into its very substance and penetrate to the inmost sources of spiritual life, as surely as the dew sinks into the thirsty soil and penetrates by every pore of tree and shrub and flower, of the grass on the meadow and the ripening corn, refreshing and invigorating their exhausted life-currents.

### *A Divine Work Divinely Performed.*

Such is to boyhood, each morning and evening, the loving office of motherhood, the complement of the father's companionship throughout the day. Happy, most happy the

boys whose father's gentle and pious care lends itself with devout and grateful eagerness to helping this office of motherly love. What may not be expected from boyhood reared beneath the united influence of this twofold tenderness of a father and a mother whose affection is sanctified by the divine blessing, and whose coöperation in training their dear ones, is—they know and feel it—a divine work divinely performed!

Let parents forgive us. We are treating of sonship, its duties, and its virtues. What we have been just describing lies at the very root of all filial virtue; such nurture as we here hint at disposes the soul to find the performance of all duty sweet, as surely as the loving husbandry of the gardener, aided by the late and the early rain, and all the gentle influences of the heavens, prepares the fruit tree to bear in autumn its most delicious fruit.

### *The Parents' Ideal in their Work.*

One word, then, about that ideal which both parents ought to keep before their eyes in forming the soul and the exterior deportment of every one of their boys. Of course, in Catholic homes we suppose that every father, who has at heart the preserving of his boy's soul in supernatural grace, will make him familiar with the infancy and boyhood of our divine Lord. No Catholic home ought to be without "The Life of Christ, by St. Bonaventura;" and no father ought to allow a single year to pass by without reading this most beautiful book to all his children. We suppose, moreover, that they are made acquainted with such sweet models of boyish innocence, grace, and heroism as are found in the lives of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus Kostka, Blessed John Berchmans, and others that we need not name here.

What, however, it is imperative to set here before the minds of parents and boys alike is some living exemplar of lovely youth in boys brought up in the world and for the world. For in such we see more easily models that young

men of the world can imitate, models which will draw the eyes and the hearts of boyhood, and inflame them with a noble emulation.

Here, then, is the picture of a noble Christian youth from the pen of a woman of the late middle age:

"He was a vessel of all goodness, pitifulness, benignity, and sweetness. In his boyhood and early youth he was comely, cheerful, fond of pastime, and inclined to love all that was honorable and could be loved without sin: he was bright and gentle in his manner, having always kind words to say, open-handed, and so affable and gracious in his address that all who saw him were drawn to him, princes, princesses, knights, nobles, and folk of every sort. But when the good duke came to maturer years, all this joyous and innocent youth turned into sense and moderation, good counsel, devotion, and constancy; and though his conduct was ever deserving of all praise, yet he now seemed to advance still higher in the degrees of all virtues. He was a shining model of charity: he used to succor poor gentlemen, to bestow great gifts on poor monks and indigent clergymen; to poor scholars and to the needy of every condition he was a compassionate and bountiful almsgiver. He is also wont to dispense abundant alms in secret; he trusts in God with invincible faith, and turns to Him in all his necessities." *

This is the mirror we hold up to parents. For the guidance of mothers, while training their boys to all manliness, we have laid down rules in another work.† So now we address ourselves directly to the boy and the young man themselves.

### *The Two Things recommended to Boys.*

We have lived all our lifetime among you, O you, who are so dear to us, that we should willingly give time, strength, life, and all to teach you the right road, as we

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* Christine de Pisan, *Livre des Fais*, tome ii., ch. xiv.

† See "The Mirror of True Womanhood."

now see it; to fill your minds with noble thoughts, noble ideals, noble memories; to inspire you with noble aims, noble sentiments, and the courage that is equal to every noble enterprise: we would fain fill your hearts, while pursuing all that is most elevating and ennobling, with joy so bright and so overflowing, that your course should resemble the clear, blue, full stream of the Rhone where it issues purified from the Lake of Geneva, and prepares to be the glory and wealth of Southern France.

"We have two qualities in our souls,"—wrote Plato long ages ago,—"which we must preserve with equal solicitude; the one which prompts us to dare, and the other which constrains us to fear:—to be bold for virtue, and to be afraid in respect to vice." *

We purpose to point out to you here in a few pregnant words, what are the lawful objects on which boyhood and youth may and should exercise that courage, daring, and generosity of spirit,—that true chivalry which is innate in them; and what, on the other hand, are those enemies which they have most to dread while running their race of high-souled generosity.

### *Generosity of Spirit: its Object, DUTY.*

Begin with your home-life. Learn early how to ennoble every act of yours by acquiring, before and above all things, to propose as the motive of your entire life, DUTY. Make of the lofty sense of your duty to God the motive of your duty to your parents; and your early home-life having been thus sanctified by perfect conformity to the Divine Will, and to the will of your parents in view of the Divine Majesty, this same elevation of purpose will follow you through life outside of the paternal home, making your whole career most pleasing in the sight of God and most lovely before men.

Let us understand this well, without putting this vital practical truth into a form that may at all savor of the pul-

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* *De Legibus*, i.

pit, the catechism, or the school-room. We know that we hold our being throughout this life and the eternity of the life to come from Him whom we call God and Father. In the early chapters of this book is set forth the incomparable and incomprehensible generosity with which he so disposes all things in this life that we may be secure in serving Him while discharging all the offices of true manhoood, and that He prepares our magnificent reward in his own Eternal Home.

He is our God and our Father ;—owing everything to Him, our utmost reach of generosity in His service is rigorously *due* to Him. He alone has the supreme and indisputable right to oblige us, to bind the will of his creature, to dispose of our being, our time, our actions, or to communicate to others any share of that imprescriptible authority over us, that essentially belongs to Him as to the sole Author of all things.

### *The Glory of Life is the Discharge of Duty.*

Just as a most generous and high-souled child in a family would deem it *due* to his best of parents ever to look up to him in order to ascertain his will and pleasure, making of the fulfillment of the paternal will and pleasure, the pride and joy and happiness of his own life ;—even so, O children of God, must you deem it your highest honor and make it your highest happiness to look up to that Father, most worthy of all love and praise and service, and to place in the discharge of your DUTY the pride and glory of your life.

He it is who places our parents over us in the home, and our superiors over us in Church and State. Their authority is derived from the Divine Author of our being. The reverence and obedience we pay to them is before all and above all due to Him. The fulfillment, therefore, of all duty in the home and outside of it is only the discharge of a most sacred obligation to Him who has the first right to command, and who knows how to reward with more than royal or imperial generosity the lowest duty as well as

highest, the most obscure as well as the most public and glorious,—*because he looks to the heart with which we do it.*

Precisely because this loving and conscientious discharge of duty is so dear to God and so necessary and meritorious to us, He implanted in the very depths of our nature what philosophers and theologians call the moral sense, *the sense of duty.*

Do not turn away from this page with the notion, that we are entering upon a dull and dry discussion of a thing which is beyond the reach of most men. We shall endeavor to make this important matter both intelligible and interesting to you.

### *The Sense of Duty,—Man's Chief Character.*

God gives to every living thing faculties, senses, instincts most admirably adapted to the kind of life they have to lead. The bee needs no education or training to prepare it to select the flowers from which it gathers its wax and its honey ; nor does it study the rules of geometry before setting about the construction of its hive ; nor has it to learn the topography of the neighboring country in order to make sure of finding its way to the sweetest flowers or the richest gardens, and then to retrace its path home to the hive. It has received from the All-Wise Creator the instinctive knowledge that enables it to construct its hive in the proper place, to fashion the powder it brings home so as to produce the best wax ; and it has a model in its mind of every cell that it builds, so that no architect's rule and compass are needed to correct its measurements or improve the exquisite regularity of the construction. The young bee as it first issues from its pupa state, is ready for its work, issues forth to gather wax and honey without a guide to lead it to its working grounds ;—and, no matter how far it wanders from the hive, it wings its way back with unerring instinct.

The notions of right and wrong, the sense of duty and obligation, are, within the human soul, instincts derived from nature, like the powers of the bee,—derived rather

from the divine Author of nature, — with this difference, that whereas the bee is born perfect and able at once to fulfill the end of its existence, man is only born perfectible, capable of attaining by education, training, self-culture and meritorious effort the full moral and intellectual perfection of his being.

### *How this Sense must be Developed in Boyhood.*

The sense of duty, with its corresponding inborn conception of obligation, of right and wrong, is like the natural gift of music and the vocal power of song. It has to be directed to its proper object, exercised, developed, and perfected.

Thrice happy the child, when the light of conscious reason first dawns upon his soul, whose parent is at hand to instruct him in the knowledge of his Almighty Creator, sweetly aiding mind and heart to find and grasp the supremely True and Good and Fair,—just as the first tendrils of the vine-plant are trained to grasp the oak on which it will soon hang its rich clusters, just as the acorn is planted where it finds a congenial soil and atmosphere, with sunlight and warmth to unfold all its mighty germs of strength and durability!

The man in whom this sense of duty was not thus early cultivated and developed, remains for ever stunted in his moral growth, incomplete in his manhood, a failure at best, and most frequently a bane to society and a curse to his fellow-men.

Where is the boy not deformed in intellect by a wrong culture, or depraved in heart by vicious association or self-indulgence, who does not yearn to become a perfect man, a true man,—a man great in knowledge, great in moral worth, great in his deeds, great in the eyes of God,—though he may not care to be great in the esteem and judgment of the world? The aspirations of the heart of boyhood and youth, where the Christian faith is the light in which all things are viewed and judged, are not the promptings of pride, but

the sense of responsibility, and the desire to be all that God wills each one to be. It is the fully grasped sense of that awful parable where the great King distributes talents to his servants ere he departs on some distant expedition. There are splendid rewards for those who double their gains; for the man who buries his gift, there is nothing but despair and gnashing of teeth.

### *Daring to be Great and Good for God's sake.*

The child of Catholic parents with the deep and abiding sense of duty toward Him who is King, and Father, and Judge, will not be apt to think too highly of his own fidelity to the divine trust: he will rather, in that true humility inseparable from innocence and the presence of divine grace in the soul, feel disposed to see only his own shortcomings.

We would, therefore, where a boy's soul is noble and fired with a noble ambition, in which there mingles much more of the desire of doing God good service, than of gaining worldly praise, encourage him to aim high and do nobly,—to be a man among men, foremost among the best, like a tree of generous growth aspiring amid its fellows of the forest to rise ever higher toward the sunlight, the free air, and the broad, bright heavens, struggling to overtop them all,—and that, so as to be hindered of none from spreading its uplifted arms to the sun, the dew, and the breeze.

Provided the habitual thought and love of God with the living sense of duty be the motive power of your life, I bid you be generous and dare much.

### *The Love of Duty Tested.*

This generous sense of duty, this chivalrous ambition of being foremost in all that is good and most pleasing to the Divine Majesty, must be proved and tested by loving, heart-felt, and constant service done to your parents. Unless your boyhood and youth bear these fruits of filial

obedience and all most loving duty to father and mother, there is but little ground, if any, to hope that you may ever become a good or a great man. He never was a conscientious, faithful, meritorious servant of his country or fellow-citizens, who was a bad son or an unnatural brother.

If parents only follow the rules given above,* you will have in them such models as you will glory in imitating, such lofty and sweet authority as shall make obedience both easy and honorable. Still must you not fail either in reverence or in dutiful obedience even when they are not patterns of high virtue, or distinguished for culture, refinement, and amenity of disposition.

Obey, then, promptly, joyously, lovingly,—setting before your mind the Eternal Son of God made man, who so obeyed for thirty long years, thereby setting a pattern to the boyhood and youth of all time, whether living beneath the paternal roof, or reared outside of it under proper masters for the exercise of that profession, which they are in due time to honor by all the excellence of manly virtue.

Remember, that, in the old chivalrous ages, there was nothing to which boys and young men, who aspired to the rank of knighthood, applied themselves so readily, as to acquire the praise of obedience. For he alone was deemed worthy to lead, who had long learned to follow; he alone was judged fit to command, who had learned to obey; he alone could hope to attain supreme perfection in any craft or profession, who had sat for years under wise and skilled masters, till he had himself become a thorough master in what could alone raise him to the first rank.

### *Obedience is Heroic Love.*

Beside the universally acknowledged necessity of this preparatory discipline to the young, there is in the happiness which such loving submission causes to parents, a something that must appeal powerfully to the frank and generous spirit of boyhood. How many noble boys have

* Chapters X., XI.

we not known who could not brook the thought of disobeying even in the most trifling matters, because they felt themselves how exquisite was the pleasure they gave their parents by their constant and perfect obedience,—their true love making them fear to cast the slightest shadow over this happiness!

We who are grown old and look back with such mingled feelings of regret and pleasure over the past years,—know how sweet above all sweetness, is the memory of a parent's delight, manifested by loving word or look or caress in approval of generous obedience or duty faithfully fulfilled.

Listen to what one who had searched all the ancient literature of Christendom, as he had explored its castles, palaces, and monasteries, in quest of the records of Christian chivalry, says of this spirit of obedience as practiced by our forefathers:

"The squire of chivalry had to perform the most laborious offices, and the blow which he received on admission to the order was to denote the sufferings for which he had still to prepare himself. Büsching remarks that 'the habit of obedience, the principle of which was derived from the patriarchal ages, thus learned in youth, was a noble preparation for subsequent command. The progress to knighthood was long and gradual; nothing sudden hurried the boy from an unwarlike service to the life of peril. Every one had to obey and learn, so that step by step he might become familiar with the dangers and troubles of a chivalrous life.' Equally admirable were the effects of this education in regard to religion and the cultivation of the mind. The saints have shown that the way of holiness lies in obedience and observance of the most minute rules. That furious ardor for bursting every restraint which possesses so many of the moderns, ends, we find, in the subjection of the soul to the passions, or in the loss of reason.

"No rank was then exempt from obedience. Von Gravenberg relates how his hero, Wigolais, though a king's son, was bred up like other boys, to discharge every kind of youthful service. The squire and the knight were able

to say, like the youth in Athenæus, 'If a ladder must be mounted, I am a goat; if a blow is to be endured, I am an anvil; for drinking water, I am a frog; for bearing the winter's cold without shelter, I am a blackbird,—the summer heat, a grasshopper; for walking barefoot any moment in the morning, a crane; for passing a sleepless night, a bat.'" *

So much on this divine generosity which boyhood can display in the loving obedience paid to parents or to all who hold their place.

*The divine Strength and Joy springing from Obedience.*

Boys do not always, indeed, only a small number do ever, appreciate or understand the force of soul derived from this habit of obedience, especially when it is founded on the supernatural motive mentioned,—imitation of the Incarnate God.

Persons who begin to practice what is known as "mountaineering,"—the climbing of the loftiest mountains and the most inaccessible peaks,—are at first conscious only of the fatigue and the danger accompanying their efforts. But, by degrees, to the sense of danger succeeds that of security, and fatigue diminishes with exercise, while success in ascending one elevation after another, imparts not only delight to the soul, but ever-increasing vigor and power of endurance to the limbs.

Even so has God, the author of our nature, so disposed things, that the discipline of obedience, when generously undergone, imparts to the will power to overcome difficulties seemingly insurmountable.

Dare to be obedient, then, and to emulate in this heroic discipline of self-subjection your Guide and Master, Christ!

Dare also to be temperate and self-denying. This, evidently, was understood to be an integral part of the hardy and wholesome discipline imposed on our forefathers in their boyhood and youth.

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* Kenelm Henry Digby, "Orlandus," i., pp. 351, 352.

One unpracticed in husbandry might complain of the skilled gardener who, when he has fruit trees of great promise, will set about pruning them, lopping off branches on every side, and thereby destroying the grace and symmetry of his favorites. Nay, he does more than that; when springtide calls forth all the loveliness of his garden, and every tree is covered with its sweet blossoms, the gardener will watch each blossom as it falls to give place to the precious fruit,—mercilessly cutting away the flowers and fruits that he deems superfluous or threaten to overload the branches and overtax the vitality of the tree, sparing only the fruit which promises to be excellent, and by its very excellence to compensate for the loss of quantity.

### *The Pruned Tree bears the Richest Fruit.*

Boyhood is the fruit tree, covered with the fair and exuberant blossoms of promise. Who would bear fruits of unquestioned excellence, must allow the wise and foreseeing husbandry of a father, a mother, or a master's hand to prune, and to graft, and to retrench even the sweetest flowers of natural wealth.

A tree allowed to grow up in a rich soil, unpruned and untrained, in its own wild luxuriance, will either run altogether into barren leaf, or produce, year after year, a crop of fruit of decreasing value in savor, in quality, in all real excellence.

So is it with a boy who is allowed to indulge, unrestrained, all his appetites, and to follow without hindrance the bent of all his inclinations.

"The Spaniard"—says Landor—"has the qualities of the cedar, patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible." Prescott, in recounting the conquest of Mexico, sets forth the extraordinary abstemiousness and power of endurance of Cortes and his companions. A small ration of bread or Indian corn distributed to each soldier once in the twenty-four hours, was sufficient to sustain the heroic band amid the literally

unceasing attacks of the Mexicans who surrounded them on every side; and for months they had to subsist on this, while performing feats of valor and undergoing fatigues which appear incredible to modern readers. But no other nation save one habitually temperate and abstemious to an uncommon degree could have borne up against this accumulation of labor and suffering. Nor has the Spaniard of to-day degenerated from the lofty picture drawn of him by Landor.

Such was also the ancient Republican Roman as painted by Livy, "with a soul that nothing could conquer, an integrity that nothing could corrupt; despising riches, abstinent and patient of labor, of an iron frame and will." *

### *Temperance and Piety go hand in hand.*

In the heroic ballad poetry which describes the struggle maintained for eight centuries by Christian Spain against the Mohammedan,—the noblest national poetry in existence,—you have all the great virtues of the true man described and illustrated in the lives of numberless warriors. In the poem of the Cid a recreant knight is thus condemned:

> "You breakfast before mass,
> You drink before you pray;
> There is no honor in your heart,
> Nor truth in what you say."

It was the custom for all,—for knights, particularly,—to hear mass daily. As this was the commemoration of His sacrifice who refused at the very moment of crucifixion and at the height of his agony on the cross, to drink even the wine and gall which would have made him insensible to pain,—so men who professed to imitate Him in self-sacrifice and denial deemed it monstrous to assist at the divine commemoration otherwise than fasting. Nor was it less inconsistent to assuage one's thirst before having offered up one's morning adoration to God.

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* History, xxxix. 40.

Would that such custom, together with the deep spirit of faith from which it sprung, was more general among us here in this New World!

In the life of Henry IV. of France, it is related that he was from infancy inured to all manner of hardship. He was made to go with boys of his own age, barefooted and bareheaded, to climb his native mountains. If he could only have retained these habits and all akin to these until his dying day, what a noble record had been his! The brave Du Guesclin, and Bayard, the model knight, were trained in the same healthful school of temperance.

### *St. Louis in his Boyhood, your Model.*

These were all men of the world. Let us say one word of another who, while discharging all the duties of a sovereign, a soldier, a father, and a master, showed himself all through life, from earliest boyhood till his too early death, the most faultless and glorious model of every age.

St. Louis, King of France (Louis IX.), had for his companion, friend, and biographer, the Sire de Joinville, from whose life-like portraiture we borrow a few traits.

"The Saint," says he, "loved truth to such a degree, that even with the Saracens he would not draw back from what he had promised them. As to his appetite, he was so indifferent, that never in my life did I hear him ask for any particular dish, as many rich men do, but he ate contentedly of what the cooks served up to him. He was measured in his speech; for never in my life did I hear him speak ill of any one, nor did I ever hear him name the devil, a name widely spread through the realm, which cannot, I think, be pleasing to God. He diluted his wine by measure, according as he saw the wine could bear it. He asked me in Cyprus why I put no water into my wine; and I answered him the reason was because the physicians had told me that I had a large head and a cold stomach, and therefore need not fear becoming intoxicated. He replied that they deceived me; for if I did not learn in my youth to dilute

my wine, and wished to do it in my old age, I should be attacked with gout and pains in my stomach, so that I should never have health; and if in my old age I drank wine by itself, I should become intoxicated every evening, and it was a sorry thing for a man of worth to get drunk." *

The heroic king carried his abstemiousness much farther than is related of him here. He was only a boy—eleven years old—when he succeeded to the throne in 1226. Still, even at that age,—so carefully had he been brought up by his admirable mother, Blanche of Castile,—he showed himself endowed with the virtues of ripe manhood. He had learned under his mother's training "to be perfect master in the house of his own soul," that is, to hold under control his temper, his appetites, and his passions.

Let our young readers not turn away in dismay or discouragement from the perfect virtue of this gentle boy-king, as if it were an ideal too far above the reach of boyish imitation. Such virtue was not so very uncommon in the thirteenth century. Boys of all classes, in town and country, bore stamped upon their features something of the sweet supernatural piety, the modest, open air of unsuspecting innocence that we read of in Aloysius Gonzaga and Stanislaus Kostka. These were ages of faith, when childhood, boyhood, youth and early manhood were kept as free from the knowledge of all moral evil, as the heart of the rosebud is closed against the outside air till such time as it can unfold itself to the sunlight.

With that candor, simplicity, and childlike humility, were united robust health and a manly eagerness for all discipline that could enable the boy to become the accomplished youth, and the man to be fit for all the duties and responsibilities of his station in life.

### *Dare to Excel in whatever you do.*

Boys, moreover, were then trained in the notion that to excel in the avocation to which they were born and trained,—

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* Hutton's translation.

though only that of the craftsman, the farmer, or the shepherd,—was to fulfill the Divine Will, and to render one's self deserving of the highest reward in the gift of the all-knowing and all-just. They were all taught that the poor carpenter Joseph and his humble companion Mary, though filling only obscure and lowly stations in the eyes of the world, were most dear to the heart of God and most exalted in the reverence of Christian ages. They knew, from the lives of the Saints familiar to them in the household teaching, and enshrined within their churches, or sculptured in stone on cathedral porch, or pictured in the lofty stained-glass windows,—that there were canonized gardeners like St. Isidore, the patron of Spain, canonized craftsmen like St. Eligius of Noyon, canonized shepherds like St. Genevieve, canonized servants like St. Zita and St. Margaret of Louvain, canonized slaves like St. Blandina, and so many others. The very apostles, who were universally revered as the spiritual parents of the Christian world, were fishermen who plied their trade on the Lake of Galilee,—and their Master was, in his day, held by his countrymen to be only a carpenter's son, and a carpenter himself, a near kinsman of these same Galileans, his first disciples and the apostles of his faith.

So, true manhood in the lowest ranks of Christian society was held to have its ideal perfection in being able to fulfill successfully the labors and duties of one's calling,—moral and spiritual excellence alone entitling either the peasant or the prince, the craftsman or the king to supreme glory in heaven or supreme honor on earth, to reign with Christ in eternity, or here below to occupy among the multitude of holy men and women a niche over altar or porch in God's earthly temple.

So, the pursuit of all intellectual and moral excellence necessary to one's condition and compatible with one's duties,—all in conformity with His will for whom alone all labored,—such was the conviction which regulated the aim and ambition of every man, woman, and child in these ages of faith, so little known by our modern world.

*Why the Boy-King, St. Louis, is proposed as a Model.*

Do not fancy, therefore, that the lovely figure of the boy-king, Louis IX., is that of one whom you may not and should not imitate. Even though a king in his own right at eleven, he continued to be in all things subject to his mother, the Regent, till his majority. But as he had been from childhood the most loving, tender, respectful, and obedient of sons, so he continued all through his youth and manhood, till that most admirable parent was taken from him.

She had taught him to be gentle, and temperate, and abstemious, and austere in his own private life ;—not only abstemious in the use of wine, from which he abstained altogether during entire seasons, and which he never used save in small quantities and mixed with water,—but in all other things. He never would allow himself to taste delicacies of any kind, such as very rare fruits, or fruits when they first began to be sold in the market and were very dear. He wore frequently, and for whole days together, a hair shirt beneath his robes or his heavy armor. King as he was, he was an enemy to extravagance or costliness in dress. On state occasions he appeared with becoming magnificence, just as his hospitality was always magnificent. But outside of such occasions, his dress was of the simplest kind, as his diet was ever of the plainest food.

With all that, he was every inch a king, a statesman, and a soldier, as all the world knows.

You also, who are of the boy-king's age, must dare to be, like him, most generous in dutiful respect and obedience to your parents and masters ; most generous in self-control and self-denial,—in temperance, meekness, modesty, in purity of soul and body, in studiousness, love of labor and self-cultivation, in ambition to be first in God's favor, and in accomplishing all that is most difficult and heroic in order to become His worthy servants and sons.

Of what you must fear and shun we make no special men-

tion at present. By practicing the virtues above enumerated you will be sufficiently guarded against the evils most to be feared at your age. Besides, what is said in the chapter immediately preceding this, and elsewhere throughout this book, on the obstacles to true manliness of character, will teach you what we would have you avoid and abhor.

We must not leave you, O children of God, without submitting to you, not for the mere purpose of admiration only, but for that of imitation, one instance which you will yourselves, we doubt it not, judge worthy of being honored by a careful remembrance.

If you would look with veneration upon the heroic figures of seven boys,—the sons of a sublime mother,—then turn to what we have elsewhere written.* Here we only relate how a boy ten years old succeeded in a few weeks in conquering himself with a heroism that may well put to the blush so many cowardly men of mature years, who remain the slaves of their passions and evil habits till Death hands them over, chained hand and foot, to the Eternal Judge.

### *A Lesson for every Generous Boy.*

The child belonged to parents most gentle and most exemplary in every way, who were sadly distressed by his passionate temper, breaking out at the slightest provocation into fits of rage that bordered on downright insanity. He had at one time very severely wounded his father's gardener, striking him on the cheek with a pruning knife, because he would not be allowed to mangle a beautiful pear tree; and on another occasion, he well-nigh killed his little sister because she would not give up to him some favorite plaything. At table the boy, if contradicted or thwarted in his taste, would hurl plates and dishes to the floor, or strike his brothers and sisters with whatever was nearest to his hand.

Every imaginable remedy had been resorted to by his

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* See the Story of the Suffering of the Seven Machabee Martyrs in "Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church," chapter xix., p. 201.

parents,—the most loving arts of persuasion, severe bodily punishment, confinement on bread and water; and all had utterly failed to make the slightest impression on a nature that no chastisement could frighten and no tenderness soften. He was sent to school under masters who had had wide experience in training youth both in the Old World and in the New. It was hoped that contact with a large number of other boys, the pious atmosphere of the school itself, and the ascendency of renowned and exemplary masters, would call forth the latent germs of good qualities in the soul of the hitherto incorrigible boy. Besides, he was now of an age to prepare for first Communion, and this religious event, his excellent parents fondly believed, would induce him to practice self-repression and control.

They were sadly disappointed. The boy was exceedingly clever, and outstripped in learning all his companions, when he choose to apply himself. But his fits of application were as irregular and as rare as his fits of outrageous violence were frequent and unaccountable. He could not be admitted to first Communion when the appointed time had arrived, and his masters, after exhausting every method and experiment, sent him back to his parents before the end of the term.

This was a great grief to both father and mother,—to the latter most especially. She fancied that her child's evil disposition was a secret judgment on herself, and searched her conscience in vain for the dreadful sin that must have drawn down this visitation on her home. She resolved, with the advice of her spiritual guide, to try another year's schooling under the same revered masters, and was sustained in the eloquent appeal she made to them by the highest religious authority in the diocese. The president of the institution could not resist a mother's tears, the tears especially of such a mother. And so another trial was given to the froward boy, now beginning his eleventh year.

His parting with his mother was most touching. Folding him again and again to her heart, and covering him with tears and kisses, she told him, before his master, that she

prayed God to take him from her rather than allow him to continue obdurate to all teaching and good example. For the first time in his life the boy was seen to weep tears of genuine grief as he returned his mother's caresses.

There seemed to be, at first, some slight change for the better; but the old temper soon broke forth, fiercer and uglier than ever. Still it was resolved to carry forbearance to its most extreme limits; and things went on from bad to worse, till the time had come for the formation of the first Communion class.

The ungovernable child was then called to the room of the chaplain,—a holy man on whose gentle features holiness and goodness were stamped. "Charles," said he, addressing the little savage before him, "you have been more violent and insubordinate these last four weeks than we have ever before known you to be. Had there been amendment since school re-opened, you should be now admitted to the first Communion class. As it is, your dreadful violence has made you insupportable to your schoolmates, many of whom threaten to leave if you are allowed to remain here. Your masters say they can do nothing with you. So it has been resolved by the faculty that you shall be sent home to-morrow. . . . My dear boy, this will break your mother's heart."

All of a sudden, at these last words, as if the grief-stricken mother had risen up to reproach him,—the boy fell on his knees in an agony of tears, weeping uncontrollably for several minutes, clinging to the knees of his venerable friend, and hiding his head on his bosom. At length he gasped out painfully, "Spare my mother! spare my mother! It will kill her. . . . I will change,—indeed I will. Only allow me to prepare for my first Communion; and help me to overcome my temper." . . . Here the child broke down completely, and began to weep and sob convulsively. The good chaplain sent for the president and the infirmarian. For the little penitent, in the sudden extremity of his grief, had swooned away, and blood began to flow from mouth and nose. It was feared that he had

burst a blood-vessel. Happily this was not so, and a few hours of repose in the infirmary restored the sufferer to his equanimity. But there was a blessed and total change in that ardent and passionate soul.

You, dear reader, who know how potent with God are a mother's prayers, how irresistible the pleading of her tears, will recall Monica and Augustine, and say that the Creator of that young heart had, at a mother's supplication, touched its springs of generosity, and awakened in it a new and divine power,—that of self-repression.

From that day forth that boyish life became one uninterrupted series of heroic struggles with self, of heroic victories over self. This is no mere exaggerated assertion. It is a lesson full of loftiest teaching for every one of us, no matter what our age or station.

The chaplain, to help the boy as he had desired, gave him a little note-book, on which he was to mark, twice each day, on opposite pages, his "victories" over self by repressing his outbursts of temper, or his "defeats" whenever he yielded to his passion. Charles was thoroughly and terribly in earnest. The battle for him was during class hours and play-time. He had few, if any, friends among schoolmates or play-fellows. For, with all his ferocious outbreaks of temper, he did not, till that time, give evidence of a single generous quality. His hand and his tongue had been against everybody in the school; and everybody's tongue and hand seemed to be against him.

So, he was, at first, given but little credit for his earnest desire to improve, and but little encouragement to do well. There were many who had old scores to settle with him, and not a few who were disposed to sneer at his real or assumed self-restraint, and all too ready to sting him by jest and scoff. Nevertheless, after the three first days,—as the marks in his little note-book attested,—he was never once known to give way to angry word or action! All the marks, till the day of his death, were on the side of victory.

This result, however, was not achieved without fearful

struggles with his interior enemy. One day, during recreation hours, the chaplain was summoned to the infirmary, whither, it was said, Charles had been carried wounded and bleeding from some fray. Bleeding he was, it is true, but it was a self-inflicted wound. A larger boy had struck and beaten him cruelly for running across the cricket-field and tripping up one of the players, and the poor child had bitten his lip through and through in his desperate effort at self-control.

It was soon evident to all that the child was battling most manfully with his own tyrannical disposition, and to the general dislike succeeded an admiration quite as general. He was seen, before each recitation-hour and each recreation, to visit the Chapel and make a short and fervent prayer for increased strength to overcome himself. There was no affectation in the boy's piety. He was simple and straightforward in everything. His indomitable courage saved him from the temptation to as well as from the suspicion of hypocrisy.

The months preparatory to the day for first Communion soon passed. Charles, of course, was admitted, to the intense satisfaction of the whole school. His delighted parents had come to be present at the festival, and knelt beside their child at the altar. A happier mother could scarce be found on earth that day. Her face glowed like that of an angel as she received the Divine Gift, and tears of ineffable sweetness bedewed her cheeks; nor was her boy less angelic in his rapt air and with his lively faith in the Great Presence.

It was a day long afterward remembered in the school. The happy parents asked and obtained permission to take their darling home for one week's rest. The weather was intensely cold, though in the first days of April. The boy caught cold on the way, and was laid up with pneumonia, which carried him away in a few days, preternaturally happy to die in his recovered innocence.

From the first appearance of serious symptoms, his mother felt instinctively that the seal of death was on him,

and that the prayer she had made in bringing him back to school, had been answered most mercifully. She watched unweariedly near his bedside till the pure spirit had fled, and then lifting him up in presence of the weeping family and with the aid of the noble father, who at once understood what she would do, she offered him a willing sacrifice to the God of Angels. "Thou gavest him to us, O Father," she said; "Thou hast most lovingly prepared him for Thyself; accept him as a thanksgiving offering from the grateful hearts of his father and mother."

Well might the afflicted father often repeat the beautiful lines of a modern singer, as he remembered the bright close of that short life:

"Thou wert a vision of delight, to bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight, a type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine ownself than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart. . . .
Even to the last thy every word—to glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird on summer's eve:
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade." *

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* David Macbeth Moir.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## MATRIMONY.

In the early education of youth, women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness. The child was taught that, to be an honorable and happy man, he should prove himself worthy of the love of a virtuous woman. *This lesson* (says Uhlrich von Lichtenstein) *every boy sucked in with his mother's milk; so it was not wonderful that love and honor should become identified in his soul. When I was a child so young that I used to ride upon a stick, I was fully persuaded that I ought to honor women with all that I possessed,—love, goods, courage, and life.*—KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

She was high-minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection, and in the disdain of vice: in other things covering her greatness with humility among her inferiors, and showing it with courtesy among her peers.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J. (The Martyr).

WE are writing for men of the world, advising them how to be good among the bad, and best among the good; leading them by pleasant and devious paths to the contemplation of soul-stirring models of all human excellence; and teaching where to find both true happiness and the surest means of attaining it.

One chief service that, as teacher and guide, we can render the young man about to enter upon the battle of life,—is to direct him in finding the woman whom God has chosen for him, to be his life-companion, his most faithful friend, his stay and counselor,—the joy of his heart, the queen and the light of his home. True Christian men, men who have had experience of life's bliss and life's bitterest sorrows, of its difficulties and disappointments, its disasters and its triumphs,—of all the sweets of a home made bright and sunny and blissful, or of a home made dark and dreary and desolate,—will say, on reading the title of this chapter, that its subject-matter is the most im-

portant in this book. They will also say, that a priest's hand alone can trace out the rules which should guide pure-hearted youth in finding the worthy object of love, and point out the conditions on which the divine blessing secures to spotless mutual love all the felicities of this life and the next.

With such a purpose, and cherishing the hope that He for whose glory we labor, will enable us to write what is apposite to our purpose, we approach this portion of our appointed task.

### *Christ's First Miracle wrought to Honor Matrimony.*

Has it ever struck you, dear reader, that the first graceful act recorded of the Lord, after he had quitted the privacy of his mother's home at Nazareth, had been publicly baptized in the Jordan, and had spent in the wilderness the "forty days" so full of heroic abstinence and uninterrupted prayer,—was to go with his Blessed Mother and his disciples to the marriage-feast at Cana, a little town quite near Nazareth? His first stupendous miracle,—the changing of the water into wine,—was performed there, at the instance of that same Mother.

So, she who was the Mother of the New Life, the parent of that regenerated humanity out of which Christ's Bride, the Church immortal and unfailing, was to be formed, and He the Bridegroom, the abiding Love and Worship of redeemed humanity, were both present at that marriage-feast. It was fitting that she, the Eve of the new creation, should urge the Second Adam to give a new wine to the hosts and their guests. For was it not from the hearts of both these true Parents of our race, that flowed the Blood given as the price of our redemption, and applied in the Sacraments as the sole means of our sanctification?

### *The Model of Wedded Love.*

These Two, who loved each other as Mother and Son had never loved before, and who loved us with an utter love,

were united in that great sacrificial oblation, which repaired the world; the Son giving Himself for our ransom, and the Mother giving herself in and with her Son, as she stood sublime and unshrinking beneath that Tree of Life. *There* must be, eternally, the exemplar of true love. For love is the gift of self; and these Parents of our souls, loving us truly, loved us utterly, giving themselves to death and shame and suffering unutterable, that we might live.

And so the new wine of Cana was the fit emblem of that sanctifying blood, of that all-powerful grace of Christ, which was to hallow anew the most ancient of God's ordinances, the matrimonial union. By the blood of Christ was the mutual love of husband and wife to be consecrated, and the whole stream of human existence to be purified. In that love of Mother and Son, as afterward in the love of Christ for his Church and of the Church for Him, were all the children of both to find the model of chaste love.

Hence it is that he could say to his own, a few hours before he gave himself into the hands of his enemies: "This is My Commandment, that you love one another. as I have loved you. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." *

If such be the divine model according to which we the children of the Crucified have to practice toward each other, in the intercourse of social life, all true love, all love that God may bless,—how much more is that special love which two souls who give themselves each to the other for the holy and difficult companionship of a life-long existence, to be molded on this eternal pattern of self-sacrificing charity!

Hence, also, is it that Christ's great Apostle has written this complementary commandment: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it." †

### *Seek for your Bride the Purest and the Best.*

It is the dearest interest of every young man seeking a

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* St. John, xv. 12, 13. † Ephesians, v.

companion, who is to be sun of his life, the honor and treasure of his home, that he should find the best, the purest, the most worthy in every way of the devotion of a whole lifetime, and that, having found her, he should not only keep her pure, stainless, and worthy of all love and honor, but that every day of his life he should labor to make her more so, and be himself before her eyes the living and ever-present copy of Christ's goodness and devotion.

The ideal of female loveliness, which is familiar to all pure Christian minds, is not so much one of bodily beauty as of that spiritual grace and attractiveness that arise from maturity of virtue superadded to baptismal innocence undefiled. It is extraordinary how deeply and widely the Lives of the Saints, the sweetness of woman's countenance in every Christian home, and the representations of Christian painting and sculpture even in the rudest periods of mediæval art, had impressed on the mind of Christendom the image of supernatural beauty.

Dante's portraitures, so heavenly in their grace and majesty, were exact pictures of living women he had seen in Italy, in his own native Florence. At the distance of six centuries, Tennyson only reproduces the ideal of Dante; for it existed in England as well as in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and, through God's good providence, it is still preserved in both countries in the lives and homes of millions.

Was it Isabella-the-Catholic, the worthy descendant of Elizabeth of Hungary, that the great modern poet had in his mind's eye when he drew the following likeness?

> "Eyes not down-dropped nor over bright, but fed
> With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
> Clear without heat, undying, tended by
> Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
> Of her still spirit, locks not wide-dispread
> Madonna-wise on either side her head;
> Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
> The summer calm of golden charity,

Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

"The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage charactered in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read these laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtile-graced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey,
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crowned Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

Wherever a Catholic mother,—even in the lowliest condition of life,—is faithful to her conscience and observant of the rules of her Religion in all that concerns the education of her daughters, there is little danger of having these grow up to anything but a most pure and lovely maidenhood. We have before us now families buried amid the squalor of these groups of "shanties" which cover the most uninviting portions of Manhattan Island, and in these to all appearance most wretched abodes are to be found the loveliest types of female innocence and beauty. Fathers and mothers are there who prefer the comparative isolation and greater domestic privacy of these cabins, because they can there preserve their dear ones from the contamination of a more crowded neighborhood and the dangers of swarming tenement-houses. In very truth, there are families who thus cluster together on the barren rocks or in the fever-generating swamps of Harlem, because they thus can form associations of neighborhood that remind them of the village community of the far-away fatherland.

Whether in the cabin, therefore, or in the palace, it

depends upon the mother's training, watchfulness, and example, that her girl shall be or not an angel on earth, a beautiful soul shedding around the light of heaven and the perfume of paradise.

Be it your first and chief care to seek the beautiful soul much more than the beautiful body. There are comely and attractive women, who resemble exquisite vases of rich material and most classic form, but filled with a poisonous or loathsome liquor: woe to the imprudent man who should taste of the foul contents! The beautiful soul is a treasure beyond all price, placed sometimes in a homely vessel of unrefined material or rude workmanship, but whose value is altogether independent of either form or material. It is the most exquisite of perfumes given forth by the least brilliant of flowers; the water of life, of delight, and immortality, often gushing forth from a spring in some obscure or barren vale, or as often placed by the hand of the Creator in the lowliest and homeliest of vessels.

Young men who are themselves pure of heart will surely be directed by the secret and irresistible charm of true goodness toward a maidenly heart worthy of their affections.

That is the one supremely precious quality which a young man must find in the companion he would choose for life. There can be no love without it. For love is founded on esteem, and esteem can only rest on the certainty of innocence in the beloved object. One cannot love what one does not respect; but how can a young and pure heart respect a woman,—though divinely fair,—from whom the charm, the freshness, the fragrance of purity have departed, —like a beautiful flower rifled of its sweets and containing only the putrid corpses of the insects that have preyed upon it?

Be slow, therefore, in judging for yourself, even where, with the charm of personal beauty, you have found in a girl the outward signs of maidenly modesty. There is One who reads the heart and who will surely guide you in your choice, if you are only careful to consult His pleasure, much more than the inclination begotten by a fair face, a

graceful person, and a modest bearing. It is all-important to you that you should be master of your own soul at this juncture, when a hasty choice might be a wrong choice, and when a wrong choice would make shipwreck of your whole future life. Lift up your soul to Him who is bound not to fail those who seek His light and strength in a choice so momentous.

There are other qualities beside maidenly innocence, even when it embellishes the highest beauty of form. We would say to you,—whether you be a prince or a peasant, the wealthiest of men or the poorest, depending only on your stout heart and strong arms,—Let the woman you would make your wife, *come from a well-regulated home, where the womanly virtues are carefully cultivated* Such homes are to be found in every class of society.

Though you feel drawn toward a maiden by the twofold attraction of beauty and apparent modesty and innocence, show not your interest, and give not your heart away, till you know more. Watch how she bears herself under the trials of home-life; what respect she shows for her parents, what sympathy toward the suffering; make sure that she is unselfish in all her conduct toward others, and especially in her sisterly devotion toward her younger brothers and sisters.

She who is ever mindful of the wants, the comforts, and happiness of others, and forgetful only of herself; who manifests that motherly devotion toward the younger members of the household, and tenderness toward every form of suffering,—will be sure to bring to your home the same wifely and motherly qualities. She will make the happiness of your life.

To learn what she really is, be not content with an acquaintance formed in the ball-room, or amid the crowd and glitter of a watering-place. Study her in her home-life. You need a wife who is to be your life-long companion, your most constant and trusted friend, your wisest and most disinterested counselor; the dear sharer of all your holiest joys and deepest convictions; the mother and edu-

cator of your children,—fitted by her enlightenment and solid piety, to bring the religion of your fathers home to their minds and their hearts,—who will not be satisfied with teaching them the great truths of Revelation, but show them these truths practiced and made lovely in her own daily life; the prudent governor of your household, careful of every detail of domestic economy, knowing how to make her servants obey and work by love, charitable toward the poor, hospitable toward all, lovely and venerable in the eyes of your friends, your relatives, and acquaintance.

Together with innocence of life, solid piety, a good practical education, and the wifely and motherly qualities enumerated above,—is needed that sound sense, without which the most brilliant accomplishments only serve to make a young woman vain, idle, unreliable, and dangerous.

We have not mentioned truthfulness, because we suppose that there can be no true piety without it. We say to young men, Never give your heart or your hand to a woman who is capable of falsehood; just as we should say to a young woman, Never accept the love or the friendship of a man whom you know to be addicted or inclined to intemperance.

In mentioning piety,—the enlightened and hearty practice of your own faith,—as an indispensable quality in the wife of your choice, we have sufficiently warned you against irreligious women, the worst curse of domestic life or public society.

Such, then, are the women—to omit the mention of other qualities, kindred to those which we have described,—who are alone worthy of a true man's love. They are the true women. Should Providence guide you to the possession of such, then are you most blessed. Your parents can give you education, position, wealth, an honored name and home; society may bestow honor and trust; but far above all that parents can bequeath and society can confer of what is conducive to happiness and honor, is a true woman, given to a man's heart by Him who knows the heart's needs, and wherein consist the felicity of a man's household and the glory of his life.

### *How to be Worthy of a True Woman.*

But how are you to make yourself worthy of such a God-sent love? How are you to guard and cherish the treasure of a noble woman's heart? This is a most vital question.

Men are but too apt to think,—or to conduct themselves as if they thought,—that they had a right to expect a wife to bring them not only accomplishments and graces far superior to their own, but a soul unstained by sin, and a heart untouched by any other love. There are men,—very young men too,—who only think of the sacred and awful responsibilities of matrimony, when they have wasted their life on the worst pursuits and profaned their affections by the most criminal indulgence, and who believe that they honor a pure woman by offering her in exchange for the untouched and boundless wealth of her maidenly love, a heart utterly incapable of feeling, and a soul incapable of understanding, what love is.

It is, we fear, but a too frequent occurrence, that a bridegroom should bring to the matrimonial altar, manhood without the freshness, the innocence, and the vigor of youth, wealth without religion or piety or virtue, position without the honor and integrity which can alone adorn it,—while he expects and demands that the bride shall be as fair, as pure, as excelling in all natural and supernatural grace as Eve coming in her perfect womanhood from the hand of God. But we pause here, and leave what else might be said to the reflections of all good men.

You are, therefore, to be most earnest in keeping or in making yourself worthy, in the sight of the all-judging God, of the true love you are in quest of. A virginal heart with its perennial flow of deep, chaste, elevating love, is not unlike the San-Graal of our ancient Christian chivalry. Only the knight who had never stained his baptismal purity, or who had recovered his innocence by dint of heroic expiation, could possess or even behold from afar the sacred vessel in which had flowed the blood of the Lord. Even so, in those who seek the treasure of a pure womanly heart,—it

is required that they should themselves be pure in order to appreciate it and to cherish its possession as dearer than life itself.

The holy flame and mighty power of true love which God the Creator would place in wedded hearts, is a something so divine, that he would have both man and maiden purify and prepare their souls by the two great Sacraments intended to bestow holiness where it is not and to increase it still more where it is. This wedded love and the special grace brought to the souls of worthy bride and bridegroom by that other Great Sacrament of Matrimony,—are the well-spring of all human happiness, the principle of domestic bliss,—the heart and center of all fatherly and motherly goodness. We know not how to convey the truth which is here before us,—and on which depends the existence of the Christian family and of human civilization itself.

### *Unspeakable Importance of the Sacrament of Matrimony received with Reverence.*

The sacrament of Matrimony received with the deep reverence which its sanctity demands, is the consecration of human love in its highest form save one, that by which the heart dedicates its affections to God, to a life of contemplation, prayer and praise, or to the active service of Religion and Charity. We are, however, at present concerned with the no less vital subject of hallowed wedded love.

We would fain impress upon the minds of parents and of their marriageable sons and daughters, the necessity of treating this great sacrament of matrimony with the respect which is due to the most ancient ordinance of religion, which Christ so reverenced that He would have his own union with the Church serve as a model for the contract or covenant by which bride and bridegroom pledge themselves mutually to life-long devotion and self-sacrifice; and His own sacred love for the Church become the type of the incomparable and surpassing love which a true husband is to cherish toward his companion.

We would also impress this truth on those who are the teachers and guides of the Christian people. When they see, every day, human legislators casting aside, as useless or as restraints to individual right or civil authority, the sacred and time-honored marriage laws of the Catholic Church, and when non-Catholic denominations either concur with the civil magistrate in denying all sacramental character to the matrimonial rite, or strike at Christ's own legislation by countenancing or authorizing divorce,—it is high time that we should strengthen within our hearts and our homes the faith in the unity and divinity of Matrimony.

All possible persuasion should be used to make young people prepare their souls for this central act in their lives; and, therefore, all care should be taken to instruct both in public and in private, the faithful people on the nature of this sacrament, on the countless and priceless graces laid in store by God's fatherly providence in behalf of all who approach it reverently and worthily, and on the fatal and irreparable consequences of a marriage contracted without due deliberation or preparation.

All possible solemnity should be given to the marriage service. When we say "service," we do not mean the nuptial benediction given either in the church or elsewhere, without mass; but we mean the whole divine function as set forth in the Ritual, the nuptial benediction in the morning before God's altar, and followed immediately by the Nuptial Mass. The two together,—the sacrament and the sacrifice, the contract with the priest's blessing, and the oblation of the Divine Victim of Calvary, to call down all the graces and joys of Heaven on the union of two pure Christian hearts,—this alone is the Marriage Service.

### *Magnificent Ritual of the Nuptial Mass.*

It is impossible to reflect seriously on the reality as we here present it, and impossible to read the sublime Nuptial Mass with the grand blessing after the *Pater Noster*, without feeling how solemn, how awful, and yet how joyous is

this august function of the Church of our fathers. Is it not, therefore, sad,—nay, most deplorable,—to see it curtailed and degraded by the want of faith and want of reverence of so many Catholics, who make of the celebration of matrimony only a profane and empty form, into which no religious thought is allowed to enter?

"One of the most bitter griefs which God's ministers have to endure, is to be forced to witness or bless the union of persons who contract matrimony without being seemingly conscious of the sacredness of the rite, of the pure dispositions they are bound to bring to it, of the priceless graces attached to it, or of the terrible consequences of its profanation." *

To be sure, the marriage contract, for its validity in the eyes of the Church, needs only the presence of her authorized minister and that the contracting parties be perfectly free according to her laws. But what may satisfy the nude letter of the law ought not to satisfy the conscience of parents who fear God and of children brought up in His fear.

A marriage ceremony performed in the Church, at evening, with no matter what pomp, is not the marriage service as Catholics understand it. The altar may be aflame with lights and decked out with the loveliest flowers of spring; the organ may give forth the most triumphant of "Wedding Marches;" and the edifice itself be crowded with sympathetic friends or a throng of curious, idle sight-seers. All that is not the divinely beautiful Nuptial Mass,—the real marriage service performed at morning-tide; the prayerful assemblage of relatives and friends assembled round the altar on which He is present who died to win to Himself a spotless and immortal bride in our Mother the Church; the young lovers bringing to His feet their sinless hearts, that by His blessing their God-given love may be hallowed, deepened and elevated, and confirmed forever; and then the oblation of the unbloody sacrifice which commemorates and

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* "The Golden Treasury of Prayer," p. 429.

continues that of Calvary, the sublime and prophetic benediction of the *Propitiare*, uttered on these wedded souls before the Holy Communion ;—the whole crowned by their partaking together of that Bread which is the figure, foretaste, and pledge of the eternal possession ;—this, and this only, is the Marriage Service of the Catholic Church,—a rite appealing to all the most sublime beliefs, and stirring the Christian heart to its inmost depths.

Yes, everything in the Catholic doctrine and practice impresses on the souls of the young, that the love which God hallows is a gift above all price, which can only be worthily received in a sinless heart, and which it must be the study and labor of a lifetime to cherish and to increase.

### *True Love ever Reverent.*

On this last thought,—the duty and the necessity of guarding, cherishing, and increasing this blessed mutual affection,—we must insist a little further.

True love,—that is, God-given love,—fills the soul with infinite reverence for the loved object,—else it will forthwith degenerate into lust, which is the death of love and of respect. We cannot imagine the young Tobias and his bride ever losing for each other a particle of that holy respect and tender regard which God had planted in their souls. Even when the Archangel who had been sent to preside over their union, had withdrawn his visible presence, his counsels, and his protection, we cannot help following the saintly exiles all through their life-journey as walking ever hand in hand beneath the all-seeing Eye, and encouraging each other to be daily and hourly more worthy of Him in inward thought and outward deed.

Such were also Malcolm Canmore and his sainted wife, Margaret, whose ardent love deepened and grew with every successive year,—the soldier-king becoming ever more penetrated with reverence, gentleness and tenderness in presence of his lovely wife, whom he could not think of without tears, without wondering how such an angel was given to

him to love and keep. The very prayer-books she used were to him a something holy, which he would allow no one to carry but himself, kissing them devoutly as he gave them to her or received them from her, in presence of his rude Scottish chieftains, and till his dying day demeaning himself in public and in private, toward his spotless queen, as if he were her servant and bond-slave. How she must have loved him all the while,—how truly, how tenderly,—that she could thus inspire him with a devotion that never decreased and a reverence which ever grew with age!

So was it with another king,—a king too of the same old Gaelic race,—though separated from Scotland by a narrow sea,—Brian, King of Ireland. He is called the most kind-hearted of men by the author of the Nials-Saga, and regarded by the Norsemen of that and succeeding ages as the champion of the Christian faith against Scandinavian idolatry and barbarism, perishing like a martyr on Good Friday (April 18), 1014, because he would not himself draw the sword, shed blood, or defend his own life on the day when Christ died for us,—though he directed the battle against the enemies of his country and his faith. The Saga mentions his first wife, Kormlada, an inveterate heathen, put away by him, doubtless, because of her utter wickedness and sorcery. "She was the fairest of all women, and the best gifted in everything that was not in her own power, but it was the talk of men that she did all things ill over which she had any power."* That is, she coveted and possessed all the forbidden secrets of magic, and made the very worst use of her own splendid abilities. "Kormlada was not the mother of King Brian's children, and so grim was she against King Brian after their parting that she would gladly have him dead."†

This fury, if she did not cause the successful invasion of Ireland by the Vikings, was most certainly the soul of the mighty league formed against Brian and the Christians by the Norsemen, and in which the heroic old man lost his life.

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* *Nials-Saga*, or "The Story of the Burnt Nial," Dasent's translation, vol. ii., p. 323.

† Ibidem, p. 324.

Far different must have been Brian's Christian wife, the mother of the three brave sons who fought with their father on that memorable day,—and the youngest of whom was miraculously cured by the blood which spurted from his father's death-wound.*

It was an age,—no matter what modern fanatics may affirm to the contrary,—when, in Ireland, overrun by the fierce worshipers of Thor and Odin, no Christian father of a family could tolerate within his own household treason to Christ in wife, or son, or daughter. The woman who was Brian's companion during all his long struggles against invasion from abroad and strife from within, was one worthy to rear such sons as those who fought Ireland's most glorious battle, and who won at the same time a decisive victory for the true faith. We mention these names and dates to stimulate our students of Irish History to complete the picture we have outlined, and thus to compare the practical faith of the court of Ireland in 1014 with that of Scotland half a century later.

Of the exquisite picture of true conjugal love presented by the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and her noble husband, the Landgrave Louis of Thuringia, we wish to say nothing here.† Their contemporaries on the throne, St. Louis of France, and his wife, Margaret of Provence, are no less admirable, and, perhaps, will appear more imitable to our readers. Louis brought to the bride chosen for him by his saintly mother a soul which still preserved its baptismal innocence unstained ; and she, on her side, had been reared with no less care in the refined court of her father, King René. When the young king bound himself by vow to rescue the Holy Land from Saracen rule, no persuasion could induce Queen Margaret to part from his side. Authentic history has preserved in all its touching details the story of her heroic magnanimity in the midst of the greatest sufferings and dangers, as well that of her royal hus-

* Ibidem, p. 337.

† See Montalembert's "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary ; " also "Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church," chap. xxxiii., p. 343.

band's infinite respect for "his Lady and Companion." The Mohammedans themselves were touched and surprised by the reverence in which she, a woman, was held by Louis and his warlike barons.

Indeed, domestic history,—the history of the Home,—in the Catholic ages, when all Western Europe was one in faith, is the history of man's reverence for woman, of the respectful, faithful, and often heroic service paid by lovers and husbands to the women of their choice. Woman,—whether in the hut or in the palace,—was given by the Church to man to be loved, honored, reverenced, and served by him all his life long,—in memory of St. Joseph's loving service to Mary, and in imitation of Christ's constant love and care for His Spouse, the Mother of all Christians.

Such were the ideas and ideals of our fathers. Nor have these ideals yet ceased to govern hearts and homes in our midst.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## OBSTACLES TO TRUE MANLINESS.

### I. *The Tyranny of Human Respect.*

Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,
I am not the utter slave which that man is,
Whose sole word, thought, and deed, are built on what
The world may say of him.

In all things, a man must beware of so conforming himself, as to crush his nature and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rulers and usages; but must refer to principles and purposes.—HELPS.

THERE is one enemy of true manhood, whether viewed in the light of reason or of the Christian revelation, against whose tyrannical and degrading influence the soul can only be preserved by grounding it early in the fear of God, and in that secure and lofty independence which springs from conscientious, deep-seated attachment to Duty. The cowardly fear of a false and depraved public opinion, as is but too well known, is to-day and has ever been in the past, the deadliest foe of truth and morality. The opinion, however, of which we would speak here, is not that of the world in the wide sense attached to the term "public opinion." It is the judgment of a much narrower circle of men. We might limit its meaning to the opinion prevalent in the immediate society in which we live, to that of the men of our own profession, nay, to the standard of thought and action upheld by the persons with whom we daily come in contact, even within our own home, or within the establishment to which we happen to belong.

"Human respect" has, nevertheless, even a narrower sense than this; it is the fear entertained of what the low-lived or the low-bred, persons of low views or low tastes, but of determined will and character, may think or say of their betters. There are, among such people, in every social circle, in every walk of life, some who have the terrible faculty of sneering at whatever is superior to themselves or their own low standard of life. They make the lash of their ridicule more dreadful to the sense of their weaker and less cynical associates than any bodily torture or temporal loss.

"With some unfortunate people," says Sir Arthur Helps, —"the much dreaded *world* shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or, perhaps, merely of coarser nature; and the fancy as to what this person will say about anything they do, sits them like a nightmare."

It is against this abject and slavish fear of what others,—and these, too, men utterly unworthy of all respect,—may think, judge, say of us, that we wish to warn and arm our readers.

We have seen men led, step by step, to forego the fulfillment of the most urgent and sacred duties, and commit actions and contract habits most abhorrent to their nature,—lest they should be sneered at, or deemed unmanly by their acquaintance. This seems monstrous and incredible when considered by calm reason, or when mentioned to one who has had but little experience of men. To most of our readers,—of our young readers even,—it will recall the all too frequent realities of every-day life.

"There have been Catholics," says Digby, "who appear to take a pride in imitating the adversaries of their holy religion, and in being associated in friendship with them; no one so dear to them as he who had most daringly reviled their holy faith; men who were ashamed of everything but what they had solemnly renounced in their baptismal vows; ashamed of serving God only without regard to the opinion of the world; ashamed of the Cross; unwilling that a crucifix should be seen in their apartments; afraid to sign themselves like all faithful Christians at the accustomed

time ; and afraid or disdainful of all the exercises of a penitential life ; as if they could gain anything by professing to believe with Catholics, and living after the manner of the Gentiles ; ashamed of some or all of the beautiful practices prescribed by religion, which are dear to those who love the Church of Jesus Christ : and harassed with continual fear, lest they should not always be seen invested with the livery of the world, and ready to concede to it the sentiments of a Christian, and even the noble qualities of youth.

"The spirit of chivalry in religion would despise and abhor this ungenerous and servile disposition, under whatever name it might be recommended, whether extolled as *liberality*, moderation, or prudence : it is a disposition not only essentially opposed to divine charity, but also to every sentiment of human honor ; it denotes a want of faith ; it is wholly of the world, and characteristic of those who are of the world. It is deceived too in all its wisdom. It was afraid of being despised, and lo ! its endeavor to avoid contempt is the secret scorn of the very world that it would propitiate ; whereas those who despised the ridicule or censure of the world while they were guided by the discipline of the Church, who laughed at its charge of superstition or idolatry, are seen invested with an heroic dignity that is able to intimidate even the base assailants, whose front of brass is never proof against the power of holy innocence." *

Who has not read of the great O'Connell's courageous and uncompromising piety, when, at public dinners in London, in presence of the most bitter assailants of his faith and the mose irreconcilable enemies of Ireland, he would stand up modestly and manfully to sign himself with the cross before taking his place at table ?

We have not forgotten the example of the late Chief Justice Morin of Quebec, who, while he was prime minister, would go publicly every Friday to perform the Way of the Cross at Notre Dame, Montreal, absolutely unconscious, in his simple-minded piety, of the sneers and contemptuous

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* "Godefridus," pp. 98, 99.

looks of the crowd of Protestant visitors who pushed their way rudely through the aisles, intent only on sight-seeing.

### *Noble Examples of Moral Courage.*

And how can we ever forget the edifying and heart-stirring spectacle presented each morning by the Catholic churches of London, where renowned barristers; members of Parliament, titled nobles, high officers of the army and navy, were to be seen not only hearing mass with rapt devotion, or receiving the Bread of Life with the adoring faith of seraphs, but serving the priest at the altar together with some little boy, whose soul was formed to Christian manliness and heroism by such examples? And what is not to be hoped for in a land where the highest, the most honored, the most learned, and the best, thus exalt themselves by honoring the faith of their fathers?

There, as the tide of a false liberalism or of avowed radical infidelity rises daily, threatening the institutions of the old Catholic ages,—shall still be found the chivalrous spirit of lofty faith embodied in the legends of King Arthur and his knights. Every true Christian youth treading in the footsteps of his generous father can say to his mother, in the words of the modern poet:

> "Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
> Follow deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
> Live pure, speak true, right wrong, FOLLOW THE KING!
> Else, wherefore born?" *

This tyranny of human respect is to be found first at school and in college,—long before it has to be faced and beaten down in the walks of public life. The boy and the youth must be trained to trample under foot the despicable fear of the evil-minded and the evil-tongued, so as to be prepared to despise it in ripe manhood.

"The social spirit of a large school," says the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Petre, "is for the most part swayed by the

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* Tennyson, "Gareth and Lynette."

crudest and baldest of boyish minds. At the period when muscle is strongest, what are the natural tastes, ideals, aspirations of the individual man? Are they not rather of the brutal kind, exhibiting themselves in a grossly physical standard of excellence, in feats of agility and strength, in the pleasures of a rude good-fellowship? It has been to us ever a pathetic spectacle to behold the struggles of minds sensitive and receptive by nature and early influence, struggling unconsciously against a power which they cannot resist." *

None of our schools, we would fain believe, was ever subject to the despotic sway of such anti-christian, impious prejudices as governed the great French establishments since the suppression of the Jesuits (1764), and more especially since the great French Revolution (1789). Foremost in rampant intolerance was the Polytechnic School, which, since its foundation (1795), has been the nursery of the most distinguished men in military and civil professions. Down to a comparatively recent date, the pupils would barely lend themselves to a few occasional religious ceremonies that bore an official character. But woe to the man who dared in presence of his fellow-students to profess a cordial adherence to the tenets of Christianity, and still more to him who ventured to follow any of its practices within the walls of the institution!

*An Heroic Student.*

One day, however, the atrocious tyranny which prevented and mercilessly repressed any outward act of religious faith was heroically resisted and conquered by one true-hearted youth. He was preëminent for his talent as well as for his bravery, had brought with him from his admirable mother's home, enshrined in his heart of hearts, a love of purity which made him proof against all the awful temptations that surrounded his school-days, and a courageous piety derived from the examples much more than the teachings

* "Remarks on the Present Condition of Catholic Liberal Education," by Hon. and Rev. W. Petre, p. 16.

of both his parents. His talents, on his entrance into the Polytechnic School, won the admiration of his companions, while his frank, joyous, generous, and manly character, conciliated the affection of not a few.

He had made up his mind to do there openly what he had uniformly done at college, go to confession and communion. No student, since the memorable 25th of May, 1795, when the school was first inaugurated, had ever been seen at the Communion Table within their chapel. It was whispered that this proscriptive tradition was now about to be set aside, and the boldest and worst of the school conspired to prevent it. They resolved to stop at no excess either of outrage or of violence which might effectually deter any one from ever again following such an example.

Of this our young hero was perfectly aware. But he was determined to do quietly and publicly what he conceived to be his duty to God and to his misguided associates. So he went to confession, and, on the following morning,—some great yearly festival, when all were obliged to assist at mass,—he modestly and devoutly received the Holy Communion, and then withdrew to his place in the ranks, where he remained kneeling at the end of the service, while the students marched out past him.

The head conspirator, as he passed by the kneeling youth, whose eyes were cast on the ground and his arms folded across his breast,—spat on the face of the latter, who moved not, winced not under the insult. Another, and another, and yet another repeated the dastardly outrage ; but the kneeling youth contented himself with removing the filth from his face, without ever raising his eyes from the ground. The more generous of those who witnesed the scene murmured aloud at the indignity, and the murmur soon became pretty general, as one after the other of the many friends of the victim, remonstrated in no gentle terms. The climax came when the last of the unmanly crew, not content with spitting into the young man's face, struck him on the cheek.

There was forthwith an uproar, and more than one of those who had remonstrated, now took up the quarrel as a

personal one. As everybody knows, the Polytechnic pupils are allowed to wear arms, and the law of dueling is rigidly enforced. One must either fight or leave the school. All admitted the bravery of our hero and his great superiority as a swordsman. Already, however, and before the latter had quitted the chapel, a large number had sided with him, not because they shared his convictions or his piety, but because they resented such a proceeding as an act of downright cowardice and unwarrantable intolerance. So, the authorities of the institution and the Minister of War himself peremptorily interfered to prevent any hostilities.

The noble youth himself, when he came forth from the chapel, professed himself ready to answer any one who should challenge his courage or impugn his honor, while many of his companions came forward to grasp his hand warmly, and to congratulate him on his manly assertion of independence.

It was a complete revolution. Our hero was not again molested when he deemed it proper to profess thus openly his reverence for the faith of his fathers; and more than one of his fellows took courage and imitated his example.

Since then the little band of Polytechnicians who practice their religion without disguise or reserve has been yearly on the increase, thanks to the numerous accessions of strength from the great Jesuit preparatory schools of St. Genevieve in Paris and St. Clement in Metz, as well as such other glorious schools as that of the late Monseigneur Cruice (*École des Carmes*).

Is this not,—only in a far higher form,—the heroic spirit which led the boy Gareth, in order to become one of Arthur's knights, to consent to serve a whole year as a scullion in Arthur's kitchen, concealing from all but his own mother, Queen Bellicent, his rank and his name, and subjecting himself to the brutalities heaped on him by the Seneschal, Sir Kay,

> "A man of mien
> Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
> Root-bitten by white lichen."

Not so the bravest of all the Table Round, the peerless Lancelot: with the instinct with which brave hearts detect each other as surely as magnet draws magnet, Lancelot divines the boy's quality and worth, reproving the mean-spirited Kay.

> "Some young lad's mystery—
> But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy
> Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,
> Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him.
> . . . So Gareth all for glory underwent
> The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage;
> Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
> And couched at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
> And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
> And Kay, the seneschal, who loved him not,
> Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
> Beyond his comrades of the hearth, and set
> To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
> Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself
> With all obedience to the King, and wrought
> All kinds of service with a noble ease
> That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

This is the right-royal spirit of the children of God, who understand the priceless value of their birthright, who cherish that lofty spirit of freedom bestowed on them by their father, Christ, beyond and above all earthly honors, and whose soul can never stoop to be the slave of human opinion.

Not unfrequently in the little world of the school,—as in the broader and bolder world where Human Respect reigns supreme in court, and shop, in army and navy, by the fire-side, in the ball-room, and reception-room, those who are bent on "following the KING," will hear themselves, in their most heroic hour, addressed as Gareth was by the Lady Lynette:

> "What dost thou, scullion, in my fellowship?
> . . . Thou!—
> Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon!—to me
> Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

And what is to be the demeanor of the true knightly Christian under the outrage?

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answered gently,—"say
What'e'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefor."

Even where Human Respect would damp the ardor of beginners by putting over them such tyrants as Kay, or giving them for guides in their quest of all true excellence purblind souls or unworthy models, whose lives, even more strongly than their words, would drive God's servant from the right road and all holy enterprise,—the spirit of God within boy and man would reply:

"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed!
Lead, and I follow!"

And who can tell what may be, in God's purpose, the blessed, soul-saving influence of men who have, like the mountain pine or oak or the cedars of Lebanon, grown up and waxed strong amid solitude, sterility, and storm?

### *Other Noble Examples.*

We could, as we write these words, point to one man brought up amid the soul-struggles of that same Polytechnic School, become, as a soldier, the close companion of royalty itself on the battle-fields of Africa,—and now the head and the saintly guide of the chiefest training-school in America of one of our great religious orders.

We know of another, the near relative, almost the brother in age as he was in closest friendship, of Ireland's purest novelist, who living abroad in the world, while his uncle sought rest and refuge in the cloister, was always and everywhere, before and above all else, the professed and devoted Christian. Once called to the Capital on legislative business with a gentleman from Boston, a Unitarian, he charmed the other all along their journey by his bright joyous spirit and most interesting conversation. They shared the same room at the hotel, the Catholic gentleman before he retired, performing unobtrusively, but at full length, his customary devotions.

For weeks they continued to live and labor together, surrounded by an atmosphere which was anything but an atmosphere of purity and integrity, witnessing the sayings and doings of men,—and of Catholic men among these,—who were neither edifying, nor honorable, nor honest. Meanwhile, though forced to mix with persons of every official rank, it was the boast of the generous and candid-minded Unitarian that he had never seen anything in his companion's acts, or heard a single word from his lips, that was not most worthy of the thorough gentleman and the thorough Christian.

"I had never till then,—he afterward was wont to say,—"seen any gentlemen kneel while saying his night prayers: indeed I had never known of an instance where a gentleman alone with another thought of saying any such prayers. So, what was my astonisment when I first saw my friend, whose learning, wisdom, and integrity I had learned to prize so highly, kneeling quietly down by his bedside, in the almost total darkness of the room, and when he thought me fast asleep, and pouring forth his soul in adoration and praise to God, with a fervor that struck on my interior sense like the first notes of a strange but most sweet music!

"I watched him thenceforward, night after night and day after day, to assure myself that all was consistent in his conduct, and my respect and admiration grew daily and hourly. For years our acquaintance continued, ripening at last into friendship. The lessons I learned in his life and in his home, were to me lessons of a new religion,—which I was impelled to study, to admire, and to embrace.

"If I am a Catholic to-day with all my family, we owe that inestimable grace, under God, to the light of my dear friend's example."

How many others in our day, as in the first ages of the Church, have been led into the household of the faith by the irresistible example of Catholics who knew not Human Respect, showed themselves openly, in public and in private, what they were, true to God and fearless of human

opinion? We heard from the Lady Lothian, whose saintly life was a blessing to all London, and whose saintly death filled all Rome with its fragrance,—the touching story of her own conversion; how curiosity or a kindly interest in her Catholic servants induced her to visit the place where they went to worship on Sundays; how she found a poor garret in a private house thronged with a promiscuous crowd, among whom a priest busied himself in hearing confessions. Then came the mass, celebrated on a poor temporary altar, while the rapt devotion of the kneeling crowd of worshipers, and all the poverty and nakedness of the place, reminded the high-born lady of the Stable of Bethlehem and the throng of Shepherds bidden to adore the new-born Messiah.

The example which we are about to adduce, if it have its consoling, its heroic, its most glorious side, teaches also this lesson, that the Divine Majesty exacts from highly privileged souls a terrible expiation for yielding even a momentary and secret consent to some one of those public sins which are the ruin of the proud and the rash.

At the head of the Young Men's Sodality, attached to the church and college of St. Francis Xavier, Saint Louis, was, just when our great civil war broke out, an officer of the United States army, distinguished alike for his birth, his talents and bravery, and still more for his enlightened and active piety. He was the pride and the model of the Catholic youth of his native city.

Unfortunately, as it ever happens in civil contests, the question of allegiance to the Federal Government as against the rights of the individual States, was discussed with fierce passionateness, neighbor taking part against neighbor, friend against friend, and brother against brother within the bosom of families hitherto most united. It so happened that a brother officer, a former schoolmate at the Military Academy, took openly sides with the seceding States, entering into a warm controversy with our friend, who as openly professed himself bound by his oath of allegiance to the flag of the Union. The dispute found its way into the public prints, and the former friend deeming that an

imputation had been cast upon his honor, sent his adversary a challenge.

The terms in which it was conveyed, the taunt of disloyalty to the South, and the imputation of unworthy motives were such as must gall beyond endurance even the most phlegmatic. Colonel G—— was, like all his family, a man of proud, sensitive, and wrathful temper. Much as he had learned to conquer himself, the reception and reading of the missive found nature off its guard. He resolved to accept the challenge thus cast in his teeth. It was but the act of a moment, known only to Him who reads the secrets of hearts,—and disclosed to no human being save his confessor. It was,—we have said,—only a momentary consent yielded by natural passion, but recalled the next moment under the impulse of divine grace with heartfelt sorrow.

The noble and pure soul could not brook that even this secret stain should long remain upon it; so Colonel G—— sought his confessor, and implored the divine forgiveness on his sin. The next morning he knelt contrite and purified at the Table of the Lamb, pouring forth his grief at the feet of his divine Guest, and making there heroic resolves for the future.

Just as he rose from the audience with the King of Kings, and was about leaving the church, he was met by a member of the Ladies' Sodality, a woman of humble station but revered as a Saint by all who knew her. "I have a message for you, Colonel," she said, in her gentle tones, while her face shone with a light that was not of earth. "Our Lord has been deeply offended that one so dear to His heart as you are, so favored by Him, and bound by your place to give such high example to others, should have consented, even for a moment, to risk your own life or take that of another in a duel. God, however, has accepted your sincere sorrow; your sin is forgiven. But I am bidden to tell you, that, in expiation of your guilt, you shall forfeit your life in the first great battle in which you are engaged."

The Christian gentleman bowed down every power of his soul before this manifestation of that adorable Will so

merciful and tender even in the decrees of its justice. He could have no doubt, he had none, as to the awful truth of the communication thus made to him. To his brother only did he, on the eve of his departure for active warfare, disclose his impending fate, and its cause. The certainty of the event gave to his whole conduct thenceforward a character of unspeakable moral beauty. With his whole heart and soul he devoted himself to the cause of the Union, watching over his every thought, and word, and deed, as one should who had already half entered beyond the veil, and on whom the light of the Divine Judgment had already fallen. There was in his whole bearing a calm, unruffled serenity, a firm and steady gentleness, a charity and forbearance toward others, a helpful and brotherly kindness toward his subordinates, an unwearied devotion to the sick, the suffering, and the wounded, that were only half understood and appreciated when he was no more. A thousand graceful acts were then told of him by the men who had witnessed his chivalrous bearing in life, and wept at the remembrance of his glorious death.

He was made chief of staff to his friend, General Rosecranz. They were of the same religious faith; indeed, if we remember aright, the General owed his conversion in great part to the beautiful life of his loved companion in arms. Side by side throughout the autumn of 1862, the two soldier-friends labored to organize a large and effective army. The very last day of the year found them before Murfreesborough at the head of about 50,000, and confronted by a force equal in numbers and in bravery. Rosecranz as well as his chief of staff knew that on the battle to be fought on that memorable 31st of December, depended in a great measure the success of the cause to which both his friend and himself had devoted their lives.

Long before the dawn the general-in-chief had the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in his tent, Catholic officers and men devoutly assisting thereat, and Colonel G—— taking to himself the honor of serving the priest. The two friends received with touching fervor the divine Gift,—the bond of that

most sacred union of souls, which the impending death of one of them could not interrupt. Many a brave man knelt at that tent-door, in the cold and gloom of the December morning, or partook of that Bread of the Strong, who beheld not the dawn of the new year.

Throughout the first part of that eventful day, Colonel G—— displayed a calm joyousness which his chief alone could perfectly understand. He seemed to multiply his presence over the vast field of action as his horse bore him like the wind to communicate orders to the various divisional commanders. And, it is said, when the worsted Union forces paused to reform their line and renew the struggle, he profited by the lull to withdraw to a quiet corner near a fence, and there to kneel unobserved,—as he thought himself,—to renew the offering of his life.

He had passed unharmed through the terrible scenes of the morning and the early afternoon. As the victorious enemy were concentrating all their strength for the final shock, he knew with unquestioning certainty that his last hour was come. Again and again as the Federal right were driven from position to position, General Rosecranz had cheered his brave men with the assurance that "this battle must and shall be won!" Did his generous chief of staff, as he made his last prayer, offer up his young life to the God of battles for the triumph of the Union arms? We know not.

But when he rose, a new light was on his face, as he took his place by the side of his commander; his voice had a tone of triumph as he bore the final orders along the line. And when the advance sounded, his sword leaped from its scabbard, as he prepared to quit the side of Rosecranz and lead the charge in person. At that moment, and while waving his sword, a cannon ball struck off his head, the blood covering the person of his devoted friend and general.

Yes,—the fortune of battle was retrieved; but in the deep sadness which tempered the joy of generals and soldiers, all recalled the chivalrous figure of G—— as it had

shone over that bloody field, and had been stricken down with the cheer of victory ringing from his lips.

They only knew and admired the blameless life, the unshaken attachment to duty, the heroic devotion to principle, the untiring and ingenious charity,—the accomplished gentleman and the dauntless soldier. God and His angels alone knew of the one momentary stain on the beautiful soul atoned for by this early and tragic death,—as that purified Spirit was greeted on high with the "Well done!" from His lips who is the sole Lord of Eternity. In him was what we commend to the study of our cultivated youth, the *Altum quiddam et excelsum, nihil timens, nemini cedens, semper invictum.**

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* "A something (heart) elevated and sublime, which feared nothing, yielded to no (wicked) one, evermore unconquered."—CICERO, *De Finibus*, ii. 14.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### OBSTACLES TO MANLINESS (CONTINUED).

### II. *The Seduction of Evil Example.*

> But if their talk were foul,
> Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
> Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
> That first they mocked, but, after, reverenced him.
>
> TENNYSON.

It were hard to show which is more baneful to the health and growth of all true manliness, the influence of human respect or that of evil example. The sneer or scoff of the base or the perverse, acts through fear of ridicule, on the soul like the chilly atmosphere or late frosts of springtide, preventing the fair buds from bursting their sheaths, or blighting, as by one breath, the opening flowers, and thus marring all the promise of the year. Evil example, on the other hand, is like the sickly atmosphere that broods over some marsh-covered region, converting the very bounty of the soil into a rank luxuriance that is worse than barrenness, and slowly but surely poisoning in man all the springs of health and bodily vigor.

Nothing can be more lovely to the beholder than the Italian regions known as the Maremma and the Roman Campagna at the springtide of the year,—or the plains and forests of Guiana, when the rainy season is past, and the earth clothes itself with the incomparable magnificence of its tropical vegetation.

If, while visiting, near Ostia, the scenes where Augustine and Monica conversed at eventide fifteen hundred years

ago,—just when the malarial fever was draining in the heroic mother the last sources of life,—you should be tempted to repose at evening beneath the wide-spreading ilexes or pines, or to spend the night beneath the clear, calm sky, with the mingled fragrance of a thousand wild flowers around you,—we bid you beware! There is death in that balmy air, death in the grateful coolness and serenity of the treacherous atmosphere. It is not an unapt picture of the scenes where evil example is all-powerful. Let us pause awhile, and take in the salutary truth gently and pleasantly.

"About your feet the myrtles will be set,
Gray rosemary, and thyme, and tender blue
Of love-pale labyrinthine violet;
Flame-born anemones will glitter through
Dark aisles of roofing pine-trees; and for you
The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
And hyacinth their speechless tale will tell.

"The nightingales for you their tremulous song
Shall pour amid the snowy scented bloom
Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple gloom
Still lemon-boughs shall spread their faint perfume,
Soothing your sense with odors sweet as sleep,
While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep."

The cities which once studded that shore have long ago ceased to be inhabited. The shepherds and swineherds forsake the lowlands at sunset and betake themselves to their villages among the surrounding hills, for they know that Fever is king on the plain.

### *Universal Sway of Evil Example.*

Such is the silent, pestilential, irresistible power of evil example in the world.

Example is potent in the home,—from the court of the sovereign or the mansion of the chief magistrate, to the hut of the backwoodsman, or the most wretched lodgings of our laboring poor. Example is all-powerful of father over sons, of the mother over her daughters, of elder brother over his

younger, of prince or magistrate over their subject people, of priest over his flock, of every man placed in authority over those beneath him.

Need we describe the baneful effects over the minds and hearts of children of the evil example of their parents? There is not one of us who cannot daily convince himself of it by observing near his own home how the evil life of a father or a mother slowly but surely perverts the happiest dispositions in their children.

It is, nevertheless, of the utmost importance that we should take a few lessons from the history of the past as well as the experience of our own time.

Jeroboam, a descendant of that Joseph who had been the second parent of Israel, as well as the savior and ruler of the Egyptian empire, was forced to take refuge there from the jealousy of Solomon. There, however, he imbibed a great admiration of the barbaric civilization of the people, sought an alliance with the reigning family, allowed the sensuous worship of the Egyptians to captivate him, returned to his home in the mountains of Ephraim with a heathen wife,—and, when chosen king of the new kingdom of Israel, erected, in opposition to the Temple of Jerusalem, two places of worship in which he installed the statues of Mnevis, the god-calf, so well known to Moses and his contemporaries during the captivity in the land of the Pharaohs. He consecrated a priesthood of his own, flattering the rebellious Ten Tribes with the declaration that the deities which had made Egypt so prosperous and so powerful would now secure their own national supremacy: he was the first on that same revered site of Bethel so dear to Jacob and hallowed by so many traditions, to offer incense to Mnevis with his own hand, forbidding thenceforth any of his subjects to go to worship in Jerusalem.

They were but too faithful imitators of his apostasy, induced to forsake or blaspheme the God of their fathers, not so much by the edicts of their chosen ruler, as by the seduction of his example. And thus we find in Jeroboam the pattern of more than one Christian king.

Achab, Jeroboam's successor at the distance of half a century, knew well what ascendency royal example had in swaying the conduct of court and kingdom. He married a Phenician princess, Jezabel, and with her brought into his realm the abominations of the Phenician idolatry, and into every family almost the added pollution of his wife's morality. Achab, though believing in the God of his fathers, was seduced by his wife's example to bend the knee to Baal and to erect to him a magnificent temple with a retinue of thousands of ministers in his own capital. And so, to please Jezabel and Achab, all Israel worshiped Baal.

### *Fatal Weakness of the good King Joshaphat.*

There was worse than this. Contemporary with Achab at Samaria, reigned the good King Joshaphat in Jerusalem. There was nothing he could think of for the glory of the true living God, for the extirpation of idolatry, the education and welfare of his people, that Joshaphat did not undertake with his whole heart. Nevertheless, the necessity of uniting against common foes having forced him into an alliance with Achab, he and his son were thus brought within the fatal influence of Jezabel and her court, so full of superstition and sensuous enchantments.

The pious King of Juda was induced by the wiles of the enchantress to seek the hand of Athalia, Jezabel's daughter, for his son and heir. Athalia's seduction made a Baal-worshiper of her husband, induced him, when he ascended the throne, to cut off his brothers and their offspring, and to have Baal proclaimed in Jerusalem as the national god.

Was it not by flattering, in a like manner, the national vanity of the English, by nursing the natural hatred of foreigners and foreign domination, even in things spiritual, —that Henry VIII. separated England from the Holy See? He could not obtain from the Sovereign Pontiff a decree divorcing Queen Catharine, and the faculty of raising Anna Boleyn to his bed and throne, nor persuade his people to countenance his adulterous hypocrisy. But he did succeed

in making the national anti-Roman prejudice favor his creation of an independent national church, with a schismatical Archbishop of Canterbury, who soon granted the divorce sought for, and the faculty of having as many wives as Henry chose.

And so was verified the saying as old as the world:

*Regis in exemplum totus componitur orbis.*
"The King's example sways each subject's home."

In all this Henry had only followed the example of the Archbishop of Constantinople, Photius, and his Greek Emperor. They nursed and fanned into a fatal blaze the inveterate jealousy entertained by Greeks against Latins, by Constantinople against Rome,—severing from union with the See of Peter the whole of Eastern Christendom for upward of a thousand years! And in the footsteps of Photius walked every Greek bishop, in the footsteps of the bishops walked the priests,—just as the princes and nobles followed the example of their emperor!

Is not this the history of the English Reformation?

Still nearer our own times we have in the personal examples of two kings of France, the direct cause of the downfall of the monarchy, of the ruin of morality and of religion itself. The uncommonly long reign of Louis XIV. and of his immediate successor and great-grandson, Louis XV., were one unbroken series of the most shameless scandals. The palaces of these descendants of St. Louis had become, in the eyes of all Europe, the abode of openly avowed and almost legalized adultery,—the fearful scandal of the sovereign's private life and the open immoralities of his home setting a pattern to be imitated by every one of his nobles. And thus, for upward of a century, corruption and licentiousness in the home-life of the leading nation of Christendom spread from above downward, from royalty and nobility, to the wealthy middle classes, and from these to the laboring masses in city and country.

With licentiousness spread extravagance, and with extravagance grew the oppression of the poor by the govern-

ing classes. Step by step with immorality, venality, and oppression, progressed distrust in religion; in the French society of the 18th century, the gay vices of the court of the regent D'Orleans and of his pupil the fifteenth Louis were in fashion, and equally fashionable were the infidel and skeptical opinions of Voltaire and his Encyclopedists, —the example of the high-born loosening in the bourgeoisie beneath them all belief in royalty, in virtue, in morality, in religion, all respect for everything till then held most sacred by the nation. And so the popular masses, having lost all respect for those above them, for laws, legislators, and magistrates, and having been moreover systematically trained for several generations to connect religion with all the vices and oppressions of royalty and nobility,—rose at length, in a moment of deep and general distress, and were let loose by their wily leaders upon the governing classes,—sweeping away in a deluge of blood every institution in Church and State.

### *Evil Example at Our Own Doors.*

Have we not warning examples nearer still to our own day, to our own homes? Suppose,—in the freest country under the sun, and amid all the mineral and agricultural wealth, all the most splendid industrial and commercial resources that God's fatherly providence can bestow as a heritage on a people,—suppose that the sole purpose of gaining sudden wealth becomes the mainspring of action in the men who monopolize the nomination of candidates for every office, national, State, municipal; that the amassing of wealth by the use of official patronage and legislative action becomes the darling aim of office-holders and legislators;—suppose that corruption on the one hand, and venality on the other, in a great State, is carried on so scientifically and successfully as a trade by one bold bad man, that the entire administration, legislature, and judiciary seem devised to secure immunity in plundering the public,—and that this systematic plunder is carried on for years, while the para-

lyzed arm of the law is powerless to arrest the malefactor, and a depraved public opinion only feebly denounces the enormity,—will the evil, think you, stop with one man, or be confined to one locality, or to one department only of the public business, or one sphere of private enterprise?

Peculation carried on in the halls of legislation or in the departments of government whenever vast commercial or industrial enterprise call for the highest legislative or administrative action,—will, if unvisited with condign punishment, be imitated in every corporation throughout the land.

Let one public officer trusted for years with the custody of large funds or the management of vast moneyed interests, betray his trust, and be only so feebly punished by the law or so lightly whipped by public opinion,—and you will find the example presently imitated all over the land. If the municipality that should guard sacredly and vigorously economize the interests and moneys of a city, prove faithless to their trust, will the bank in which the poor man deposits the savings of his hard-earned wages, be more faithful, more conscientious?

And if the clerk who keeps the books, or the agent who collects the funds of any one private merchant, sees men, placed above him in the hierarchy of official trustworthiness, shameless and secure in their peculations,—will he not be tempted by these examples, to go and do likewise?

No! there is no hope for public morality, where the highest personages in the community show by their conduct that they take no account of honor, of principle, of conscience,—of the fear of God and the dearest rights of others, when they have the hope and the means of gratifying their cupidity.

And one of the most deplorable results of the unrestricted freedom of the public press, is to make these instances of dishonesty and triumphant fraud familiar to every home, to every child in the land,—thereby taking away from the innocent mind of childhood the impression that dishonor is a something rare and frightful, and that the men who hold the place and fulfill the functions of the fathers of their

country, are untainted with the sordid vices of the thief and the low cheat.

It is a sad day for any people, when the divine precept "Honor thy father and thy mother,"—becomes one of practical impossibility, because those on whom its obligation falls, as they look inside their home and abroad throughout the land, find it difficult to reverence those, who, while bearing the responsibilities of fatherhood, bear also stamped on their brows and their lives the brand of indelible dishonor.

How many children do we not see in the homes made wealthy by the plunder of the public treasury, or the betrayal of private trust, who, instead of holding down their heads in shame, or deeming it imperative not to enjoy or retain a shilling of the ill-gotten gain of a father,—will continue to brazen it out, to marry and give in marriage, to consort on a footing of equality with their former acquaintance,—as if the wealthy classes of the community were the immediate descendants of a penal colony of thieves, swindlers, forgers, and pickpockets, with whom the "professional cleverness" of their fathers was rather a thing to be cherished and honored in the possessor, than a title to dishonor and exclusion?

### *Debasement of Public Character.*

It is not to the praise of a nation when it ceases "to visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation." It would be a false and fatal mercy, a most baneful liberality, that would set up in the lowliest or in the highest home in the land, any other ideal of ancestral honor or of the priceless inheritance of an unspotted name, than that which has been revered before us, since the world was a world.

"When Don Beltram * inquires respecting the character of his son Don Garcia, on returning from the university,

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* In *La Verdad Sospechosa* of Alascon;—quoted by Digby, "Compitum," book i., ch. ix.

and hears that he has no evil quality, but that of not always speaking the truth, he exclaims: *I would pardon him for everything but for that. I should prefer his being dead. What! he utters what is not true! O honor! O ancestors! How am I fallen! . . .*

"'Garcia, art thou noble?'—'I am your son,' replies the young man.—'Is that sufficient?'—'I think so.'—'Absurd thought! To act nobly, is to be noble. Such is the beginning of noble houses. But thou, if infamous by thy habits, art no longer noble. Paternal escutcheons, ancient descent—of what avail? *Thou noble! Thou art nothing! Thou noble, who utterest an untruth! Thou art nothing. Whether noble or plebeian, no one can lie without being the scorn of the people.*"

What dishonor and infamy would such men have deemed it in their sons to add to falsehood, dishonesty, betrayal of the most sacred trusts, the appropriation to one's private uses of the moneys confided to one's keeping by clients, by widows, by orphans, by the poor laborer seeking to provide an independent home for his dear ones? Alas! alas! is it so uncommon in these calamitous times, that even members of the most honored of all secular professions,—the law,—should forget what they owe to it and to themselves, and betray the trust of even the widow and the orphan? And has not the abasement of professional honor, this deadening of private and public conscience, not been the consequence of evil example, set, at first, by one placed high in public esteem and public trust, and acting downward and around on others, like leprosy communicated to companies of the noblest and the best, by drinking out of the cup of some secret leper who had long sat, unknown, at the common board, and grasped their hands in brotherly friendship, and poisoned the atmosphere with his very breath?

Should the close of the nineteenth century bring no change for the better to the courses pursued in public life by the men whose example is authority, the next century shall see but little of the manhood which founded the Republic and first administered its government.

"Weakness to resist gold
If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness."

## *The Remedy in the Eloquence of Good Example.*

Religion, love of country and kind, the noble ambition to transmit to one's children the inheritance of an honored name still further increased by one's own blameless life, and the still more noble ambition of making an obscure name glorious by true merit, of founding by one's own exertions the imperishable nobility of public virtue and private worth,—all these motives, and many more than these, some even loftier than these (did we dare to express our thought fully) impel the true man to make it the aim of his life to be to others, with the assistance of divine grace, a shining light in his own generation.

Those who have traveled through Belgium and Holland, — known formerly as the Low Countries, — cannot have helped admiring the indomitable perseverance and wonderful ingenuity with which, during the lapse of so many centuries, an entire people has labored to win and to preserve their native land from the inroads of the adjacent ocean. At the beginning of the Christian era it was little better than a vast morass, but the untiring labors of so many generations have now made it one vast garden. Need we say that there was a period when the Republic was the first maritime and commercial power in the world?

But there is the sleepless and relentless ocean ever thundering at the gates of this people; for their country is, in reality, like a mighty fortress evermore beleaguered by a still mightier foe. The slightest breach in the gigantic walls would at once admit the resistless waters, and the labor and sacrifices of ages would go for nothing.

In such a country, then, it is the duty and the interest of every man to see to it that the stupendous embankments which keep out the sea shall be kept in constant repair; it

would be the duty of every man, woman, and child almost, if there was a single breach apparent in their wide extent, to rush to the spot and help repair the ruins and stop the inflow of the devastating tide.

Is not this also the case in our own Louisiana, where the most precious portions of the low-lying country have been only saved from the ravages of the Mississippi by the persistent labor of man? When some breach has been made by the swollen river in the dikes or embankments that guard the lowlands from inundation,—where is the true man who does not hasten to the scene of danger, to aid with main and might in repairing the evil?

Surely, there are contagious moral disorders as resistless in their spread as the swollen river in its flow, as blind and unsparing in their destruction as the ocean waves impelled headlong by the utmost fury of the tempest. We have described two of them in these chapters, and to the ravages of the last and most destructive, the only preservative lies in the withstanding force of good example.

Let us begin with the family circle. Just as a parent's evil life is most baneful within the home, as well as outside of it in proportion to its social standing and influence, even so and exactly in the same proportion, is a father's good example helpful toward every noble aim and deed. Had Providence permitted the virtuous and accomplished son of Louis XIV. to live and reign in his father's stead, there can be little doubt but that his pure life and generous spirit of self-denial would have gone far to repair the scandals of his father's reign. The economy which his example would have made popular, would have become a rule in every noble household, and from private life it would have passed into the public administration, thereby saving France from ruin and her people from despair and the hatred of all authority.

Even when the Great Dauphin was prematurely cut off, and his royal father continued his career of self-indulgence and ruinous extravagance,—the Dauphin's worthy son, the saintly pupil of Fénelon, would have become the

savior of the monarchy and his home the model of every household within the kingdom, had not he and his young wife been poisoned by members of their own family.*

As it was, the regency of Philippe d'Orléans surpassed in profligacy the preceding reign, and the tide of corruption held on its course, ever increasing in volume and velocity, till the throne and Church of France went down in the deluge.

Would you see how the example and devotion of one man can rouse an entire people to withstand and shake off the tyranny of a degrading and inveterate vice? Then you have only to recall the life and services of Theobald Mathew.

In the home itself nothing can be more familiar as well as consoling than to remember how the life of a father in every way worthy of the position and character of a Christian parent and true man, will continue to be for generations the living law and practical ideal of his descendants. Even when these depart momentarily from the right road, they can easily be recalled to it by the memory of their ancestor's goodness, and the authority of his lofty example.

This nobility of virtue, so honored, exalted, and praised by the Church in all ages, is transmitted by a true father to his sons with the name that he bears. Thereby to bear that honored name,—honored even among a race of peasants and borne by them with a pride that shrinks from a stain as from a something worse than death,—is to feel one's self bound to nobleness of sentiment, of aim, and deed. This, in the old Catholic lands, was the foundation of the popular saying, *Noblesse oblige* ('Nobility obliges'). Not alone in the ancient provinces of Spain, inhabited by the Basques, could every husbandman in the country hamlets, like every denizen of the cities, proudly recall his lineage and point to the escutcheon over his door, but even in other lands where families occupied for centuries the same homesteads, though far removed from the pretensions of modern wealthy abodes, the nobility of a good name filled and surrounded every

* See the article *Marie Adelaide de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne,* in *Le Correspondant* of the 10th and 25th March, 1878.

home like an atmosphere, and neighbors far and wide saw above each door,—though no escutcheon was emblazoned there,—the spotless family name inscribed ; while every man and woman and child who bore it knew that it obliged them to be true to the blood in their veins. You have only to recall the example of the Rechabites, quoted above, to understand what we would here inculcate. Doubtless, this glorious race of true men, during all the centuries that they have been faithful to the obligations of their ancestral nobility of virtue, bore on their banners no emblazoned shield. Houses they have never built, and, therefore, their dwellings had neither sculptured doorway, nor escutcheon of marble or bronze to tell the traveler of the possessors' lineage. All knew them to be the sons of Rechab. That unsullied name was a prouder patent of nobility than that of baron, or count, or duke.

Not undeserving of serious consideration are the words of one who knew the Rechabites well and could appreciate, in a degenerate age, their shining example of inviolable fidelity and unshaken constancy.

"Woe to them that are faint-hearted, who believe not God ; and therefore they shall not be protected by Him. Woe to them, that have lost patience, and that have forsaken the right ways, and have gone aside into crooked ways. And what will they do when the Lord shall begin to examine?" *

We can never forget the noble examples set by the gentlemen of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris. Not content with mapping out the whole of that vast capital, and distributing it to the conferences or district committees, in order that not one street should be left unvisited by these apostles of charity, and not one needy home should escape their active beneficence,—they studied the science of edifying by good example much more than the delicate art of bestowing relief without distressing or humiliating its recipient.

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* Ecclesiasticus, ii. 15, 16, 17.

The civilized world knows how fatally the skepticism of Voltaire, aided by the evil life of the governing classes, had blighted the growth of faith in the souls of the laboring population in Paris and in the surrounding provinces. Then came the fearful excesses of the French Revolution, in which these classes actively participated, leaving the stain of blood on so many fathers and mothers of the existing generation. Of course, undying hatred of the Christian name and of all that related to religion became a household worship with these parents and their children. How could they ever become reconciled to Religion, to her worship, and her sacraments? Not by the voice or the ministrations of the priest. Him they would not listen to. By the examples of the noble men, men of the world, soldiers, lawyers, magistrates, men of illustrious birth, or rendered illustrious by their talents and public services,—whom they saw daily seeking out every form of obscure or secret privation and suffering, and ministering to the poor and sick with supreme devotedness and supreme delicacy. When they saw these men on Sundays devoutly assisting at Mass, or reverently approaching the Holy Communion, their hearts began to soften toward the religion of their fathers. The eloquence of true charity set forth beneath their eyes in so many touching deeds of beneficence, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, won their hearts, first, and thus opened the avenue of their minds to the knowledge of the true faith. For,—such has been the invincible logic of all ages. True Charity is the divinest form of True Religion.

In the churches of Paris, as well as of those in the neighboring dioceses, but very few men comparatively, at the fall of Napoleon I., had courage enough to be seen at confession or communion. The force of human respect was so great that such as dared to profess and practice what they believed, had to do so with more or less of secrecy. The yearly lectures in Notre Dame given by the two apostolic men Lacordaire and De Ravignan, broke the force of anti-christian opinion and custom. The latter it was who made the happy innovation of closing his Lenten course of ser-

mons by the solemn exercises of a retreat of eight days in favor of men exclusively, and closing on Easter Sunday by a general communion. Then it was that revolutionary and skeptical Paris was given the extraordinary and edifying spectacle of beholding the thousands of men,—the élite of French manhood,—who filled the vast Cathedral, pressing forward rank after rank, to partake of the Bread of Life, and to glorify the God of their fathers by receiving adoringly the divinest of His gifts.

Thenceforward it became the custom of the generous members of that advance-guard of Faith and Charity, the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, to send some of their members, every Sunday in the year, to receive Holy Communion publicly in the various churches of the capital and in those of the surrounding cities and villages, far and near. General officers of the army and navy, the foremost members of the learned professions, officials of high rank, and men who bore the proudest historic names in Europe, were thus to be seen giving forth the light and warmth of their pious examples in those centers of Voltairian unbelief and revolutionary impiety, where all faith had been utterly killed in souls by the evil examples and teachings of the preceding age.

And thus do they continue to edify and build up in the France of to-day the ruin on which desolation and despair seemed to have settled as utterly as on Thebes and Memphis, and Babylon and Nineveh.

### *A Sublime Instance of Self-Sacrifice.*

One instance taken from the history of a man whose air of childlike simplicity and innocence remains impressed on the soul of the author, and whose fame as a mathematician is only inferior to his generosity as a Christian, must find place here. It will tell our readers, that, whereas France is still fruitful in such heroic souls, there is sure ground to hope for a revival at some future day of the living and chivalrous faith of St. Louis.

Baron Augustin Louis Cauchy had been preceptor to the Comte de Chambord, or Henri V., as he is called by the French Royalists, and had ever remained as loyal to the cause of legitimate monarchy as he was to his baptismal faith. No promise of advancement, no prospect of emolument or honor could ever induce him to swear allegiance to any form of government that was not administered or sanctioned by the lawful princes. Nevertheless, and while winning the admiration of the whole scientific world, he remained the most simple-hearted and amiable of men, the most fervent and charitable of Christians. Of course his whole life was devoted to good works. After 1830 he was never seen at the courts of the sovereigns elected by the French people, and he was but ill at ease in the receptions of the legitimist nobility to which he belonged and where his virtues and talents were fully appreciated. Every leisure hour was given to Christ in the persons of His poor, or in the performance of the most heroic works of charity.

As he was daily thrown into the society of the most learned men in France, being himself a member of the Institute and having filled the highest professorships in the University, his heart was continually saddened by the practical unbelief of so many of his colleagues, the victims of a godless and anti-Christian system of education. More than one of these had been induced to study the Christian religion, and to embrace it heartily, by the pure life and ever-active charity of Baron Cauchy.

One young Academician, in particular, had won the Baron's sympathy. He had been from childhood exposed to the worst influences of French infidelity, and had not the remotest idea that the Catholic Religion or Christianity itself could be anything else than the worst enemy of science and civilization.

It so happened that in the summer of 1857 the young Academician fell sick of the small-pox, the case presenting such virulent symptoms that all the friends and acquaintance of the young man fled from him, leaving him to such care as hirelings could give him. Baron Cauchy thereupon re-

solved to win that dear soul to God at the risk of his own life. So, he became his friend's nurse, never leaving him for a moment, and lavishing on him all the loving and gentle care which was to be expected from one so naturally noble and tender, but who seemed transformed into an angel of God in the sick-room.

The patient recovered, gaining health of soul with that of the body. But his savior died, having caught the malignant disease, and rejoicing with unspeakable delight to see his friend a true believer. The spirit of the illustrious dead seems to have passed into his convert; for, ever since he stood over the grave of his benefactor, he has taken up the apostleship bequeathed to him by the departed.

All Paris heard the story of that heroic death and of the conversion which was its consequence. No city in the world witnesses more of such examples of all-sacrificng charity, of angelic piety than Paris the Magnificent, where the two extremes of Goodness and Wickedness are found side by side at every step, where the two great armies of Catholic charity and anti-social Hatred confront each other in every street. Which is to be victorious,—the Love ever ready to give its all and to lay down its life for the suffering and the needy, or that Hatred that would sacrifice all to its unreasoning fury or its insatiable thirst of enjoyment?

"What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite in love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another!
Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour, from shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together,
And wine and corn, to each man born,
Be free as warmth in sunny weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,—
More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other." *

This is the mission of laymen, of men of the world. We need not tell the true Christian man that the wisdom which can alone avail to light one forward on the path of such urgent and arduous duty, is that which borrows her lamp from Faith, and that the only love capable of triumphing over the armed battalions of Hate, is the charity born of the Crucified.

But in order to recruit and warm with a divine enthusiasm these armies of the God of Charity, we priests must fire our own souls with that flame which is more penetrating, far-reaching, and irresistible than the fire from heaven which the winds bear about in the thunder-cloud. Its overwhelming suddenness and energy must tell the nations that God is in the cloud, the whirlwind, and the fire.

Oh! that all the children of God in this age of reasoning unreason, unbrotherly humanity, intolerant liberty, and most destructive progress, were vessels filled with the fervent spirit of the Gospel and the sweet odor of Christ,—how resistless would be their every word and example! If only all of us who have at heart the cause of Christ, and with it the cause of humanity, and the dearest interests of country,—would only proclaim aloud in our heart and life as well as by our lips, that the Cross is our banner and the Crucified our sole chief, how the ideal of true manhood and true manliness would soon be gloriously realized in our homes, our associations, and the whole outside world!

"Who shall be nearest, noblest, and dearest,
Named but with honor and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted, whose banner is planted
On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,
Fearless of danger, to falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back when there's duty before!
He shall be nearest, he shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore!"

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* Charles Mackay.

"Your work may be to bring considerate thought
To humbler toilers in the hive of men:
Yet take refreshing draughts to brains o'erwrought,
To careworn, heart-sick soldiers of the pen.
A mother mourning o'er a child departed:
Or worse, pursuing evil ways in life:
You may take comfort to the broken-hearted,
And rescue the weak struggler in the strife.
To the repenting, or repentant, sinner
You may bring light, and bid his terror cease:
Some fallen sister you may seek, and win her
Into the pleasant paths of hope and peace.
You may dispel from shallow doubters doubt,—
Chaos, to which is said, 'Let there be light!'
And guide the skeptic as he gropes about
In darkness, dreaming of an endless night,
Where poverty and want are tempters; where
Vice hath no check from Comfort; none to teach;
Where self-inflicted sorrows bring despair—
Your Lord may let your soothing influence reach
Where more resistless tempters triumph—worse
Than want and poverty—you may be nigh:
When plethora of gold creates a curse,
And wealth demands what riches cannot buy.
You may help those who help themselves—whose prayer
Is for GOD-AIDED efforts; who, believing
In SELF-HELP, greatly think, and grandly dare,
And those more blest in giving than receiving:
Whose charity revives like sun-lit dew:
And adds to bread the health-boon of the leaven:
Happy in making happy; ah! how few
Enjoy on earth the chiefest joy in Heaven!
Your task it is to lead the soul to God!
Teaching to bless His staff and kiss His rod!"*

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* Samuel Carter Hall, "The Trial of Sir Jasper."

# CHAPTER XIX.

## THE PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Here were men devoted to a supernatural end, even in the legal profession—men, consequently, like Sir Thomas More, ready to mount the scaffold rather than contradict it by denying the Spiritual Supremacy of the Pope, or assenting to any heresy which a tyrant or an absurd people might propose—men like Felix, the great magistrate, described by Sidonius Apollinaris, . . . "a man of constant friendship, and who exalted his rank by his humility"—men such as D'Agnesseau not only imagined, but knew, named, pointed out. *What a broad spirit was his* (he says; speaking of Langlois), *what precision of thought, what justness—we might almost dare to say, what infallibility of reason! There was nothing to exceed the soundness of his mind, unless it was his heart. His house had become a happy asylum for learning, experience, wisdom, and truth; a kind of temple, where sometimes the most important affairs of religion used to be treated, and where the ministers of the altar were surprised to find in a man of the world, not only more light and knowledge, but even more zeal for the purity of discipline, more ardor for the glory of the Church, than in some who approached the nearest to the sanctuary.*—DIGBY, *Compitum*, b. iv., ch. i.

WE feel, in beginning this chapter, as if we were about to enter some holy place consecrated to Him to whom alone belongs the perfection of all Holiness, Truth, and Justice;—a place hallowed not only by the immemorial reverence of past ages, but by the immediate presence of the Godhead Himself. There are mighty interests of a threefold nature, of which God, the creator of man, the author of society, and the protector of social order and happiness, intrusts the administration to a chosen few, and in favor of their kind: the sacred interests of the soul and the spiritual life, the august interests of justice, law, and order, and the scarcely less important interests of bodily health and life to be preserved and promoted.

Of the priesthood and its duties we are precluded from

treating by the very scope of our work; of the high and important professions of the Lawyer, and the Physician, we proceed to speak, reserving to the next chapter what relates to other public avocations.

## I. *The Lawyer.*

We need scarcely recall to Catholics the doctrine of all our schools of theology on the nature and origin of law in general. They teach that "law is the divine will made known to rational creatures, and imposing on them the obligation of doing certain things and avoiding others, under pain of punishment." This same will of the Author of our being imposes on us in like manner the obligation of obeying the laws enacted by the human legislator, who borrows his authority from God, in whom resides the supreme right of compelling the wills of His creatures.

Hence the fundamental principle admitted in all moral theology, that just laws are binding on the conscience on account of their conformity to the divine eternal law. Nor will it be out of place to recall here the words pronounced in our own legislative halls by one whose memory must be ever dear to Americans,* and while contending for the religious freedom guaranteed by our Constitution:

"You make laws in this hall of supreme temporal power; but then, can you make them binding on the consciences of men? Yes, with one condition. If men, before your laws are enacted, have, as a principle in their hearts, the belief that God sanctions authority—that there is a higher and holier Law-maker who gives sanction to your laws. Where will you place the security and sacredness of legislation, but in this principle of the necessity of an account where deception will be impossible?"

Hence, also, in the thought and language of Christian Europe the close alliance between religion and justice, between the priest and the lawyer, and the parallels continu-

* Archbishop Hughes of New York.

ally drawn between their respective offices,—the one having to minister at the altar of the Living God and to sit in His place as the judge of consciences, while the other was said to minister in the sanctuary of justice.

"Our old and beautiful French language,"—says the Count de Montalembert,—"immortal and intelligent, true representative of the good sense of our fathers, knew by a wonderful instinct to assimilate religion to justice. It was always said 'the temple of law,' 'the sanctuary of justice,' 'the priesthood of the magistracy.' We ought to accept and respect this synonym, and to take it for our guide in legislation ; preserving the dignity of what is most august in the secular government of the State, which is certainly the administration of justice; maintaining inviolable the temple of law and the temple of God, the sanctuary of justice and the sanctuary of truth, the sacerdotal character of the priest, and the priesthood of the judge." *

It is a well-known matter of history, that the Church from the earliest ages not only penetrated with her spirit of freedom, enlightenment, and mercy the legislation of both the Eastern and Western Empires, but, at the downfall of the latter, established, encouraged, and supported throughout Christendom the great law-schools which have been the fountains of modern legal science. She watched with equal solicitude over the serious special studies necessary, respectively, to the lawyer and the theologian. The same may be said of her schools of medicine.

### *Solicitude of the Church for the Legal Profession.*

In her motherly anxiety for the reign of justice and equity as distinguished technically from law, she enacted, whenever she could, rigorous statutes against the abuses of law-courts and the chicanery of practitioners. Her constant endeavor,—it will be found, on studying carefully the annals of the Christian ages,—was to elevate the legal profession, to glorify it in the opinion of the people, and to inspire

* Quoted by Digby.

its members with a deep sense of religious self-respect and responsibility. The Emperor Justinian made a special edict, by which all advocates in the imperial courts of law were forced to swear on the Gospels, at the beginning of every trial, that they would not plead a cause they knew to be a bad one, and that they would withdraw from it the moment they discovered its injustice. The laws of Spain enjoined a like oath. In 1274, Philip III., the son of St. Louis, issued an ordinance to the same effect. But—what may prove of more interest to our readers—in 1237 the English bishops assembled in council at London decreed thus:

"We order that whoever desires to obtain the office of a lawyer, ought to present himself to the diocesan, and to take oath before him that in all causes in which he is employed he will exercise a faithful ministry, not delaying or destroying the action of justice toward the opposite party, but in defending his client by the laws and solid reasons." *

"We see proof," says Digby, "of the prodigious action of Catholicity in rendering strict, virtuous, and holy the character of the advocate. When secular honors were attached to the profession in France, the knight of laws was required to swear that he would never use his insignia in profane occupations, but in maintaining the rights of the Church and the Christian faith, and in the service of learning. The French lawyer, on being inscribed on the roll of advocates, engaged never to undertake just and unjust causes alike, without distinction, nor to maintain any with tricks, fallacies, and misquotations; he was not to set too high a price upon his services; he was not to lead a dissipated life, or one contrary to the modesty and gravity of his calling. He was not, under pain of being disbarred, to refuse his services to the indigent and oppressed. In the *Mirroir des Justices*, written in the reign of Edward II., it is laid down that a pleader or lawyer must be a person 'receivable in judgment, no heretic, nor excommunicate man. He is to be charged by oath that he will not maintain nor defend what is wrong or false to his knowledge; he is to

* Matthieu Paris, *ad annum* 1237,—quoted by Digby.

put in before the court no delays nor false evidence, nor move nor offer any corruptions, deceits, nor consent to any such.' '' *

This much will suffice to show the aim of the Great Mother of nations both in so guarding against abuses the profession of the law, that its administration should ever result in upholding right and righting wrong, and in directing the ministers of justice with such jealous care, that no stain could fall on their ermine.

### *The present Need of a thorough Legal Training.*

At an epoch when there is a general tendency toward lowering the traditional sacredness of the administration of justice, and of substituting a hasty and superficial legal education for the long and thorough preparation required in the days of our fathers,—it may not be inopportune to say a few words of encouragement to such as refuse to follow the short and easy path to the place and profits of the jurisconsult, the magistrate, or the pleader. With the same earnestness with which we should urge thoroughness in the education of the priest, we now plead for it in the training of the lawyer. And just as we are thrilled with gratitude and delight when we hear of our venerable ecclesiastical superiors' conscientious efforts to raise higher and still higher the standard of excellence in their preparatory seminaries and schools of theology, even so do we bless God when we learn of the establishment and success of Law Schools where professors and pupils vie with each other in conscientious zeal to make of the noble science they aim at mastering, a something divine to be worshiped and honored by life-long devotion. †

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* "Compitum," b. iv., ch. i.

† We know the distinguished and devoted men who have given such fame to the Law-School of Laval University, Quebec, and have seen several of the eminent lawyers who have honored their masters by their incorruptible integrity more even than by their legal knowledge and forensic eloquence. We pray that in the Montreal Law-School, the same excellence may ever reign, and the same success attend the graduates! The noble rivalry which should exist between the parent university and its offshoot, should only produce a higher common

### *The Lawyer's Ideal.*

It cannot be too lofty. The science which is necessary, both to the advocate and the judge,—to say nothing of the legislator,—is not only exalted in its nature, but vast in its extent, and as exact in its every detail as its matters are most perplexing in their multitude and variety. Much more even than priestly science,—comprising the reasoned knowledge of dogmatic and moral theology, of canon law, conciliary jurisprudence, and ecclesiastical history, of the Sacred Scriptures and the languages which serve as a key to their study ;—the science of jurisprudence not only borrows much from theology and its cognate branches, but it ranges over the entire framework of society, the relation of man toward man in the city, and the nation,—and those of each nation toward the entire human race. There is no science comparable to that of the accomplished lawyer—the jurist—in the vast and complex range of its subject-matter ; none superior to it, save theology alone, in the sacredness and vital importance of the interests with which it deals in practice.

We cannot, then, be surprised that the Catholic Church which had received from the expiring Roman civilization

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ideal and a more triumphant result,—just as the commingling of the mighty waters of the Ottawa with those of the St. Lawrence forms a deeper, wider, and nobler stream, enriching, adorning, and glorifying a land so full of the noblest promise for all future time.

Just as we write,—to our unspeakable satisfaction,—come the tidings that Georgetown College is about to crown all its past priceless services to our Catholic youth by perfecting its Law-School and Medical School, and taking measures to secure to our country the advantages of a great university complete in its every department. So the Society of Jesus in the United States, the illustrious Society of Saint Sulpice in Montreal, and that noble band of devoted priests, revered throughout Canada as the "Seminary of Quebec,"—join hands and hearts to endow the youth of America with schools worthy of the brightest ages of Christian civilization. Who can doubt of God's blessing on them ?

"Walk in joy . . .
Made free by love ; a mighty brotherhood
Linked by a jealous interchange of good,
A glorious pageant more magnificent than conqueror's return."

the inheritance of its grand system of legislation and jurisprudence, should have cherished this heirloom with a religious care, and deemed the knowledge of law and the administration of justice second only in dignity and importance to the guardianship of the divine Deposit of Revelation and the sacred functions of the Christian priesthood.

In France, where all that pertained to the study of law and the administration of justice was ever held in singular honor,—the "worship of Justice," its "temples," and its "priesthood," were not empty words: the popular language expressed notions, convictions, and sentiments deeply rooted in the souls of the people. Not even the wholesale ruin wrought in all the ancient institutions of Christian France,—and in the constitution of her law-courts, parliaments, and magistracy, more than in any other,—has been able to obliterate from the minds of her people the idea that Justice is a something divine, and that her ministers are specially consecrated and separated by their character and functions from the lay multitude. Besides, the sacredness of their functions and the eminence of the dignity they held in the estimation of all classes, caused the members of the judiciary to be accounted noble: hence the distinction of *noblesse d'épée* (nobility or aristocracy of the sword) and *noblesse de robe* (nobility of the judicial robes or ermine).

We must not pursue this analogy beyond the limits of France and into the constitutions and customs of other countries. Even to the present day England rejoices in raising to the peerage the most eminent among her judges; and of those who have honored the high office once graced by the martyred Sir Thomas More, several within the century had been born in the lowliest station. It is old Catholic tradition holding on its steady course in spite of religious and political changes,—like the White Nile above Fachoda, disappearing, to the eye of the careless observer, beneath a dense and impenetrable growth of papyrus and other aquatic plants, but pursuing still its way to the ocean.*

* See Schweinfurth, "The Heart of Africa," i., chap. iii.; and Sir Samuel W. Baker, "Ismailia," chap. iii. 54 (New York ed.).

The Church herself more than once manifested the high esteem in which she held lawyers, one of them, Guy Fouquet, being elected to the chair of St. Peter, in 1265, under the name of Clement IV.

For the instruction of lawyers themselves this much may be deemed more than sufficient on the high dignity of their profession. Less we could not say for the interest of the general reader. What shall we say of the mighty issues that depend on their professional skill, their uprightness, and conscientious devotion to their clients?

### *Interests Intrusted to Lawyers.*

Lawyers are intrusted with the fortunes and the honor of families, as well as with the liberty and life of individuals. On the professional virtues of no one class in the community does so much of its temporal happiness depend as on the men who undertake to defend and vindicate right against wrong before the august tribunals of justice. On no class does it depend so largely, so exclusively even, to bring justice, law, authority into contempt, or to make these venerable names still more sacred in the esteem of all classes.

The profound respect which the writer has ever entertained both for the bench and the bar, induces him to hold up here to the entire legal body,—to such at least as share his own religious faith,—the mirror of one noble life, that of a man whose memory is still fondly cherished in his native country, and who deserved to be the parent of one of Spain's most saintly and accomplished daughters.*

Diego de Escobar was an advocate in the royal court of chancery at Valladolid, and professor of civil and canon law in the University of Salamanca. His extreme delicacy of conscience, however, caused him to give up practicing in the law-courts after a brief career of extraordinary brilliancy. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the duties of his professorship, charming and edifying the numerous youth of the university by his gentleness, his childlike sim-

* The venerable Marina de Escobar.

plicity, and spotless purity of life much more even than by his uncommon learning and eloquence. In the Latin biography of his daughter is contained a brief 'Rule of Life' which this exemplary Christian had drawn up for himself, and which is here submitted to the reader. "My first care shall be, when I rise in the morning, to say my prayers and invoke the Blessed Virgin, then go to hear Mass, and, on festivals, to the Sermon, which I shall listen to attentively and devoutly, beseeching our Lord to give me grace to serve Him. I am resolved, wherever I may be, not to assent to or countenance murmuring, to prevent and reprove swearing, to give good advice, to pardon offenses, and, above all to suffer and bear with unruffled soul insults, afflictions, and ill fortune; also daily to visit some sick person, consoling and assisting him to the best of my power; also to visit those in affliction, in order to comfort them; to follow the dead to their last resting-place; to give alms cheerfully to every one who asks from me; to entertain hospitably the homeless poor whom I may meet on the roads or public places, and to give them food and drink and clothing, considering that in their persons I receive into my house Christ, who is present in the poor—to take care that no one leaves me sad and desolate, but rather joyful and refreshed; to wear sackcloth or a rope next my flesh, to take the discipline once a week, to fast not only on the prescribed days, but also on the vigil of every feast of the Blessed Virgin, and, if I can, on the Fridays; to endeavor as far as I can to hinder litigation, and to apply myself diligently to this purpose; not to act tyrannically with persons going to law, but to speak to them courteously and in a friendly manner; to dictate lectures to my pupils for their especial benefit; in fine to meditate on the life and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; to be grateful to God for the benefits I receive from Him, and to love Him for His goodness." *

Do not say that the mirror of such a life reflects an ideal

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* *Vita Venerabilis Virginis Marina de Escobar,* lib. i., c. 1.

too superhuman, too far above the low level of what modern society esteems as excellent and exemplary. You, men of the world, are still Christian men, men who believe in supernatural virtue and supernatural grace as a help toward such virtue; you believe also in the necessity for all who would have a share with Christ to be Christlike, and, therefore, supernatural. Would you forgive a priestly teacher, writing on such deeply practical matters, to address you as men who only believed in naturalism,—the worship of mere natural excellence, to the exclusion of all the divine forms of goodness and greatness so familiar to our fathers?

### *Why the Lawyer's Ideal must be Supernatural.*

No! In the consciousness of our own innate weakness amid the general abasement of morals and manners around us, we must not drift unresistingly downward with the current, but lift our eyes and hands and hearts upward to the eternal hills where is our Hope and Helper,—as well as our Model. The vision of One thorn-crowned and treading the steep road of Calvary beneath His heavy cross, is never to be lost sight of. We are His disciples and followers. Hence it is that in all Catholic countries,—all throughout Christendom, indeed, before the middle of the sixteenth century,—the image of Christ crucified was hung up on the wall full in view of the judges' bench,—as if He it was who presided at the administration of justice, as if lawyers and judges felt bound to be guided in the practice of their noble profession by His spirit and His maxims,—tempering all human justice and law with His Mercy and Charity.

We remember, in visiting the *Palais de Justice* at Paris, to have seen, in the magnificent hall called *Salle des Pas Perdus* a large crucifix suspended from the wall. Palace, hall, and crucifix have since been swept away by the drunken fanatics of the Commune,—the worthy representatives of our modern naturalists and levelers.

Our lawyers and our judges, however, will only be all the more worthy of the name they bear, all the more honored and blessed of those who need impartial human justice,—if they bear with them, impressed on their hearts and their lives the likeness of Christ crucified. They must follow Him! And we should fail in our assumed duty did we not tell them so.

> "The bird hath not known the path,
> Neither hath the eye of the vulture beheld it.
> The children of the merchants have not trodden it,
> Neither hath the lioness passed by it." *

We have been privileged to know and to live with some of the best, the saintliest, the most lovable, and the most accomplished of Christian men; but none of the dear and venerable forms so familiar to us in youth and mature life ever effaced the sweet images of these two ornaments of the Bar and Bench of Lower Canada, Justices Panet and Morin, to each of whom every word written for his own guidance by Diego de Escobar might be literally applied.

Of this Royal Way of the Cross, followed by all such true men, we can say with one who was in his day the wonder of the Roman world, the master and guide of great lawyers and illustrious orators: "This is the religion which possesses the universal way for delivering the soul; for, except by this way, none can be delivered. This is a kind of royal way, which alone leads to a kingdom which does not totter like all temporal dignities, but stands firm on eternal foundations." †

### *This Royal Road is the Highway of Honor.*

One word to all members of the Bar on this right-royal highway of Christian honor, and on the dishonorable and

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* Job, xxviii. 7, 8.

† St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, l. x., c. 32: *Hæc est religio quæ universalem continet viam animæ liberandæ; quoniam nulla nisi hac liberari potest. Hæc est enim quodammodo Regalis Via, quæ una ducit ad regnum, non temporali fastigio nutabundum, sed æternitatis firmitate securum.*

degrading tendencies from which it is the deep interest of all that the profession of the law should be "delivered" and preserved. St. Louis, King of France, was, among other mighty cares, so anxious that no suspicion of wrong-doing should attach itself to the administration of justice within his kingdom, that he built what is known as *La Sainte Chapelle* ("The Holy Chapel"), by the side of the central court of justice in Paris, placing within this most exquisite of all existing church edifices the Crown of Thorns worn by our Lord, and which the holy king had brought with him from Palestine. There, daily, judges and advocates were wont to assist devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice, before proceeding to their usual avocations,—the presence of the diadem of shame worn by the King of Kings in His passion, and the celebration of the most august of their religion's mysteries serving as an eloquent exhortation to the conscientious discharge of their august office.

In this same sanctuary all the members of the Bar formed a pious brotherhood, bound together, not by the common purpose of promoting their own worldly or pecuniary interests, or of protecting prevarication or wrong-doing or incompetence, against those above or below themselves, but by the sincere and firm design of saving their professional robes from even the slightest stain of dishonesty, of guarding their clients from the possibility of wrong, and of furthering to the best of their power the interests of their dependents and the cause of impartial justice. Their model was a Frenchman, Sulpicius Severus (died 410), held as a saint in some parts of France, and who was equally studious of the interests of justice and of the science of law, and as zealous in putting a stop to lawsuits as he was to urge forward those he had undertaken.* It was, however, then, as it has been ever since, a hard struggle for high-souled lawyers against the custom which prevailed among their false brethren; and France has had her canonized

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* *Neque enim ille magis juris consultus quam justitiæ fuit; neque instituere litium actiones malebat, quam controversias tollere;* applied by Cicero to a contemporary of the same name as the Christian advocate.

Advocate, Ivo de Kaermartin, of whom is sung on his feast-day :

*Advocatus, non latro,*
*Res miranda populo.*

"An advocate, yet not a thief,—a thing transcending all belief."

## *Ancient and Modern "Picklocks."*

The opposite character, the unprincipled or half-educated pettifogger,—the man of greed and gold,—is no new character in the world. The portrait made of him in the days of Queen Elizabeth is that of many a man in the days of Queen Victoria, and those who might sit for it abound on both sides of the Atlantic :

"Here is Domine Picklock,
My man of law, solicits all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds any quarrels
Between my tenants and me ; sows all my strifes
And reaps them too ; troubles the country for me,
And vexes any neighbor that I please." *

Of course, the men whose ignorance, incapacity, and bad actions dishonor a noble profession, should never be cited or accepted by any enlightened or impartial person as the fair representatives of that profession. It is both illogical and unjust to argue from the exceptional guilty few to the innocent and upright many. The majority, however, in any profession would seem, in the judgment of the public, to become responsible for the conduct of a dishonest minority, when they neither protest in a body against open and crying wrong, or when they neglect to stop the abuse by stringent enactments and exemplary punishment.

There are two classes of persons toward whom members of the Bar may display the disinterestedness and devotion worthy of their calling, or that spirit of peculation which is now the bane of so many courts of law : the poor and the upper classes. So far as the poor are concerned, it may suffice to hold up to all the mirror of the Christian generosity and charity practiced by lawyers in some Catholic lands.

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* Ben Johnson.

We have spoken of St. Ivo, as the acknowledged patron of the legal profession. Perhaps the reader may wish to know on what grounds this Saint merited such a distinction. Ivo Hélori de Kaermartin, was born of an illustrious family near Tréguier in Lower Brittany in the year 1253. He was thus a contemporary of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, and Petrarch, living in an age of great intellectual activity and culture,—when the study of law was held in extraordinary honor. He completed his philosophical and theological course in the University of Paris, and his course of canon and civil law at Orleans,—the former under the celebrated canonist William de Blaye, who afterward became bishop of Angoulême, and the latter under Peter de la Chapelle, an eminent lawyer, who became bishop of Toulouse and a cardinal. This elevation is one fact among thousands to show in what esteem superiority in legal lore was held by the Church in that age.

### *Home Education of the Christian Lawyer.*

Ivo was blessed in having a mother whose accomplishments and piety enabled her to mold her boy's soul to the pursuit of the noblest aims and the practice of the most generous virtue. She labored early and successfully in impressing him with the conviction that he must become a supernatural man and a saint. This high purpose gave a direction to all his youthful studies and to his career in ripe manhood. At Paris and Orleans he shone among the numerous youth of each university with the twofold splendor of his uncommon talent and unearthly purity of life. Not that men of saintly lives were then rare in the great schools of France, Germany, and Italy,—for history attests the contrary; but, as these belonged for the most part to the great religious orders of St. Dominick and St. Francis, then in the early summer of their glorious prosperity, the union in a young layman and a law student of the highest gifts of intellect and the most exalted piety was a thing even then deserving of admiration.

Both in Paris and in Orleans the noble youth was remarkable for his rigorous abstemiousness, never tasting wine or anything intoxicating, abstaining even from the use of flesh meat, strictly observant of the fasts of the Church, and giving to sleep the shortest space he could. But he gave most of his spare time to visiting the poor and sick in the hospitals, where his presence was ever like a sunbeam.

### *The Advocate of the Poor.*

He had made a secret vow of perpetual virginity; and this, while disposing him to enter the service of the Church at a later date, made him refuse the most tempting offers of marriage. Indeed, the birth, the surpassing talent and eloquence of the young lawyer, as well as his growing reputation, opened to him the doors of the best families and the avenue to the highest dignities in the State. He was, however, wholly devoted to his profession, devoted especially to the poor and defenseless. These soon found out their friend and protector; and even during this first period of his career, Ivo was known as "the Advocate of the Poor," —a most glorious distinction.

The appellation became more especially his, when at length he was induced to receive holy orders. As, in every diocese in France,—and indeed of all Western Christendom,—the bishop's court was the one to which the laboring poor loved to appeal for justice, Ivo was, immediately after his ordination, appointed "official," or presiding officer at the ecclesiastical court of Rennes. Here he was not permitted to remain long; for the Bishop of Tréguier, who claimed him as his diocesan, forced him to accept the position of ecclesiastical judge in his own native city. He made of his court a model, reformed the entire administration of justice, and became the idol of the people far and near. For, not satisfied with fulfilling his own duties as judge, he held himself ever in readiness to go to other courts to plead the cause of the needy and the oppressed.

Revered as he was by high and low, this readiness to

advocate the rights of the widow and the orphan, of the husbandman and the day-laborer, seemed to create neither jealousy nor unworthy rivalry among his brother lawyers. On the contrary, his deep knowledge not only of law but of human nature, his almost preternatural sagacity in detecting guilt and following it through all its dark windings, and the eloquence which he displayed in favor of the innocent,—made him a welcome favorite everywhere.

When his bishop forced him to accept a pastoral charge, he displayed in his parish of Tresdretz the apostolic virtues of which he had already given the promise while a layman. He was a true father and protector to his people, to the poor in particular. He built near his own residence an hospital and asylum for the sick and the poor, in which he lavished daily on them all the care of the most tender charity. He died at the age of fifty in 1303, mourned by all Brittany, and, indeed, by all France, so universally was he beloved and revered. John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, went himself to Rome to solicit his canonization, solemnly affirming on oath that he had been cured by the prayers of the man of God of a sickness pronounced by the best physicians to be incurable. The examination into the heroicity of his life and virtues was begun in 1337, and completed ten years afterward, when the name of Ivo was placed on the list of God's most glorious servants, and the 19th of May, the day of his death, was appointed as his feast, thenceforward to be the great feast-day of Christian lawyers.

Even in England the great Breton "Advocate of the Poor" was revered by the people as well as by the members of the profession he had so highly honored; his name was given to churches and to institutions, and still survives in more than one place.

We are only solicitous in thus glancing at so holy a life, that every true-hearted lawyer should be,—the advocate, the defender, the devoted and disinterested counselor of the poor.

*Compare this Picture with That.*

As to rich and powerful clients, what can we say here, while the daily press is full of the most disheartening and disgraceful tales of peculation, fraud, and even forgery committed by men,—whose profession gives them the rank of gentlemen, but whose deeds show them to be worse than the felons they defend or help in bringing to punishment?

Is it not a terrible arraignment of so noble a profession to hear it daily said, by the organs of public opinion, in a free country, that some of our courts of justice seem only to be organized for the purpose of permitting lawyers to absorb the entire fortune of their ill-starred clients during the slow process of a suit? that neither the judges on the bench, nor the Bar as a body, will dare or care to interfere to prevent the enormous and ruinous fees levied on the wretched contestants? that men standing high in their profession are almost weekly discovered to have betrayed the trust of the widow, the orphan, the minor, or the too-confiding client, by using the property of the latter for their own personal profit?

And then, the odious spectacle presented in certain criminal as well as in certain civil suits, where the life and reputation of the living,—even when compelled to give their testimony as witnesses, are searched and held up to the prurient curiosity of the sight-seers in the court and of the expectant millions outside! the souls of the innocent and the sensitive, because they are forced to testify, being put to tortures that would shame all the judges and satellites of the most barbarous inquisitions of bygone ages! crimes and hideous details of secret and most loathsome guilt rehearsed again and again before judge and jury and listening public, and borne by the press all over the land like the seeds of the most destructive pestilence, to fall on the minds and hearts of all-reading youth and childhood? And we wonder at the alarming growth of precocious depravity and premature crime,—as if any other reaping could be expected from such sowing! Even in the age of Cicero, as the great

lawyer and orator tells us, to good men like Piso, the atmosphere of law-courts became intolerable because unwholesome to the moral sense. *Hominum ineptias ac stultitias, quæ devorandæ nobis sunt, non ferebat:* "He (Piso) could not endure the improprieties and follies committed by the men of our profession, and which we had to swallow patiently." * What would both Piso and Cicero have thought of the degrading and corrupting spectacle offered by our law-courts daily for months and months in succession, as certain infamous trials dragged their loathsome length along, or, as at this moment, a certain contestation over a wretched millionaire's will enables the lawyers of his unnatural sons to exhibit to the foul taste of reporters and readers every hideous detail of their dead parent's moral, mental, and bodily infirmities!

We heard a lawyer express his conviction that such trials with their protracted displays of moral turpitude were as useful and as necessary to the young practitioner as the lessons and exercises of the anatomical amphitheater were to the surgeon and physician. We beg to differ with him, knowing that we have on our side the ripest talent and most honored names of the American Bar. Of the courts of justice dishonored by such practice, and of the wisdom therein acquired, we think with the illustrious Roman orator, "that it were hard to say whether such a school for legal training, or the men who go thither to learn, or the odious nature of the lessons there taught, contributes most to pervert and corrupt the mind of youth." †

## *The Judiciary.*

It is to the upright and eminent men who grace the judgment-seat as well as their high calling, that we must look for a remedy.

> "Nino, thou courteous judge, what joy I felt
> When I perceived thou wert not with the bad!" ‡

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* Cicero, "Brutus," n. 67.

† *Non facile dixerim; utrumne locus ipse, an condiscipuli, an genus studiorum plus mali ingeniis adferant.—De Officiis,* ii. xiv.

‡ Dante, "Purgatorio," viii.

Passing over the necessities or political expediences which have led to making the judiciary elective in so many of our States,—lest we should for a moment allow the suspicion of partisan prejudice to rest on our teaching,—we hasten to say, that it is in the power of our judges to do much, very much, to purify their own profession from these increasing abuses, and to promote the most vital interests of the nation by guarding carefully the sacredness of the legislator's trust and of their own office.

In the examples quoted in this chapter,—in the lives especially of such men as St. Ivo and President Langlois, every true man who has at heart the immaculate honor of his place and the purest interests of justice, will find an ideal,—the loftiest and the most ennobling.

There are, we would fain believe, few, if any, among our judges, who are not thoroughly acquainted with the life and writings of the great magistrates who shed such immortal luster on the ancient administration of justice in France, and did such glorious service in promoting various important legal reforms as well as in withstanding the arbitrary acts of those in power. Think of the great Chancellor D'Aguesseau (died 1751), who was, according to Voltaire himself, "the most learned magistrate that France ever possessed;" and who, "independently of his thorough acquaintance with the laws of his country, understood Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, etc." But far more precious to his memory and important for our purpose, is the fact that, according to the Duke de St. Simon, his moral character was a happy blending into one harmonious whole of "gravity, justice, piety, and purity of manners." Would you hear what he did or attempted to do in the cause of justice and good government? "He employed his authority as *Procureur Général* in most cases wisely and honestly. He reformed the system of the management of public hospitals; improved the discipline of courts of justice; and instituted a quicker mode in the investigation of criminal cases previous to their being brought to judgment. D'Aguesseau aspired through life to the high

but difficult reputation of a legal reformer;—and it is in this particular that his reputation has the greatest claim upon our respect. . . . *His praiseworthy attempts were resisted, no doubt, by all those whose mistaken interests suggested to them that the attainment of justice ought to be kept expensive and uncertain, instead of being rendered cheap and secure.* He is said to have confessed that he did not go so far as he wished, *because he did not like to reduce the profits of his professional brethren.* This was a mistake even in mere worldly policy; for when law, as well as any other article of exchange, is dear and worthless, the purchasers will be few."

This fault he nobly redeemed when raised to the office of Chancellor of France, in 1717. He opposed with inflexible firmness the schemes introduced by the political economist Law "for substituting fictitious wealth for real capital." As this fatal financial policy prevailed at court, the Chancellor who opposed it was dismissed and exiled. Two years afterward, when the bubble had burst, the Chancellor was recalled. "His high sense of integrity and justice would not allow him to hear of a national bankruptcy: he insisted on making good the government obligations, or at least allowing those who held its paper to lose only a proportionate part; and, by thus preventing a bankruptcy, he contributed in some degree toward restoring general confidence." *

Surely here is a noble model for our most enlightened and most exalted magistrates. And yet France can boast of still loftier instances of learning and virtue in her chancellors. The family of Séguier alone from 1460 to 1789 could boast of sixty-eight of its members filling the highest dignities in the magistracy,—a glory within their profession to which nothing similar is found in history. Ah, would to God that distinguished lawyers among us could inspire their sons with such an admiration of their own calling and a devotion to it, that every succeeding generation of their descendants would aim solely at surpassing their parents

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* See biographical article in "Penny Cyclopædia."

in eminence of ability and integrity of life. Pierre Séguier, who held the office of Chancellor in 1635, seemed to unite in his person every merit. He braved Richelieu when that minister was all-powerful, and resisted alternately, during the long minority of Louis XIV., the power of every faction that swayed either the court, the nobles, or the popular masses. It was only when such incorruptible magistrates were no longer found to oppose the progress of absolute power, that the will of such men as Louis XIV., the Regent D'Orleans, and Louis XV., became the supreme law in the State. Séguier, however, was so much above court and nobility, army and politicians, that he was sent alone and unarmed to quell a formidable insurrection in Normandy, and succeeded in bringing back the rebels to obedience by the sheer ascendency of his "sacerdotal gravity and fervor." In an age preëminent for its intellectual culture, the Chancellor was so distinguished for learning and devotion to letters, that he not only had a principal part in organizing the French Academy, but he was chosen to be its president, and declared its protector, while in his house, for thirty years, were held the sittings of that celebrated body. Need we remind our readers that, from these great and proud families devoted from father to son to the profession of the law, have sprung most of the men who have shed on French letters such transcendent glory?

We shall hope that our lawyers and magistrates, by cherishing such ideals as these, and by loving to walk in these ancient paths of learning, honor, and integrity, may be ever able to say to their descendants:

> "The good and mighty of departed ages
> Are in their graves: the innocent and free,
> Heroes and poets, and prevailing sages,
> Who leave the virtue of their majesty
> To adorn and clothe this naked world. And we
> Are like to them—such perish, but they leave
> All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,
> Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,
> To be a rule and law to ages that survive."

## II. *The Physician.*

It was Homer who sang of the Physician so many ages before the Christian era,

> *Ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων.*
> "A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal." *

Machaon, of whom the poet here speaks, and his brother Podaleirios, were reputed to be sons of Esculapius,—and therefore held to be demi-gods,—on account of their admirable skill in the healing art, much more than by their rank among the Grecian princes. "In Herodotus we see how the physician Democedes was honored by kings and nations. . . . The Thracian physician in the army, who told Socrates what he had learned from Zamolxis, seems to have had a profound sense of the dignity of his art when he said, that as you cannot cure the eyes without curing the head, nor the head without healing the body; so neither can you cure the body without curing the soul. Another of these wise physicians, unlike the wretched impostors from the Jewish university of Salerno, was the sage who recalled St. Augustine from the vain study of astrology. Tertullian called medicine "the sister of philosophy." In the eighth century a school of philosophy was opened in the monastery of Monte Cassino. In the early ages, the monks and hermits practiced through charity the cure of diseases. They were our first and best physicians . . . well skilled

> "In every virtuous plant and healing herb
> That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray."

The Benedictine monks had always schools of medicine. They studied Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, whose science is the astonishment even of our age. Saints Cosmas and Damian, who are daily commemorated by the Church,†

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* Iliad, xi. 514: the English translation is Pope's.

† In the Canon of the Mass,—a most extraordinary distinction.

were eminent physicians, who suffered martyrdom about the year 303. Never taking any fee, they were styled by the Greeks Anargyri (from the Greek ἀνάργυρος, costing no money)." *

### *The Church's Equal Love for both Professions.*

It were hard to say which of these two great professions —Law and Medicine—was held in greatest estimation by the Church, so carefully did she from the very beginning train both lawyer and physician to the highest skill in their calling and the most scrupulous discharge of their duties. St. Luke was by profession a physician, the favorite companion of the great St. Paul in his apostolic labors, one of the four inspired historians of our Lord, besides being the author of the only inspired history of the infant Church (the "Acts of the Apostles"). The traditions of these first ages affirm that he was also a painter of more than ordinary skill, and hence he has been chosen by Christian artists as their protector and special patron. That this accomplished man—a converted Gentile—should have been chosen by St. Paul to be his associate in the apostolic ministry, laboring with the great founder of the Grecian and Macedonian churches during so many years, would prove that his heart was as pure and beautiful as his mind was cultivated.

Ever since his day the great schools of medicine, placed under the immediate control of the Church, have aimed at fostering in the souls of their pupils that deep spirit of faith and piety, that innocence of soul and purity of life,—which can alone enable the physician to be what he ought ever to be,—the second minister of God's mercy and healing power at the sick-bed and in the bosom of Christian families. Hence the Christian religion has ever labored to impress on the minds both of physicians and surgeons that they are the custodians of the bodily health and temporal honor of individuals and families, just as the priest is the guardian of the soul's welfare, the healer of its wounds, its divinely

* Digby, "Orlandus," ii. 259, 260.

appointed guide in the paths of spiritual health and perfection.

The physician, in all Catholic countries, is considered to be the conscientious assistant of the priest by the sick-bed and in the hour of mortal danger, prompting the patient to be reconciled with God, and—in urgent cases—refusing the ministry of his profession to the sick or dying person till the latter had complied with the divine commands and placed the soul's interests in perfect security. In thus aiding the priest in his most sacred functions, and helping the operation of God's most merciful ordinances for the soul's salvation,—the physician also finds, by experience, that he is mightily furthering the success of his own salutary art, and promoting the cure of the body. For beside the natural connection between peace of conscience and the subsidence of physical pain and irritation,—there is a special promise annexed to the reception of the last sacraments of alleviation from suffering and restoration to health, when God's fatherly providence deems it best for the sufferer.

### *The Physician's Angelic Model and Patron.*

Before the age in which Christ and His apostles lived, there had been, in the annals of God's people, a most memorable example of the union of this twofold healing power, in the person of the Archangel Raphael ("The divine healer"). One of the most beautiful, touching, and instructive books of the Old Testament,—that of Tobias,—relates how God sent from on high His messenger to bestow the rarest blessings on two widely separated branches of a Hebrew family living in exile, and distinguished for exalted virtue. To the head of one household eyesight is restored, and to the other the grace of being freed from the obsession of an evil spirit, while both are bound more firmly together in living faith and fruitful charity by the nuptials of their children, brought about by their angelic benefactor.

Thus Raphael became to the early Christians what he had been for the Jewish people in exile and since their restoration,—the ideal of the true physician, acting under the

divine guidance, and seeking the cure of the sick soul while laboring to heal the body. How many imitators of Raphael and Luke, and Cosmas and Damian, have not the Christian ages beheld since the beginning! The history of every country in Christendom, during the middle ages, is filled with the most instructive and edifying anecdotes concerning the devotion of physicians to their twofold task of promoting every good work, while laboring constantly for the advancement of the sciences pertaining to their own calling. The Church showed her care for this professional excellence by founding central schools of medicine and raising some of them to the rank of a university, as well as by her liberality in promoting the splendor and efficiency of the medical schools existing in such great centers of learning as Paris, Montpellier, Bologna, Pavia, Padua, Venice, Florence, and Rome.

The honor too in which she held physicians soon led to their rising in popular estimation. In the Italian Republics they formed a most honorable class, whose members not only attained great wealth, but very often wielded the highest offices in the State. Just as, all through these ages of faith, the lawyers were encouraged to form separate guilds and confraternities devoted not only to self-protection and mutual encouragement, but to all sorts of works of charity, even so and much more so did the members of the medical profession unite for the like purpose. The deep and sudden changes effected in Catholic countries by modern revolutions have not altogether blotted out these admirable unions. Even where they have fallen asunder, the best elements of them have gone over to other newer and more active bodies, —like that of St. Vincent of Paul in France.

### *Apostolic Spirit of Modern Physicians.*

And this must remind our readers of some of the most glorious and touching incidents connected with the revival of faith and charity in the France of our day. Foremost among the noble men whose deeds of piety and beneficence

have contributed so much to preserve and propagate religion in the Kingdom of St. Louis, are to be found physicians. The long stuggle they had undergone to rise to distinction in their profession, and the manifold opportunities furnished by it for mixing with all classes of men and women poisoned with the Voltairian unbelief,—they only considered to be the providential means of doing their duty by the sick souls brought under their influence.

During the months of March and April, 1862, the author had been sent by his ecclesiastical superiors to preach the Lenten Station in Coulommiers, some fifty miles to the east of Paris, in the diocese of Meaux. This portion of Bossuet's ancient diocese, as well as the entire territory surrounding the capital of France, is a moral waste over which the skepticism of the eighteenth century had first swept like a terrible frost over an orchard in full bloom, killing not only the fair blossoms but the trees themselves to the heart's core : and then to the blight had succeeded the earthquake convulsing the entire region and upsetting all the mighty monuments of existing civilization.

The city itself was filled with a hard-working population, doubly wretched in that they wrought unceasingly for insufficient wages, and had lost all their ancestral faith, having ceased to look forward to the eternal rest and bliss as a compensation for present ills.

Noble Christian men resided in their midst who made continual efforts to relieve both their moral and corporeal distress, such as their Mayor,—a most admirable man,—and the Chevalier des Mousseaux, so well known for his writings on Spiritualism. But local prejudices and bitter political antagonisms marred all the good work done by such as they. And bad as was the city folk, the surrounding peasantry were even worse. Their religion was a blind hatred of all religion, superadded to their inveterate envy of all wealth and superiority. The few churches which the Revolution had spared were left free to the women, very many, if not most, of whom did not dare to go to confession or communion through fear of their husbands. Indeed the

men, as a general rule, only appeared in church twice a year, at Christmas and on Palm Sunday,—impelled thereto by some traditional custom or some strange superstition.

### *How Magistrate and Physician can Work Together.*

Every Sunday, however, the members of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris, sent some of their associates to go publicly to confession and communion at Coulommiers, in order to encourage the lukewarm and vacillating Christians among the *bourgeoisie* and the laboring classes to imitate their example and practice openly the religion of their fathers.

Among those who came thus weekly to fulfill their share of this apostolate of good example, we remember a magistrate, still young, but much admired for his learning and eloquence. He was wont to go quietly on these errands of truest charity, at great inconvenience to himself, and at the sacrifice of his home-comforts with wife and children on his only day of rest. But he knew for WHOM he was making the sacrifice, and deemed it of little account in the great crusade which he and his associates were thus silently carrying on. There was a young physician also,—though it may be that some of our readers will not deem a man of near forty young; and his was a most beautiful and most heroic soul. From him we learned many most interesting details about the share which physicians and medical students had in bringing home to the needy and suffering poor as well as to their wealthy, enlightened, and aristocratic neighbors,—the sweet light of faith and charity,—and, with these, the long-vanished hope of another and a better life.

Since then, as the whole world knows, what heroic examples of patriotic devotion and Christian charity did these same men,—lawyers and physicians and students, members of the Societies of St. Vincent of Paul, of St. Francis Xavier, and St. Francis Regis,—display on the field of battle, in the crowded hospitals, during the horrors of more than one

siege, and while their country was at the darkest hour of its destiny!

Of the like services rendered to Religion by English, Irish, and Scotch medical men, we can make but brief mention. Everybody knows how high is their standard of professional knowledge, and how well merited the elevated social position ever held by physicians in all the three kingdoms. Our own personal memories recall, among other pleasant and edifying things, the modest figure of more than one distinguished London physician coming daily into the Sacristy of Farm Street church to serve Holy Mass, and, not unfrequently, serving several in succession. We know them to be, on both sides of the Irish Channel, not only foremost in the ranks of modern science as well as in all that pertains to their own calling, but foremost also in every association and good work aiming to elevate the laboring man, or to promote education and charity. In furthering all these great social and religious objects physicians and lawyers go hand in hand with the priest.

Most happy should we be to cite instances of professional excellence and devotion. But obedience to religious authority only permitted us a brief glance at the dear old land of our birth, leaving behind a craving which we still hope may be satisfied ere we die. And, besides, it is beyond our purpose and scope to recite the many glorious examples of indomitable courage and professional faithfulness to duty recorded of physicians and surgeons in the dark, trying days of famine and pestilence, on the battle-fields of Europe, Asia, and Africa, during the last fifty years. Our own Civil War,—were we to enter into such details,—would furnish us materials for an entire volume, if we would recount the merits of American surgeons; while the terrible scourge, the Yellow Fever, now desolating our fairest Southern cities, places once more in conspicuous light the heroism of our physicians, our priests, and our Sisters of Charity.

It is heroism displayed in the performance of DUTY; and duty is to God. He alone can praise and reward it fitly.

We can only show how glorious and praiseworthy it is to live and die faithful to it. And this brings us to our concluding observation.

### *Why the Physician should be thoroughly Skilled in his Profession, and thoroughly Conscientious.*

Men of the highest culture and widest experience will bear us out in the assertion, that no professional man should possess in a superior degree to the physician absolute thoroughness in theoretic and practical knowledge, a deep devotion to his calling, a living faith, and unblemished reputation.

His scientific acquirements are needful to the firm confidence which he must have in himself and in his ability to deal with the most serious dangers to the health and life of his patients; his reputation for solid piety, high principle, and conscientious devotion to duty, is needful to the absolute confidence which his patients must repose in him.

### *Consequences of a Surgeon's Intemperance.*

We can never forget one tragic occurrence of very many years ago, that may serve to point our meaning here. A clergyman had been summoned in haste at midnight to the bedside of a young lady in imminent danger of death. During nearly forty-eight hours, previously, the utmost skill of two good physicians had been unavailing to give her relief, and a third,—an eminent practitioner, but a man, unhappily, of dissipated habits,—had been sought in vain, and came in while the priest was preparing the sufferer for the worst. His arrival inspired all present with new hope and gave courage to the exhausted young mother. The priest withdrew to allow the three physicians to hold a hurried consultation. Presently the young lady's husband came to say that his wife was dying. She was in a death-like swoon, from which she was only recalled by the most powerful restoratives. When the soul thus fluttering be-

tween life and death was able to address both her tearful husband and the physician of the soul,—she motioned to all but them to leave the sick-room; and then addressing the priest, "Oh, Father," said she—"Doctor —— is not sober, and I must die." . . . It was even so, the surgeon so superior in skill to all his peers, far and near, had been for several days in a deep debauch, and was still under its influence. The poor sufferer, who had looked forward to his coming as to her only chance of life, had no sooner perceived from his appearance, his trembling hands, and foul breath, that he was not master of himself,—then she felt all hope forsaking her and swooned away. In vain did the priest, as briefly and eloquently as the urgency of the case demanded, endeavor to raise her courage and exhort her to put her trust in the Great Giver of life and strength,—she begged to be allowed to retain the Crucifix that he presented to her lips, and with that in her clasped hands, she expired, while the priest and the household were praying together in an adjoining room. The shock received by the refined, gentle, sensitive, young creature after all her terrible suffering, prostrated her utterly; and with her perished her babe.

It was hard to persuade the young husband whose heart was thus crushed and whose beautiful home was left desolate and childless, that Doctor —— had not killed both his wife and his child, by presuming to show himself to her in a state bordering on *delirium tremens*. Nor did the other physicians attempt to palliate what was utterly inexcusable. How far this sad case injured the reputation and practice of the offender himself, or whether the indignation of the public and of his medical brethren induced him to change his ways, we cannot say, nor would it further our purpose to make it known to the reader.

The case,—an exceptional one,—is mentioned to show how much above these low habits and degrading excesses should be physicians, clergymen, and lawyers,—all men who are liable to be called at any hour of the night or day to the sick-bed, to save from the most serious peril the life of the body or the life of the soul, or to settle,—in presence

of a near Eternity and of the God who dispenses its rewards and punishments,—the most momentous questions of worldly interest, involving the peace and welfare of families. We who are expected and bound to be the light and guides of others, should ever be ready to render them the full benefit of our ministry,—and, at what time soever we are summoned to the bed of sickness, it should truly be said that, on our appearance,

> "Abashed the devil stood,
> And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
> Virtue in her shape, how lovely."

To the worth of medical men we bear a willing and well-deserved testimony of respect and affection, founded on long acquaintance and the experience of uniform professional skill and personal virtues. In how many of them,—as we now look back and recall their manifold merits,—did we not find verified every word of the beautiful eulogy passed on a saint by a mediæval writer?

> Fide, vita, verbo, signis,
> Doctor pius et insignis
> Cor informat populi.
> Mens secura, mens virilis
> Cui præsens vita vilis
> Viget patientia.

> "Pious and distinguished doctor,
> Whom faith, word, and signs instructor
> Fashioned for the people's heart.
> Mind secure, of manly power,
> Through the present fleeting hour
> Patience, virtue doth impart." *

The true Christian who feels himself honored in filling the office of God's instrument for the preservation of life, the increase of health, the happiness of families, and the welfare of the whole community,—will ever bear it in mind, especially where there is danger of death,—that the interests of the soul are dearer to God than bodily life or health.

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* The translation is from Digby as well as the Latin quotation.

# CHAPTER XX.

## THE STATESMAN.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of State ; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin : sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.

MILTON.

Keep us in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! Plant love among us.
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace ;
And not our streets with war !

OF politics, in the odious sense given to the word by modern morality, we wish to say nothing ; of politicians,—that is, men who trade or gamble in the distribution of public office and patronage,—we have no word to say. Nor would any enlightened reader desire that the priest should soil his robe or busy his pen with concerns which to men of his calling must ever happily remain a mystery,—a land unknown and untrodden.

With men who are intrusted with public office in the State, and have it in their power to serve the best interests of their fellow-citizens and thus advance on earth the cause of justice and right order,—that is, the cause of God,—we have much to say which may be deemed both timely and needful.

We understand by a statesman, one thoroughly trained

to the knowledge and administration of public affairs, and thoroughly able to govern the State wisely. The knowledge and management of public business, in any department, requires one to be educated thereto. The science or art of governing large bodies of men,—of governing a whole people, especially,—is of all arts the most difficult, of all sciences that which presupposes the most consummate wisdom and prudence. It requires, therefore, a most careful education, a long and patient training, a mind well stored with the clearest and most varied knowledge of men and things, a judgment well balanced, a will of indomitable firmness, and a virtue superior to all self-seeking.

### *How a Statesman should be Trained.*

This much we say of what a statesman is and how he should be formed and endowed,—because of the belief which is daily gaining ground, that in order to govern well one only needs good sense, intregrity, and the choice of the people. The choice of an entire people would not enable the most sensible and trustworthy person among your acquaintance to sail a ship round Cape Horn, with a crew of honest and sensible men like himself,—but also, like him, utterly ignorant of the laws of navigation, unacquainted with the ocean, its currents and its winds, and unacquainted, as well, with the simple structure, equipment, and management of any vessel, great or small.

And this much we say, even at the risk of uttering commonplaces,—in order to satisfy the plainest understanding that we are not all fit, at any moment, to take in hand the helm of the ship of State.

The good sense of the most illiterate,—which is nothing more than the instinct of propriety,—tells them that as no calling requires in a man so vast an amount of knowledge and experience as that of the statesman and ruler,—so none should have a more careful apprenticeship. We have seen, in the preceding chapters, that the accomplished lawyer, the accomplished physician, the accomplished clergy-

man, the accomplished professor of any science, must have, —just like the accomplished artisan and artist,—a long, long course of special study and practice. But the statesman is bound to have,—if he would not continually blunder on the gravest practical matters,—the science of the profoundest jurist, with a thorough knowledge of political economy, of all past history, of the condition and resources of other States; and to this must be added no slight acquaintance with theology and canon law. For to the statesman belongs not only to regulate the enactment of wise and just laws on all public matters, but to superintend and direct their administration.

Hence it is that in all great governments young men destined to serve the State as ambassadors or administrators were trained in a special school at the end of their ordinary college or university course. It has ever been the case in modern Rome,—and it is so, as any one may see, in the great European and Asiatic monarchies. And, be it said here without any other purpose than that of further elucidating our meaning,—such appears to have been the object of the "Civil Service" law recently passed by Congress, and which has not yet had any general or serious application. Just as our Navy and Army form special services under Government, requiring a long and careful education,—even so should the civil service of the Federal Government or of the several State Governments only admit such as have been most carefully prepared and trained for the discharge of their weighty duties. This alone can secure us a succession of enlightened and able statesmen, and of efficient civil servants, such as a great civilized community requires. For, we Americans must not flatter ourselves that we are as naturally born with ability to rule the State and direct the mighty and complex machinery of government, as the duck is to swim as soon as it has broken its shell.

### *What is the State?*

One of the first things the statesman ought to know before entering into the public service, is who and what is the

master he has to serve. The word "State" is made use of at the present moment to offset the word "Church." Indeed, it is the avowed purpose of modern governments to invest the abstraction called State with an omnipotence never at any period of her history claimed by the Church of Christ as one of her attributes. For, whereas the Church expressly disclaims supremacy or even direct power in matters pertaining to civil government, our statesmen of the Bismark and the Cavour school, will have the laws of the State not only supreme but practically infallible, to be set above the laws of the Church, the laws of God, and the dictates of conscience.

Even in other countries, where the constitution and the innate sense of the people, guarantee a real and full liberty of conscience, there is a growing tendency to invest the State with this same odious attribute of omnipotence and infallibility. Under the pretense of effecting a complete separation between the religious or ecclesiastical and the civil or political power, they have gone a step farther and claimed for the latter "absolute independence and supremacy in its own sphere." This favorite phrase, however, is made to cover a fallacy. The Christian religion, from the beginning, has consistently asserted not only the clear distinction of the spiritual and the temporal authorities, but the independence and supremacy of the civil authority within its own proper domain. It was the will of the divine Author of Christianity that men should render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's while giving to God what exclusively belongs to Him. It was the injunction of His Apostles that all who bore the name of Christian should obey the civil power in all things that were not manifestly in opposition to the law of God and to the dictates of conscience; and this full and conscientious obedience to the constituted authorities, has ever been understood by Christians as a real though indirect compliance with the Divine Will itself. For God's majesty is seen by the eye of faith behind the temporal ruler; and in fulfilling the lawful ordinances of the latter we only submit to the divine ordinance itself.

We cannot remind the men of our day either too seriously or too frequently of the fact, that it is God who commands us to serve our country, and that we only serve it more efficiently and gloriously by looking up to HIM, as to the Almighty Master who gives to such service its dignity, and promises to the faithful servant the only true and abiding reward that devotion and self-sacrifice deserve.

He would take but a low view of his own public functions, who would consider the choice of his constituents as the only source of the high obligations he assumes, their will as the rule by which he is to direct his aims and his policy, and their approval or their blame as the end toward which he must direct his efforts.

Public men who set their hearts on mere popularity,—though the greatest possible and the most lasting,—as their sweetest recompense, are like adventurers in a balloon seeking to soar high and go far, favored by the calm and regular currents of the atmosphere. There are but few who ever arrive at the goal they promised themselves, or who descend to their original level with sound limbs and contented minds.

The public service,—that of the statesman particularly,—is anything but plain sailing. It is troubled by treacherous shoals and storms that no wisdom can forecast, and no skill can control. Supposing the fairest prospect to be yours, and that success beyond your expectations has crowned your every measure,—do not be intoxicated with the applause you receive. The most glorious servants of Republican Rome were conducted through a double line of the most splendid edifices ever erected, to the temple of Jove on the Capitoline Hill, while all Rome strewed their path with flowers, while young men and maidens sang triumphal hymns in their honor, and incense fumed all along the streets to intoxicate the sense even in the intervals of shout and song. But within a few feet of the temple of Jove in which they were crowned and might deem themselves demigods,—was the dreadful Tarpeian Rock down which the hands of that same people might dash them on the morrow.

We have seen in our day these terrible alternations of popular enthusiasm and frenzied ingratitude. We have seen mighty monarchs crowned amid the peans of the popular millions, and driven from their capitals like malefactors in disguise fleeing before the hounds of justice; we have witnessed in the midst of modern Rome, the delirious demonstrations of a people's gratitude and veneration toward the most fatherly of sovereigns, the most single-hearted and generous of benefactors; and, a few months later, that whole people, headed by its own army, besieged that noble Parent and Prince in his own palace, after murdering his servants. Have we not also seen our own statesmen and chief magistrates entering upon their high office amid the loud acclaim of a whole people, and descend from their station unblessed, unloved, uncared for? Are there not, among kindred peoples, contemporary instances of prime ministers who were but yesterday the idols of the worshiping multitude, and whose very residence may be to-night sacked by these same worshipers? "Honors and dignities are benefices which fortune and the world have charged with such great pensions, and the reserve of so many troubles, that in the end men are glad to escape from them."

*Serve God in serving the State.*

Why do we insist on this? Solely for the purpose of inducing our statesmen and public servants to be high-souled, to have from the beginning of their career these lofty views of duty which shall preserve them, in the inevitable day of disfavor and disappointment, from feeling that their life has been wrecked and wasted, and that they have served only an impotent or an ungrateful master. To Catholics, who understand what "purity of intention," working for God solely or principally in all that one undertakes and accomplishes,—there will be but little difficulty in understanding how soul-stirring is the *Sursum Corda!* not only in setting one's foot on the steep and icy path of public duty, but in the middle way when difficulties crowd upon one, and there

is none to cheer by kind word or deed, and above all in the disastrous ending, when cast down by utter defeat and disappointment. Where you labor for His service, and seek His honor and glory, who cherishes only the pure and ardent desire of your sonly heart, and esteems the generosity that no difficulty dispirits and no defeat discourages, as far more praiseworthy than the most glorious success,—you shall never be cast down by adversity nor lifted up into pride or self-laudation by prosperity. So, to the statesman, much more than to the citizen in any walk of private life,—we must say: O brave heart, you have a dangerous road to travel; see to it, then, that God the all-powerful, and the ever-helpful, be first, and middlemost, and last in your aims, in your hopes, in all your labors!

This consideration will enable you to appreciate the wise counsels delivered in the following passage by one who had forgotten conscience for ambition and the fear of God for his sovereign's favor, at the very crisis of his country's fate, and winked at a despotic king's unholy passions, when the latter, to gratify them, was ready to create a schism, and, like Lucifer in Heaven, to break up by rebellion the divine unity established by Christ.

"Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
. . . I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, . . .
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. . . .
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies." *

*Governments for the People, not for the Governing Class.*

The great mistake of statesmen is either to fancy that the

* Shakspeare, "King Henry VIII.," act iii., scene ii.

service of their country has nothing to do with the service of their God, or to make of the acquisition of place and power the sole end of their efforts, or to sacrifice conscience, justice, truth, and religion to policy and party. The theories of government that would tend to make of the people a flock of sheep to be shorn for the sole benefit of their rulers has found no countenance from the pontiffs and doctors of Holy Church. Again and again have her most eloquent and most authorized writers proclaimed that God deposited with the body of the people the authority necessary for all the ends of social life, and that it is from the people that magistrates and rulers derive their legitimate powers. But the exercise of that authority, in God's design and in accordance with the nature of things, should ever be for the benefit of the people, and regulated according to the express will of the divine Creator and Governor of the moral world, so as to secure to the members of the community peace, plenty, and prosperity,—all the ends of order and justice.

Moreover,—as revealed religion is a fact admitted by peoples and governments still calling themselves Christian, they are bound, if they would be consistent in their belief and profession, to square their own lives as well as the principles of their polity,—their laws, their administration, and intercourses with other peoples,—in conformity with the Divine Will as revealed by Christ. Hence, there should be nothing in their legislation or their policy to contradict the sublime doctrine of the unity and brotherhood of the race, of their common reciprocal duties here and their common destiny hereafter. The charity that binds brother to brother, under the law of love of the One Almighty Father, should be at the bottom of all public duties and obligations, as at the bottom of all private virtues and neighborly offices.

Every form of selfishness both in the public magistrate and in the private citizen conflicts with that divine charity which is the very life-breath of Christian society, and which ought to be the animating spirit of all nations who claim to

be the offspring of Christian civilization. Indeed, the true Christian statesman, acting up to the principles of his faith, must look upon himself as a public servant,—doing service to God while serving the interests of the commonwealth.

### *The Christian Statesman is Gloriously Singular.*

These principles and practical rules of conduct may not be, indeed we know are not,—those which guide the generality of public men. Perhaps it might be said, that to be guided by such supernatural truths would only render one singular, or expose one to be excluded altogether from public life. We do not think that the Christian spirit of Alfred the Great hindered him in overcoming his enemies, or in pacifying his kingdom and giving to it these very laws which are to-day the vital principles of the American Constitution. We do not think that the child-like innocence, the constant desire of seeking the divine pleasure and glory in every measure of his government, in every law that he passed, in the wise and impartial judgments he rendered, and in his successful efforts to reconcile the rights of his civil government with those of the Church within his kingdom,—rendered St. Louis pusillanimous, or lowered him in the esteem of his contemporaries or the admiration of posterity. And so with his great kinsman St. Ferdinand III., King of Castile, the wise legislator, the brave and heroic soldier, the model man and Christian in every relation of life.

These true statesmen were, to be sure, SINGULAR; that is, they stand out alone before the mind's eye, amid the multitude of really good and great man who lived in the same age, like those Round Towers of Ireland rising above the ruins of the past and the desolation of the present, a wonder and a mystery to the artist as well as to the historian. St. Bernard says somewhere *nihil sanctum nisi singulare*, —"every true saint is a something singular,"—in the perfection which raises him above the multitude. Be not afraid to be singular and surpassing in your uprightness,

your integrity, your firmness in resisting the torrent of custom and the degrading influences of the surrounding atmosphere.

And this brings us back to the extract which heads this chapter. He surely was singular, that Seraph Abdiel, who, amid the countless host of angels who followed Lucifer in his revolt, was

> "Faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
> Though single." *

This glorious singularity was never more needed than amid the universal disposition toward social change, and the consequent general confusion of ideas, which mark our times.

Even the best statesmen of the epoch, in the wish to conciliate the antichristian principles which tend more and more to prevail in the policy of modern governments, with the august and venerable notions and maxims that were once accepted by all Christendom,—resemble not a little the astute leader described by the poet in the heading of this chapter.

The masterpieces of the Creator, even when fallen and degraded by rebellion against Him, preserve the outlines of their primitive grandeur. God does not take away from His worst enemies either native wisdom, or superior knowledge, either the genius to plan great things or the fortitude necessary to their execution. The minister of state who enlists whole senates in the unholy crusade which he undertakes against liberty and religion, will not be deprived either of his gift of "princely counsel," or of the ruined majesty of presence which still awes the vulgar, or of the

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* "Paradise Lost," book v., near the end.

golden flow of eloquence and the facinating look, which can hold an audience spell-bound, and command

> "attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air."

We are contemplating here the statesman, minister, ruler, who is a man "according to God's own heart," like the great poet and warrior-king of Israel; a man who seeks to make the interests of the Eternal Majesty first, middlemost, and last in all his policy. Such a man, though he may not perhaps ever be the popular idol of the hour, will be sure to draw the attention and to deserve the respect of the solid men of principle and conscience, of the enlightened and far-seeing who are not dazzled by newborn and brilliant theories, but who are ever anxious that the present of nations should be made up of all the elements of greatness of the past, so that the growth of national prosperity shall be like that of the giant trees of California,—increase of strength, vitality, and beauty in every portion of the mighty frame, from the earth-roots that buttress up the towering trunk to the extremity of the wide-spread arms, and the topmost bud of this year,—the latest addition to the height of the lordly tree. Not so, with most of the statesmen whom erratic public opinion so loudly bepraises. The to-day of the constitutions they create or patch up hastily is not the legitimate growth of the national life of yesterday. It is fictitious, not natural; it is not the production of nature, and is therefore doomed to have neither duration, nor salutary influence.

The work and the fame of the workman are also doomed to be short-lived. "For behold they that go far from Thee shall perish: Thou hast destroyed all them that are disloyal to Thee." *

Not so the good and great name of the statesman, who, convinced that the constitution of a nation, with its laws, its time-honored customs, and its institutions, are its natural, God-given, and God-directed social growth,—only aims

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* Psalm lxxii. 27.

at helping and perfecting the work of the all-wise and all-mighty hand. His glory shall be like these stupendous monuments of Egypt, which survive the peoples who witnessed their erection. From amid the undistinguished graves of millions buried beneath the invading desert around, the pyramid stands sublime, as immovable and as durable as the solid earth. The traveler from afar sees it in the morning air like a point scarcely visible on the level rim of the eastern horizon. But as he journeys across the sandy waste, what was only a speck increases in magnitude, growing, growing upon the sense, till a nearer approach lifts up the stupendous mass into the sky, dwarfing into insignificance the other mighty monuments of departed ambition or genius.

### *The Fruits of True Statesmanship.*

From a statesman entertaining these sound principles and supernatural views, what should the community expect?

To answer this question we have only to ask ourselves what are the most urgent needs so often set forth in the public press,—not under the influence of political passion, or when pleading for some partisan purpose; but when agreed upon a generally felt want.

We need reforms in legislation, and in the halls of legislation. We need to reconstruct (if that indeed be possible), in this country at least, the very machinery of the ballot-box, and the mode of nomination and election for every public office. We put it to the enlightened men of every political party, who are not office-holders, or candidates for office, whether the constitutional liberty of the American citizen, in its most sacred and important exercise,—that of the suffrage,—is not so shackled by traditional custom, by the tyranny of party, that its exercise is only a mockery of freedom. Neither in the choice of Federal, State, or municipal officers,—are the mass of the citizens consulted about the selection of candidates; nor in the form of voting for them are the electors allowed much more freedom than a

regiment in the front rank of battle is given to advance or to retreat. They have to choose from lists made up by two or three men without any regard to their wishes; and they have to choose between candidates imposed upon them,—or to throw their vote away.

Thus are the people not left free to place in the highest and most important offices in the State the men whom they know to be most worthy. The exercise of their sovereignty in its most august function is thus defeated of its purpose, and made a delusion and a mockery.

We pause, and hasten to pass on. For the ground beneath us is like the scarcely cooled lava within the crater of Vesuvius; it is scorching hot, and the hidden fires are heard to mutter and felt to rise and fall threateningly beneath the feet of the venturesome intruder.

We need radical reform in the exercise of our most sacred liberties. We need a remedy against corruption in the very sanctuary where our law-makers meet. We need an immediate preventive against privileged and partisan legislation. For Venality has long been the bane and the shame of more than one legislative assembly; and the question is, "Who will dare to exorcise the Evil Spirit from its usurped and accustomed place of power?"

We need laws to repress rampant crime. Who is safe in his own house, either in the most peaceful country place, or in the most public street of the crowded city? There was a time when the midnight robber fled in haste when discovered in his unholy work; but now every burglar is a murderer, and every murderer can promise himself almost certain or comparative impunity! Why, robberies are committed in our most frequented thoroughfares, in our crowded street-cars, and not a soul will care or dare to interfere! And robbers daily conspire to assail citizens on the open street, and in the full blaze of noonday, plunder them and almost murder them in sight of hundreds, and escape all detection! Ladies, refined, well-born, highly connected, cannot venture to travel in one of our "palace cars," without being spirited away by villians, while vainly appealing for

protection to the descendants of the men who colonized New York and New England, and founded the glorious edifice of American freedom! And with all this,—in a country blessed with such varied wealth and magnificent agricultural and commercial resources, as country never enjoyed since the world was a world, we here in New York are so loaded and borne down by taxation, that property is not worth the holding, and that universal bankruptcy is staring us in the face!

Surely we need reforms,—and need statesmen who will save the State from ruin in the midst of overflowing plenty, save the sacred name of law and justice from the sacrilegious hands of their makers and guardians, save the divine character of authority from the contempt and hatred of the people, and save society, — become like a ship with a drunken, quarreling crew, driven headlong before the storm, —from going to pieces.

Yes, the words of the poet sound like the command of an inspired prophet:

> "Keep us in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among us.
> Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
> And not our streets with war!"

# CHAPTER XXI.

## THE TOILERS OF THE PEN.

No : Captain Sword a sword was still,
He could not unteach his lordly will ;
He could not attemper his single thought ;
It might not be bent, nor newly wrought :
And so, like the tool of a disused art,
He stood at his wall, and rusted apart.
'Twas only for many-souled Captain Pen
To make a world of swordless men.

LEIGH HUNT.

The most obstinate beliefs that men entertain about themselves are such as they have no evidence for beyond a constant spontaneous pulsing of their self-satisfaction—as it were, a hidden seed of madness, a confidence that they can move the world without precise notion of standing-place or lever.

Two armies of toilers stand before us,—mighty armies both of them,—the army of Men of Letters, and the vast hosts of Industry ; the former aiming at exploring all the mysteries of knowledge, at enlightening the intelligence of men and swaying their souls ; the latter, in manifold dependence of them, conquering the material world, forcing the earth and all its elements to yield up their treasures to industry, and thereby to minister to all the wants and pleasures of mankind.

We purpose to speak lovingly of these two hosts of toilers,—of men of letters in this chapter ; of industry and labor in the next.

It is no exaggeration to say, that, under God, and directed aright by reason and conscience, Literature is the greatest force of the moral world,—it is not only the force which represents Mind in its conflict with rebellious Matter,—but

that which enables knowledge to mold and control immortal mind itself.

Knowledge has been the mistress of the world from the beginning. Let us not be too proud of the superior enlightenment of our age. Were it ever to come into the mind of influential persons to create a Universal Exposition of the Ancient and Modern Literatures, together with the productions of high art collected from all ages and countries,—we should not be tempted to be so over-boastful as some of our writers would make us.

Are we, then, disposed to glorify the past at the expense of the present? No, assuredly. We only wish to profit by all the glories of the mighty past so as to make the present greater, more glorious still, more enlightened, more prosperous, peaceful, and heaven-like. The past, for the man who reflects, grasps the full reality of things, and expresses it to himself or others,—is the entire human family toiling through the uncounted ages to make this fair world of God's more beautiful and blissful for us, their posterity.

A sweet modern singer * has painted this past as a dead king, who lies crowned, but cold, in his sepulcher, while the present, his daughter, reigns over us and claims our homage.

"She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the luster of his name:
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

"Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new:
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised, she shall do."

## *High Mission of Men of Letters.*

There, precisely, lies the difficulty, to make the present

* Adelaide Anne Procter.

realize what the past had conceived of, and to leave no one of its glorious promises unfulfilled. The man who would do his whole duty to God and his own kind, by making the very best use he can of his gifts and his opportunities, does not stop to compare the merits of his own generation with those of the men who have gone before him. He looks up to the God who has placed him on the present point of space and time, and labors here and now with his whole heart to do all the good he can, and in the best way he can. This is what every conscientious man of letters will do.

For, writers who are worthy of their high calling know that they have a mission to fill ; they feel the dignity of it. They honor the great minds iu the past who have toiled to fulfill a similar duty in their own day. It is even remarkable that the writers who declaim continually against what they call "the worship of the dead past," are, every one of them, mediocrities, whose works are foredoomed not to survive their authors. We doubt if there ever lived a man of genius who was not a most reverent worshiper of departed excellence, an ardent imitator of the deathless masterpieces bequeathed to us by the mighty dead.

Nay, they are not dead voices which speak to us in these same masterpieces of wisdom, eloquence, and poetry. They thrill every pulse of our living hearts, as they have thrilled those of a hundred generations before us. We believe in the divinity of genius. God endows a human spirit with a share of His own creative might; gives to the pen of the writer or the voice of the speaker somewhat of the power of the Almighty Word when it said, "Be light made! And light was made;" and "Let the earth bring forth! . . . And the earth brought forth."

If the mighty host of the glorious toilers of the pen could only understand Who it is that sends them to cast over every region of earth the seeds of that Tree of Knowledge and Life,—TRUTH ! If, going forth early to the divine work of this husbandry of souls, writers would lift their hearts to Him from whom alone all true inspiration descendeth, and then prepare their furrows beneath His eye, and cast

in the immortal seed while calling upon His Name,—how rich and blessed would the harvest be! To such toilers, in every walk of the world of letters, we could lovingly say:

"Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

"Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

"Sow;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

"Sow: and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears." *

## *A Noble Literary Worker.*

Not without a purpose have we called up from the past the figure of this angelic woman, to utter words of cheer and exhortation that we all need,—we who labor obscurely, untiringly in the field of Truth. Her heroic example may well fire the hearts both of those who lead and of those who follow in the serried ranks of literary workers. No less a man than Charles Dickens has deemed it a privilege to sketch a life which, short as it was (she died in her thirty-ninth year), was wholly devoted to making her parents'

* Miss Procter.

home delightful, and the homes of the poor bright and contented. Her beautiful poems seemed only the natural outpourings of a soul full of all the divinest harmonies of earth and heaven, and given forth while concealing her name from the public,—just as the sweetest strains of the nightingale are uttered within the darkest recesses of the grove.

"She was exceedingly humorous (Dickens tells us), and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions, as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognized in her best friends her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print, than that I should have maundered about her, here, as "the Poet," or "the Poetess." . . .

"Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick, that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely

ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

"To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

"All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time, not an impatient or querulous minute can be remembered.

"At length, at midnight of the second of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book* she was reading, and shut it up.

"The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one:

"'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'

"'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.'

"'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up.'

"Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile, looked upward and departed.

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* "The Imitation of Christ."

"Well had she written:

> 'Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
> Who waits thee at the portal of the skies,
> Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
> Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?
>
> 'Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
> Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
> Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
> And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.*'"

We have given this long extract from the pen of one who liked not Catholics,—blinded as he was by the prejudices of early education and of the great English world around him,—because it is a heartfelt tribute to the worth of a Catholic lady, whose pure fame as a writer is but the least of her merits.

She had followed to the letter, from her earliest girlhood and her first contributions to literature, the lesson conveyed in her own poem, "Sowing and Reaping":

> "Sow; and look onward, upward,
> Where the starry light appears—
> Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
> Or your own heart's trembling fears,
> You shall reap in joy the harvest
> You have sown to-day in tears."

No more pregnant lesson can be learned and practiced by every one of us, O dearest brothers of the pen!

And now what shall we say to each battalion in this vast array,—as you pass in review before our mind's eye,—oh, you who ought to be the invincible army here below of Him who is called the Lord of Hosts, but who is the Eternal Truth, the Light Uncreated, "a God of all knowledge,"—*Deus Scientiarum Dominus?*

## *Theological Writers.*

At the head of the magnificent procession advance those

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*From the Biography by Charles Dickens, serving as an introduction to "Legends and Lyrics," London, ed. 1866.

who have devoted their lives to the study of their Divine Author Himself, and of the relations which bind Him to man and the universe,—and who consecrate their pens to setting forth and vindicating Truth in its fountain-head. Foremost among the resplendent throng is he, the great Prophet-Legislator, whose books head the divinest of all books,—the Bible. With his head encircled with the intolerable light which he drew from intimate converse with the Holy One of Israel, he passes before us, followed by Josue, Samuel, David, and the majestic figures of the Prophets. And then comes the vision of the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias do homage to the Word Incarnate, and beneath are Peter and James and John,—the eye of faith grouping around the representatives of the Old and the New Testaments, the august succession of apostolic men, who have continued, age after age, to show forth to the nations Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life. Oh, what a glorious company of divine men extend their ranks from the illuminated summit of Thabor, along the pathway of humanity down to our own day! Paul and his great convert, the Areopagite, Justin-the-Martyr, Cyprian, Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, Athanasius and Chrysostom and Ambrose, Jerome and Augustine, Gregory and Leo, Bernard and Innocent III., Anselm and Aquinas and Bonaventure, Suarez and Francis of Sales and Liguori! What names! And yet, as the ages go slowly by before us, how many others no less great in intellect and holy in life, stand forth grouped around these their illustrious contemporaries and coadjutors in the cause of sacred truth!

But from out the saintly ranks, as they pass, voices proceed full of eloquent teaching for the soldiers of Truth in our own time. Let us hearken to a few.

"The words of a priest are either true or sacrilegious:" *Verba sacerdotis aut vera, aut sacrilega.*" *

Why is the Catholic priest detested? Why is he who announces truth deemed an enemy? *It is*—replies St. Augustine—*that they love truth so well, that all who have another*

* Fulbert of Chartres.

*love wish that the object of that love should be truth; and, unwilling to be deceived, they are not willing to be convinced of their error; therefore they hate him by whom the falsehood of what they love is made manifest.**

"But you, chosen generation, you weak things of the world who have forsaken all things that you might follow the Lord, go after Him, and confound the things which are mighty; go after Him, ye beautiful feet, and shine in the firmament, that the heavens may declare His glory. . . . Shine over all the earth, and let the day, lightened by the sun, utter unto day the word of wisdom; and let night, shining by the moon, utter unto night the word of knowledge. . . . Run ye to and fro everywhere, ye holy fires, ye beautiful fires; for ye are the light of the world; nor are ye put under a bushel. He to whom ye cleave is exalted, and hath exalted you. Run ye to and fro, and be known unto all nations!" †

*How the Light and Fire from Above are Obtained.*

Would you learn the secret of this supernatural inspiration, the source of this all-consuming fire which burned within the Doctors of the Holy Church, and enabled them to illumine and inflame the world? Take from the hand of yonder figure ‡ who steps forth from the crowd, the tablet he offers you, and read:

Marianus, an Irish monk, who founded a monastery at Ratisbonne, described as surpassing most men in beauty of countenance and simplicity of manners, was so venerated in the school, that every one felt assured he was inspired in all his works by the Holy Ghost. "He was most remarkable for his diligence in writing on parchment, both for his own brethren and for others. Many large volumes were the fruit of his holy zeal and hope for an eternal recompense. Repeatedly with his own hand he wrote out the whole of the Bible, with its commentaries. He also wrote many little

* "Confessions," x. 23. † Ibidem, xx. 25; translated by Dods.

‡ Raderus, *Bavaria Sanata*, ii.,—quoted by Digby, "Compitum," i., ch. x.

books and psalters and manuals for poor widows and poor clerks and scholars of the same city, for the remedy of his own soul; and these he gave them gratis.

"It is said that one night the guardian forgot to give him sufficient candles when he was writing some divine volume, and that he did not hesitate to continue writing without material light, the three fingers of his left hand, by divine mercy, appearing to serve him for lamps. The sacristan, when in bed, recollected his omission, and rose up to carry candles to his cell, when through the chinks of the door he beheld him writing with the aid of this celestial light. Aventinus styles him a poet and a theologian, second to none of his age."

This anecdote comes to us from the mountains of Bavaria like the odor of violets culled along the head-waters of the Inn, the Isar, and the Lech long centuries ago, and serving to embalm a holy memory. One or two more fragrant flowerets from saintly hands, and we shall fix our attention on the next band in the procession.

*Quid est victoria veritatis, nisi charitas?* asks the same great son of Monica, as he disappears amid the starry multitude of his fellows. "For what do the soldiers of Truth do battle, if it be not to secure the triumph of Charity?" Hear you this, O brethren, who strive so heroically to make Truth victorious? And, you who are so anxious to heal the wounds of Christendom, to reunite all minds and hearts beneath the sway of the Great Mother, lay up these words in your memory, and with them treasure this saying of the latest and most loving soul among that shining galaxy of Doctors: "Truth that is not charitable, comes from a charity that is not veritable." *

And now comes Philosophy, the venerable parent of all true science.

We do not mean to separate true philosophy, from true science. The philosopher professes to explain all things by means of their deepest and most hidden causes. He, there-

* St. Francis of Sales: *La vérité qui n'est pas charitable vient d'une charité qui n'est pas véritable.*

fore, endeavors to push his analysis of the universe to its very center,—to pluck out the heart of Knowledge and lay its secrets bare to the eye of all. Three mighty mysteries invite his speculations,—God, man, and the material world. He would fain say on each of these all that can be said,—so that the veil should be lifted forever on the nature of the Infinite Godhead, on that of man, half-spiritual, half-animal as it is, and on that of matter in its intimate constitution, its forces, and its duration.

Thus Philosophy professes to expose to its pupils the constitutive principles or elements of all existing things, their relations toward each other, the laws which mind has to follow in acquiring this knowledge, and the tests by which it may discern certainty from uncertainty, truth from its counterfeit, error.

Before Christ the schools of Eastern Europe, of Africa, and Asia, sought, century after century, to disclose to the world the secret of the Divine Nature, its existence, and its attributes,—the nature, origin, and powers of the soul of man,—and the origin and destiny of the visible universe. They were earnest men, these seekers after the highest truth, and generation after generation of them applied themselves to their laborious quest with an ardor and a perseverance in keeping with their lofty purpose, and deserving of more satisfactory results. Like our Western miners,—they knew from the fragments of gold at the surface or those borne down from the uplands in the river courses,—that there was beneath them somewhere an exhaustless vein of the precious ore. And so, they sought, and explored, and tormented the surface of the earth on every side, by night as well as by day, band of resolute workers succeeding wearied band,—till they concluded that gold there was none.

### *Christian Philosophy, the Parent of True Science.*

We know how fragmentary were the truths discovered or held by these indefatigable investigators of old. At length Christianity arose, completing the divine knowledge con-

tained in the books of Moses on the origin of the material universe, on man's beginning and final destinies, and on that Eternal and Uncreated Being, the sole author of all created things.

The long-sought truth was thus disclosed in its deep native bed, and the lamp of Revelation shed a clear and steady light on the magnificent realities, so dimly perceived and obscurely spoken of by Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, and Brahmins.

In the light of the Christian Philosophy,—that is, of Reason guided and illumined by Faith,—man was told what satisfied his innate curiosity to know clearly whence he came and whither he tends, and who is the mighty First Cause of the existence of this vast universe.

Thereby was a firm basis given for all further investigation of nature and its Divine Author. To measure the immense progress made by philosophical truth since the dawn of Christianity, as compared with the most complete results reached in the pagan-world, one has only to compare Plato and Aristotle,—prodigies both of them,—with the majestic theological and philosophical edifices reared by Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century, and by Francisco Suarez in the sixteenth.

The ripest scholar who cannot find on the lofty subjects most deserving of man's study, knowledge enough to satisfy his understanding or to guide and help him surely toward still greater heights,—must have a mind ill-constituted or ill-disciplined. Even Leibnitz,—the greatest and most accomplished genius among Protestants,—declared at the end of his life, and after having devoted his great powers to the exhaustive study of the subject,—that he could not help considering the principles of the Mediæval Scholastics on matter, its forces, and forms, as the most satisfactory to his mind. And in our own day, scientists the most opposed not only to Catholic teaching, but even to the very existence of immaterial spirits in the universe, are forced to uphold, though in a different terminology, the once derided scholastic systems on matter and its properties.

We are in presence of these great geniuses of the Catho

lic, the Christian world,—men of angelic life, in whom was verified the saying of the Master: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Men of the world immersed in the pleasures of sense, Christian men, even, who do not habituate themselves to self-denial, cannot know—though they may understand—how immensely abstinence from sensual gratification and purity of soul dispose the mind to see clearly and to see far into those luminous depths where Truth abides, and where the chaste eye of the soul is given to behold so much of the great Primal Cause and in Him, of the causal relation He holds to the entire world of mind and matter! Are we venturing too high above the common ken? Let us come back to earth, then.

### *Science should not play Phaeton.*

Only,—to writers on intellectual philosophy, almost as much as to scientists dealing with matter and its evolutions,—we would say one warning word. In metaphysical investigations, as in those of the geologist or biologist,—there are broad pathways along which all the great minds of the past have traveled, not blindly and without thoroughly exploring for themselves every stage of their progress, and accounting for all the phenomena observed at every step. There is a "common sense" which must guide the greatest genius as he advances in any field of observation or research, and which he cannot set aside without exposing himself to the risk of straying from the truth—the right direction,—and of leading others, who follow him, astray. Let us illustrate our meaning.

### *Philosophical Formulas, Snares for the Philosopher.*

We, Americans here in this New World, as Europeans in the most civilized lands of ancient Christendom,—have followed with mixed curiosity and amazement certain famous disquisitions about the origin in the mind and the real value in the world of experience of intuitive notions and primary principles of knowledge. Gioberti mixed up his metaphysics with his religion and his politics,—formulated

his views in a few brief and pregnant apothegms, which, he said, contained as certainly the scientific equation of all philosophy, religion, and history,—as the algebraic formula $S=gt^2$ expresses the laws of velocity in falling bodies. His formulas, however, which were pressed for adoption upon American scholars as earnestly and persistently as if they defined unquestionable dogmas of philosophical faith, were either radically modified or altogether abandoned by the author himself in his last writing.*

Even so, the various hypotheses, which were adopted, at different successive epochs, to explain the motions of the heavenly bodies, were advocated as so many scientific truths by their authors, and successively modified or abandoned. At the present moment, science proposes, uses, adopts, or abandons many such hypotheses in stellar and physical astronomy,—showing by her cautious use of formulas and general conclusions, that in all fields of observation inductions must not be broader than the phenomena observed.

Would that our ideologists, our geologists and our evolutionists were equally cautious, reserved, and rational in the conclusions they draw from imperfectly observed phenomena, or in the hypotheses they press upon us as demonstrated certainties!

When a child follows a trusted guide away from the broad highway and the light of the sun to explore some marvelous underground cave, child though he be, his instinctive good sense warns him to go no farther, when he finds the air of the cave become unfit to breathe as they advance; —or when the lamp in the hand of his guide goes out,—both man and boy will deem it high time to retrace their steps back to God's pure vital air and the light of day.

So it is with your theories, or your inductive systems; when you find that they lead you to results that are as dangerous to faith and morality as mephitic air is to the lungs, —then be sure you have gone too far in the wrong direc-

* See Mr. Botta's analysis of Gioberti's Philosophy in "Ueberweg's History of Philosophy," vol. ii. . page 502.

tion. Or when the lamp of reason and common sense refuses to shed further light on the darkness before you, go back to the broad sunlight of true science.

O most unwise Philosophy, O most unreasoning Science, why so impatient of that Revealed Truth which has been the sun of the civilized world for so many pregnant centuries, which has been the chaste light of the homes of our fathers, and warmed their hearts to deeds of divinest charity and heroic self-denial? And do you wish us to prefer the feeble, uncertain, short-lived glimmer of your two-penny candle to God's unquenchable sun in the firmament?

"And delving in the outworks of this world,
And little crevices that it could reach,
Discovered certain bones laid up, and furled
Under an ancient beach,
And other waifs that lay to its young mind
Some fathoms lower than they ought to lie,
By gain whereof it could not fail to find
Much proof of ancientry,
Hints at a pedigree withdrawn and vast,
Terrible deeps, and old obscurities,
Or soulless origin, and twilight passed
In the primeval seas,
Whereof it tells, as thinking it hath been
Of truth not meant for man inheritor;
As if this knowledge Heaven had ne'er foreseen
And not provided for!
Knowledge ordained to live! although the fate
Of much that went before it was—to die,
And be called ignorance by such as wait
Till the next drift comes by.
O marvelous credulity of man!
If God indeed kept secret, couldst thou know
Or follow up the mighty Artisan
Unless he willed it so? . . .
But if He keeps not secret—if thine eyes
He openeth to His wondrous work of late—
Think how in soberness thy wisdom lies,
And have the grace to wait.
Wait,—nor against the half-learned lesson fret,
Nor chide at old belief as if it erred,
Because thou canst not reconcile as yet
The Worker and the word." *

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* Jean Ingelow.

## *Journalists.*

It is but truth to say that journalism is the mightiest force of the moral world,—always, of course, leaving out of comparison that Almighty Power, which allows human liberty and human intelligence free scope for their action, just as it allows the ocean currents to play within their deep and wide bed, and the winds to come and go in their courses, subject only to the Sovereign Will whose control all must obey.

We speak, in the first place, of secular journalism, compared with which, as a power, that of religious journalism is what the mass and influence of the least satellite of Saturn are to the mighty globe of the Sun.

Yes, secular journalism is the mightiest of moral forces outside of the incomparable power for good of the Church of the Living God. Compared with the attraction which she exercises, to her civilizing, sanctifying, and creative influence during her existence of more than eighteen centuries,—every moral force mentioned in the records of humanity appears trifling and short-lived.

The journalist by profession is, therefore, among the toilers of the pen, he who can do most good or most evil, according as he makes a right or a wrong use of his power and opportunities. And, assuredly, the profession is among the most laborious in the whole range of literature.

We would fain say a heartfelt word of appreciation and sympathy to those knights of the daily press, whose untiring devotion and unflagging industry are as little known to the public they serve as the results of their labor are applauded.

Need we mention the men who, single-handed, and obscure, have succeeded in founding some of our foremost daily newspapers? How many among these have been inspired by the example of Benjamin Franklin, editing, at the age of sixteen and while still an apprentice, "The New England Courant," instead of his brother James, and founding in his own name and at his own risk the "Pennsylvania Gazette," at the age of twenty-two! Assuredly, if it is

honorable by life-long thrift, energy, honesty, and sagacity, to be able to amass a fortune counted by millions, and to establish a great commercial or industrial business that is the admiration of the whole civilized world,—it is no less so, nay, it is, in our judgment, much more so to create a great daily journal and to make it not only a pecuniary success, but a national institution, a mighty vehicle for the communication of true enlightenment.

It was deemed a gigantic and almost a visionary scheme to tunnel the Alps beneath Mount Cenis, and to attempt to open a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez, thus emptying the waters of the Mediterranean into the Red Sea, and opening a new, shorter, and safer highway to commerce between Europe and Farther Asia. Surely a great journal that serves as the daily vehicle of news and interchange of thought between widely separated divisions of the human family, is a something equally glorious to the man who conceived and achieved its establishment. An accident may block up to-morrow the tunnel between France and Italy, or the desert sands may render the great ship-canal unnavigable. But no earthquake, no power of wind or waves or moving sands, can mar a great and successful newspaper.

Its prosperity and ever-growing usefulness depend solely on the talent, the sagacity, the indomitable application of the little army of literary men who carry it on. And it is for the encouragement and direction of these that we are desirous of making a few timely remarks.

### *The Noble Aims and Uses of Journalism.*

We are perfectly aware that we cannot, in justice to our own definite purpose, here discuss the various classes of daily and periodical journalism. We are concerned solely with the great daily secular newspaper, which not only furnishes to its reader the most recent and trustworthy information on every possible topic of interest, but reviews all the important events in the world of politics, science, literature, art, and commerce.

The great daily newspaper, then, is in itself an abridged history of the world's life for each day. The question, therefore, is for a true man having the control of this daily record of the world around him, whether he shall, like the conscientious painter, present to the public only such matters and aspects of real life as are calculated to instruct and to improve, or, like the worst school of Realists, depict indiscriminately the good and the evil, virtue and vice, heroism and depravity, the most ennobling deeds and recitals, or the most loathsome and defiling scenes from human nature fallen and hideous in its moral ugliness.

We suppose the ideal journalist whom we have now here before us, to have been blessed with a mother as careful of his purity of soul, while yet under her care, as of her own hopes of eternal salvation,—as watchful to keep away from the eyes and ears of her boys and girls every book, publication, picture, sight, or conversation, that could make their unsullied minds suspect the existence of moral evil,—as she would have been watchful to keep the deadliest poison from their food, or fire and flame from the white curtains of the crib or the bed in which her darlings reposed. What journalist, what noble-souled man could wish his mother to have been other than this in her loving and jealous care of his childhood and boyhood's innocence?

We suppose, further, that this boy, so tenderly cared for, and become, perhaps, a journalist and a true man through this very nurture, has now a wife and children infinitely dear to him. He has chosen his wife because he thought he had discovered in her the living image of his mother,—who, in her turn, would be sure to do for his children what had been done for himself,—keep their souls and their lives from the thought or the approach of evil as long as they remained in her Home-Paradise.

Have you not still, after so many years of married life, so tender, so jealous a care of your wife's innocence and of her absolute ignorance of the evil world you know of,—that nothing could induce you to break in upon her happy dream of ignorance, or to lift the veil that covers from her

pure eyes the dark depths of that same outside world with their hideous forms of sin and shame? Is it not one of the deepest joys of your life to keep ever before the minds of your children that other serene, lightsome, angelic world, which is only a distant vision, beheld through the mists of sense, of that world of purity, peace, imperishable beauty, and glory unfading that we were all created for? Have you never told your own heart, or told wife and children, during your brief intervals of heart-rest at home,—that the unseen world is the only real world,—the world of unchangeable and eternal realities?

### *What your Wife and Children should not read.*

And now take up one of the great daily journals in a vast metropolis either of the Western or the Eastern hemisphere. Here is one before us,—let us look at it calmly, being both men who have had a most varied experience of human vicissitudes. Well, here, in one sheet of this morning paper, thrown into our homes before the breakfast hour, is an entire page,—containing in print matter sufficient for one hundred pages of this book,—filled, two-thirds of it, with details of the most revolting immorality, and the remainder pertaining to the drama and the stage, reciting what is scarcely, if at all, less objectionable to the pure-minded.

Would you read to your wife, at table and during the meal on which you both with your children invoked the blessing of the Most Holy God,—this dreadful tale of wife-murder and suicide committed in presence of the three hapless children of such parents, and committed through jealousy? And would you allow your innocents to hear the shocking details of the immorality with which the murderer had accused his victim, and with which she in her turn had taunted the fiend she called husband? Would you, after exhausting this dreadful tale, continue to depict murder after murder, one more odious crime succeeding another, till the very atmosphere of your breakfast-room seemed

tainted with the odor of the charnel-house or the Pit, and the very bread and tea on your table seemed to savor of human blood?

You may belong to the Realistic School in art,—but such realities, you must confess, are not such as you would willingly submit to the eye of mother or sister, of wife or children;—nay, you would blush to read them to your father, your brother, or your friend.

*What your Wife and Children should never see.*

But from this perversion of one of the most sacred offices of journalism,—turn we to the remainder of the page before us. Its matter relates to an art, scarcely less noble,—if faithful to its original destination,—than that of the journalist. See how the reviews and notices here presented of the drama and the stage, are as unfit for the eye of your wife and your daughter, as were the dark deeds of the murderer, the suicide, the highwayman, the forger, or the absconding cashier.

The dramatic art like that of the journalist aims, in its sole legitimate and praiseworthy sphere, to make men good, and to make the good better by setting forth ennobling examples and heroic deeds, by inspiring respect for religion and virtue, much more than by creating a hatred and horror of vice.

Here is a theatrical manger whose only care is to fill his house daily, and who cares nothing about the means of attraction, provided the public are enticed to fill his seats and his boxes from floor to ceiling. He finds that the latest productions of the French dramatists have for the sensualist, the pleasure-seeker, the man whose mind is skeptical and whose heart is loveless,—for the woman who is without conscience, principle, or virtue, the same flavor that highly-spiced meats have for the depraved palate;—and so, they get some venal pen,—a pen that would write for Beelzebub, if Beelzebub paid for it in gold or in honest "greenbacks," and this pen does the devil's work of transforming a bad

French play into a worse English one. Hence your "New Magdalen's" *et toute cette inondation de fange d' outre-mer!*

We must not, however, be too hard on the French. Low as French dramatic art is fallen, Satanic as its ideal seems so often to be,—there is still art in the conception and treatment of each unworthy subject, and very often exquisite art in the diction. And, besides, the French drama may be a truthful picture of French society,—though not, assuredly, of that noble French society we have known, loved, and admired; and, most assuredly, is French drama no real picture at all of any one class or phase of American or English society.

But here,—among criticisms of other dramatic patchwork,—is the elaborate review of a society-play modeled on the objectionable French pattern, which is condemned by good critics as irredeemably bad,—not pretending to any high moral purpose, but pandering to the lowest appetites of the most abandoned sight-seers, and, confessedly, without the slightest claim to artistic merit or literary excellence in plot, execution, or style,—its only charm in this respect being the incessant play of double meaning,—tickling the prurient fancy, as continual bubbles of mephitic gas from a stagnant pool offend the sense of the passers-by.

And yet this production, so devoid of every one of the qualities of true art, so contrary to all the ideals of art that is purifying and elevating,—is praised by the journalist before us and his critic, and thus recommended as a legitimate amusement to the pure-minded wives and innocent daughters of our American homes!

Which of these departures from the duty and office of the true journalist, deserves the severest animadversion,—the revealing to the mind of the sinless, unsuspecting young reader of all these horrible mysteries of crime? or the inviting (by implication) the mothers and children of our hitherto simple and pure American homes, to admire on the stage men and women belonging to the *demi-monde*, or to a world and a society which are not the abode of truth, purity, domestic virtue, or public worth?

### *Treat Religion most Reverently.*

Then, take the matter of Religion, so dear to all American homes, in spite of their deep differences of belief, and of the entire freedom guaranteed by law and granted by the temper of our people on religious questions. Where a secular journal speaks of such matters, one expects that it shall be done calmly and respectfully, without entering into the merits of doctrines, or pronouncing judicially on points which cannot be fully known to the writer.

It is bad policy as well as bad taste to sadden or irritate thousands upon thousands of homes, where time-honored doctrines are still held dearer than life, and where venerable religious authorities, held up by the journalist to ridicule or contempt or hatred, are still regarded with deep and conscientious reverence. It cannot be well, under plea of liberality, or freedom of opinion and judgment, to wound daily millions of your fellow-citizens in their most tender part, because the wrong done thereby to one great religious body may make your paper more acceptable to all the hostile denominations.

There is a loftier principle involved here than your pretended freedom of thought and judgment, albeit no one asks you to communicate to the world in oracular form the opinions you have formed and the judgments you have arrived at; you are perfectly free to form and entertain them, but it were wise not to be so free in giving them publicity. This sacred principle is,—not to make Religion less holy, less worshipful, less dear to your own children by placing prominently before them the dissensions that reign between churches or between the members of the same church, the failings and faults of this prominent minister of a certain church to-day, and to-morrow, as an offset, the weaknesses and guilt of ministers of a rival creed. Thereby you impress the minds of the young with the conviction that there is "no balm in Gilead," no virtue in Religion itself to make men good and keep them good,—and so, Religion is brought into contempt. For, it is the logic of human

nature to identify the minister with the creed that he expounds, and to extend to the altars at which he sacrifices the odium begotten by his own unworthiness. It is an injustice, moreover, to the majority of edifying, self-sacrificing, exemplary men who belong to the sacred ministry to cast on their unstained robes the deep soil that has fallen on the vestments of the few.

### *Hide your Criminals: Deify your Heroes.*

For the one unfortunate whose sad death and downward career you chronicled yesterday and held up as a warning, —not to his brethren, who do not need it,—but to your own children and to the entire reading public, who are disedified by it,—you might point to-day to those devoted bands of priests who replace each other near the plague-stricken citizens of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Grenada, —brother taking the place of dead brother in the foremost post of danger and duty. Were our own city—which God forbid—to be visited to-morrow by the dread southern scourge, you who have penned these offensive, injurious, and unjust articles, would be the first to laud to the skies the courage and heroism of the ministers of Religion in the hour of man's sorest need. Were the Angel of Death to knock suddenly at your own door, whose hand would you grasp more lovingly and gratefully, as you felt life and this fair earth withdrawn suddenly from you, and stood on the brink of the dark abyss of eternity? Whose voice would be most welcome to your ear? or wake more surely in your soul the pulses of immortal hope in the God of your childhood?

No! You should never tolerate that any one of those who coöperate with you in your mighty labors, should directly or indirectly throw suspicion or disrespect on what is and must ever be the dearest treasure of our hearts and homes, —the Religion of our Fathers.

This may suffice. There are so many rich and vast fields of knowledge and varied interest open to journalism, such

deep mines of useful and delightful information that remain to be discovered or thoroughly explored, and from which you can daily draw an exhaustless supply for your readers! To the generous enterprise of our great journals, to their splendid achievements in more than one department of science and literature, we are proud and happy to bear our humble tribute of praise and gratitude. It is marvelous to see what a feat is accomplished by the journalist in every one of his issues,—and what a boundless store of information is placed at the disposal of every reader for the merest trifle! Are we insensible to the prodigious amount of labor that the collecting of such a store required? No, indeed. Nor do we belong in mind or heart to any other world than the beautiful world which is our own, or repine for past ages because the present contains ills that we deplore. We are of our age and country. We would fain make the country the most glorious that ever the sun shone upon, and the age the most fruitful in Godlike deeds and heroic manhood.

To this result the true journalist can contribute immensely;—and, in all that we have presumed to suggest here, we have been only endeavoring to assist him to be true to his mission and his conscience.

### *The Religious Journalist.*

*Si quando in dubiis nutabant pectora rebus,*
*Ipse erat interpres ducens mortalia corda*
*De tenebris ad lumen; uti solet ignea lampas,*
*Longinqua de turre micans, adducere noctu*
*Turbine jactatos secura ad littora nautas.*

"Whene'er men's souls on Doubt's black waves were tossed,
His voice amid the gloom was wont to cheer
The wavering;—like a light-house near the coast
Which high above the raging surge doth rear
Its far-seen beacon to benighted sailors dear." *

We would speak of the Catholic journalist with the respect, the admiration, the deep and grateful affection due

* Baptist of Mantua, *De Sacris Diebus Augusti.*

to him for the life-long services done to ourselves, due still more for the priceless benefits conferred on the community at large.

Few seem to suspect how delicate, how difficult, how painful, and how ill-requited are the functions of the Catholic journalist. Fewer still, perhaps, know how much of varied learning, of abnegation, of deep humiliation, not unfrequently, and of heroic perseverance is displayed in the lowly editorial rooms of so many Catholic weeklies that we could name. There are men, whom we know and love well, who show in the disinterestedness, the single-mindedness, the absorbing devotion to their ungrateful task very much of if not all the devotion to supernatural duty shown by the lonely missionary of some obscure Rocky Mountain tribe of Indians, or by the Jesuit among the perennial plagues of French Guiana.

They do not desire or need our praise ; but it is for us an imperative need and duty to send this heart-cry of ours to these noble and heroic toilers in their chosen post of labor. Are there not among them so many who have, at the sacrifice of all earthly wealth and honor, at the cost as well of health and all comfort or consolation,—toiled on uncheered, unappreciated, unrewarded by gratitude or emolument,—year after year for almost a lifetime, and who, looking back through the dismal prospect of these long years, can say, "We have labored all the night and have taken nothing" ? And yet, looking up to the Master for whom they work and in Whom alone they trust, they are ready to begin again every week, every day, repeating cheerfully to Him and to their own brave heart: "But at Thy word I will let down the net." *

Such men can appreciate, and more than appreciate, the lofty sentiment conveyed in the following lines of the blind poet :

> "When I consider how my life is spent
> Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
> And that one talent which is death to hide
> Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent

* St. Luke, v. 5.

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
Does God exact day-labor, light denied,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

But we must hasten by our own united efforts the coming of God's good time,—of a day when religious journalism shall no longer be condemned to thrive or pine away in obscure corners, like certain illicit or unavowable trades, or to be thrust far away from the sunlight into some dark-some angle of the conservatory, or neglected nook of the garden, like some plant of ill name or some flowering shrub of unpleasant odor, little beauty, and very questionable utility.

There are rumors of a convention of Catholic journalists. We hope that the rumor may be true, and pray that the proposed convention be held before the autumn of 1878 pass into winter. Nor should the promoters of this project be in the least concerned at the unkind or unjust things said of them by a small portion of the religious press, or by the illiberal innuendoes and silly sneers of a few secular journals. There are so many precious advantages to be derived from a cordial union among Catholic journalists, and by a steady coöperation toward the same grand purposes, that hasty blame from friends, or undeserved imputations from outsiders may be passed by without a word or thought, seeing how much is to be gained by coming to a definite understanding on the work to be done by our press and on the means to secure its being well and thoroughly done.

*Union for Domestic Progress, not for Aggression.*

The Catholic Congresses held in Europe have been of immense benefit to journalism,—not only by their bringing about perfect unity of views and unanimity of action, but by elevating journalists in their own estimation, by bring-

ing together accomplished and distinguished men enlisted in the same cause, by enabling them to count their numbers and estimate their own power, by determining the centers where Catholic journalism needs to be supported, and by giving such support liberally. . . . We have here no political parties to favor or to oppose; we have no crusade to make either against the secular press or against other religious denominations. We have enough to do to second by every means of publicity, by the united labors of our best literary talent, the efforts of the Hierarchy and clergy to make truth shine forth in its own native splendor, to bring truth in action,—the lives of the great and the good in every past age,—home to every family and individual in the land. We shall have glorious labor enough to do to make the House of our Great Mother known to those of the household itself in all its length and breadth and height, inside and outside, with its untold and incomparable wealth of holiness, of beauty, of loveliness. The Catholic journalist will ever find enough to do in helping to make the children of the faith worthy in every way of their birthright of grace and greatness,—without exciting the groundless alarms or provoking the hostility of any portion of the press or the public.

To the noble men who fulfill this blessed mission of expounding and spreading the truth,—we have only one more word to say: Let them, in all circumstances and under the most trying provocation, observe the rule of charity and moderation recommended, almost with his dying breath, by Pius IX. Therein they will also be carrying out the beautiful sentiment quoted above from St. Francis of Sales, whom the same ever dear and venerated pontiff gave to journalists as their special patron. It is well for all of us to learn and to ponder how

> "The highest good
> Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed
> To love, as beam to lucid body dark,
> Giving as much of ardor as it finds.
> The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,
> Spreading, wherever charity extends." *

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* Cary's Dante, "Purgatory," xv.

# CHAPTER XXII.

## THE BUSINESS MAN.

If you will cry out upon idleness, I am not disposed to dispute about words. It is certain that labor was not in the middle ages considered the end and sole business of life. It was thought that man, even earthly man, liveth not by bread alone, and that he requires other enjoyments than those of the body. Labor was regarded as the penalty of sin, and, as such, man desired to endure as little of it as possible. But things are now greatly changed, and do not say for the worse. God, who in the chastisements of this world provides for the good of man, permits that when nations lose sight of Heaven, avidity should impel them to "hard labor" in the strict judicial sense of the word, to which human justice forces dangerous criminals. So while passions are unchained in men's hearts, self-interest forges fetters for them, and leisure decreases in proportion to the increase of evil desires. This is the case with nations as it is with individuals; and it is providential as well as severe.*

In the modern world,—at least where there is nothing like nobility of birth,—men will seek to rise, in proportion as they are free to rise, by steady application to business. Thus, they will first rise to wealth, and through wealth to social distinction. Even in democratic communities the learned professions lead of themselves to social position and to political power. But the power which wealth of itself bestows on its owner, is entirely independent of political party and distinct from the influence attached to what is known as social position or respectability.

Of this power, or—as we shall call it—extensive ability of doing good, we shall speak presently when treating of the manufacturer and the merchant prince. For the moment, we shall speak of the qualities and virtues that make the man of business.

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* Reverend Father Cahier, *Vitraux peints de Saint Etienne de Bourges*, imperial folio, Paris, 1842–44.

We shall say little, however, of mere industry, of steady application to one's pursuit, and of that indomitable perseverance without which the most feverish activity would be like the waters of Niagara, a mighty power wasted in noise and display. Besides, in our introductory chapter we have insisted at length and repeatedly on the absolute necessity of having a definite purpose in life, of setting one's heart wholly on carrying out that purpose, and of never ceasing to pursue it to the end.

This is to be, in your own chosen sphere, "the active doer." But you have, besides, to be in every sphere, no matter how high or how lowly, "the noble liver;" and it is this nobility of life in the business man of every class that we must now urge upon the reader's consideration.

The first requisite toward this nobleness is to make sure that you work for Him to whom belong both the day and the night, and whom all things are bound to serve. You,—whoever you are, or what path soever you follow in this rushing world of activity,—are by baptism the son of the Great King, living in His house, subsisting on His bread, aiming in all things to please that most loving Parent and most magnificent Master. Whatever your occupation, then, whatever you have to do or to suffer, seek only to please Him. This constant tending in all our aims, sentiments, actions, sufferings, to do solely the most righteous will of the Most High God,—is what is called "a right or pure intention." Without this you cannot please God or serve Him or have any claim to reward from Him.

This is the meaning of the pregnant passage in Christ's earliest recorded teaching: "Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also. The light [lamp] of thy body is thy eye. If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be lightsome. But if thy eye be evil, thy whole body shall be darksome."* Make God and His eternal possession your chief treasure: set your heart upon never losing that, whatever else in life you may lose or you may gain. Look ever up to Him in

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* St. Matthew, vi. 21, 22.

the beginning of all your ways, and let your heart go with your eye: thereby His will shall be like an unquenchable lamp shedding its light upon your road through life,—or, if you prefer to view this fundamental truth otherwise, the love of Him within your heart will be like an unfailing light which you bear ever with you, making every path you walk in lightsome,—full of pleasantness, and peace, full of the unalterable joy of a conscience at rest, to which self-seeking, deceit, or dishonesty, are things unknown and impossible.

This is the fundamental principle of active Christian piety,—the very first letter of the alphabet of practical holiness so familiar to our forefathers, so universally familiar still among their faithful descendants. The following passage of the great St. Bonaventure expressed this perpetual yearning of the heart of the Christian man for God and His eternity:

"The first stage of our journey toward eternity is the right intention of eternal things. The soul of man through this aspiration toward what is everlasting, is borne upward, urged onward, and given strength to proceed on its early journey. It aims, first, at possessing the One Eternal Reality, fixing its attention upon it, reaching forward to it, persisting in its quest of it, making of it the chief motive of its life,—because that one eternal thing is the one thing necessary, which consummates by possession all the soul's desires, and fixes them on the One treasure, which shall not be taken from it forever. Our reason tells us that we must fix our aim on this, before directing our views to aught else: for our highest and most honorable achievements must prove unavailing, when the eye of the heart is turned aside from its Eternal Object." *

Yes, surely, this is the lamp of right intention, of living active faith by which all Christian men of business must direct their steps every day they rise. And one cannot but perceive, on the simple enunciation of this most rational

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* Sanctus Bonaventura, *De Septem Itineribus.*

and most beautiful doctrine,—that fidelity to this practice of purity of intention must make life a success, while the forgetfulness of God and eternity leads to utter failure, ruin, and despair.

In looking at the many and most melancholy wrecks that daily strew the shores of the great stream of active life,—how many a man can say, as he sits and meditates over the causes of his own ruin,—just what the poet says of his own misapplied gifts and wasted life?

> "I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
> The careful pilot of my proper woe.
> Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
> My whole life was a contest, since the day
> That gave me being, gave me that which marred
> The gift,—a fate or will that walked astray.
> Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
> I had been better than I now can be;
> The passions which have torn me would have slept;
> *I* had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.
> With false Ambition what had I to do?
> Little with Love, and least of all with Fame.
> . . . This was not the end I did pursue;
> Surely, I once beheld a nobler aim.
> But all is over—I am one the more
> To baffled millions which have gone before."*

The mere human sentiments,—without a thought of God or of one's accountability to Him,—which are expressed in this long wail of Vanity foiled and finding itself face to face with Self, ruined and dishonored, are pitiful enough, and all the more so that the suffering spirit had never sought God, and in its agony, has no thought of seeking Him.

Let us learn wisdom betimes, and trim the lamp of conscience by the light of these lurid fires of Despair. We have uttered the word "Conscience:" it is or should be for the busy man of the world,—the merchant, the banker, the broker, the manufacturer,—what a mighty spell-word was ever conceived to be among the Eastern nations, all powerful to guard from ill, to release from difficulty and danger,

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* Byron, "Epistle to his Sister Augusta."

and to obtain in need the most precious boons from a supernatural power.

The reality of conscience is more than all that for you, if you can only apprehend its meaning aright, and be guided by its teachings.

Conscience is God's own light and voice in our inmost soul telling us, at every step of our journey through life,—and telling us, with unmistakable clearness and unerring certainty,—that we must be true to the Light within us and walk according to its guidance; true to our own soul's convictions, spiritual aspirations, and tendencies; true to our fellow-men, whoever or whatever they may be,—true to them in our words and actions, as if God were immediately to judge us after each action and each word; true to God Himself,—honoring Him, our acknowledged Master and Parent, by never allowing stain or suspicion of stain to fall on our personal honor, on our truthfulness, our honesty, our integrity, our faithfulness to given word or plighted promise;—so true to God and to ourselves as His sons, that to us falsehood, deception, betrayal of trust, dishonest deed or thought or aim, must be an utter impossibility.

Have they not banished conscience, in our days, from many walks of the business world? Have they not quenched the divine lamp in the soul's sanctuary, and derided (for they cannot silence) the incorruptible voice within them? And with conscience have not trustfulness, and good faith, and security, and uprightness, and immaculate honor disappeared from all the great marts and centers of commercial life?

Will you help to bring back the Divine Presence, the ever-burning Light, and the Voice that cannot be bought or silenced,—to the counting-house, the exchange, the factory? Let the writer point out the way, as he has learned it, not only from the experiences of modern times, but from the teachings of by-gone generations. He will hold up the mirror, and you will find those whom to copy and to follow.

You will hear around you daily voices saying: "Catholicism is pernicious; it is best not to meddle with it. It

makes a man a coward; he cannot sin but it accuseth him; he cannot swear but it checks him; he cannot sophisticate but it detects him. 'Tis a spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live as he pleaseth, endeavors to trust to himself and live without it? They are right. The confessional, the advice, or even implied judgment of holy persons, who with the firmness of their souls by reasons guide us, may, and will, form a hinderance to many undertakings. The Marquis of Tabara, being engaged in an arduous affair, applied to Marina de Escobar, begging her to commend it to God. He seemed already on the point of succeeding in it, when the venerable Marina told him that it was not expedient, and sent Father Luis de Ponte to announce to him the result of her prayers. Though it required a hard sacrifice, the Marquis received her counsel as from God, and relinquished the pursuit of his project. He acted like the pilot in a storm, who being directed by the young St. Catherine of Sienna to turn his vessel to the wind, obeyed her, and in consequence came to the desired port in safety.

"Catholicity beholds in many things familiar on the road of human industry, the tree of prohibition, and forbids the sweetness, though it promise that knowledge which made Eve address the apple in the words,

> ——'Experience, next, to thee I owe,
> Best guide; not following thee, I had remained
> In ignorance.'" *

Modern industry, modern business, like Eve, when the forbidden fruit has been plucked and tasted, finds that the sweet savor lasts but a moment, leaving behind the bitterness of death. Even before the poison has wrought its worst on heart and brain, the sinner discovers that conscience, not gain is the "best guide," and would give worlds to recall his past "ignorance," and forget the pangs and terrors of the guilty knowledge he has acquired.

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* Digby, "Compitum," iii., ch. v.

As we pen these lines, in the last days of August,* the great daily papers are filled with lists of men, "business men" all of them, who rush to the courts to profit by the expiring bankrupt law, and no one offers the pretense that these same bankrupts are acting in good faith: No, the whole public of this great commercial metroplis acknowledges without a pang of remorse or a blush of shame,—that the expiring law favored fraud and dishonesty, and that these rushing crowds who throng all the avenues of the courts of law, are acting fraudulently, dishonorably,—robbing their creditors and perjuring themselves in the very oath they dare to take!

Are matters carried on more honestly, more conscientiously on the Stock Exchange, in our numerous Savings Banks, by our great railroad corporations in city and country, by the great merchants who are not ashamed to defraud the revenue whenever they can purchase impunity, by our manufacturers who set aside all the laws of natural equity and—too often, alas,—of humanity itself in their dealings with the laboring millions? And shall we go out, like our scientific exploring expeditions, with sounding-rod and drag-net, and measure these depths of iniquity and shame one after the other? or shall we draw up to the light of day from the slime of their native beds the dark mysteries, and the dishonored names that it were better to leave buried there forever?

"It may be indeed an unworthy consideration," says Digby, "but the fact is, that the mere desire of promoting their own success in their respective employments can direct practical men to desire an extension of the influence of the Catholic faith, which affords the best securities against the calamities, disgrace, and ruin to which they are exposed by the dishonesty of others, of their rivals, of their assistants, and perhaps even of their own children. *For the effects of such instruction, if unimpeded, would be a deep sense of responsibility, and a delicacy of conscience on the least as well as on the greatest occasions!*"

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* 1873.

We might take the most Catholic of the great continental nations at the very period when Western Christendom was not broken asunder, and Spain was at the very height of her industrial and military greatness,—and show what unbending integrity and inviolable honor presided over every industrial enterprise and commercial transaction. Take this "photograph" of one city of Northern Spain,—as a sample of every other city throughout the Peninsula and including the then glorious and thrifty Portugal,—and judge of the tree of Catholic conscience by its fruits.

"At Burgos the inhabitants are not idle or strayers abroad; but all, not only men but women, seek to gain their bread by the labor of their hands, exercising virtuously all kinds of liberal and mechanical arts. The merchants who enrich the city are full of faith and liberality. The priests are most studious of the divine worship and diligent in application to learning as well as to their sacred offices. The magistrates regard the public welfare with prudence and integrity. In fine, men of all orders and professions are exact in the performance of their respective duties; so that the city daily increases in prosperity and fame."*

You have, we presume, traveled in Italy, as well as through the countries of Northern Europe. You are therefore not unacquainted with the style in which Christian Europe, before the middle of the sixteenth century, decorated the places of public business,—the Town Hall, the Exchange or Merchants' Hall, and the Guild Hall. Passing over the magnificent municipal and civic edifices of the Low Countries, France, Germany, and Northern Italy,—we shall mention one easily accessible to the religious pilgrim or the pleasure-seeker on his way through Etruria to Rome. Stop at Perugia for a day,—and visit the Exchange (*Sala del Cambio*), to admire the immortal creations of Perugino, the beautiful city's noblest son. The whole place is filled with divine and graceful forms in keeping with the lovely coun-

* Marinæi Siculi, *De Rebus Hispanicis*, lib. iii.

try and with the pious spirit of its people. One feels even now on entering the place,—desecrated though everything has been by a spirit far from Christian,—as if one entered a sanctuary of religion, instead of the hall where Perugia's men of business met in times when conscience reigned supreme, and honor was the soul of commercial activity. Indeed, the contemporaries of Pietro Perugino did want to make of their Exchange a sort of sanctuary blessed by religion, where every glorious figure on walls and ceiling should recall to them their accountability to the God who is infinitely just and infinitely faithful and true.

The painting of this superb monument of commercial honor was done at the expense of the Guild of Woollen Drapers. Are we suggesting? No, indeed. Nor are we preaching. We deposit a few germs of deep and salutary thoughts in generous hearts, and pass on.

We exhorted the business man, at the beginning of each day,—to trim his lamp at God's own altar; and then to be guided by conscience during the varied labors that awaited him.

What is more important still, is that you should in the steady and truthful light of your conscience, examine the transactions of the last twenty-four hours.

Examine, O merchant, how you have dealt with your associates, with your debtors and with your creditors. God has prospered you, and increased your substance tenfold and a hundredfold. All the fruits of industry have increased and multiplied in your hands. Have you grown more conscientious,—more scrupulous about truth, about your plighted faith, about even the minutest detail of your business, according as you grew in wealth? Has prosperity bound your heart more lovingly, gratefully, firmly to Him from whom every blessing comes down on men and the work of their hands?

But,—above all,—how do you treat your dependants? They are many,—a host in themselves, perhaps. Do you treat them, every one of them, *justly*,—as man is strictly bound to treat the veriest savage, who labors for him or who

exchanges his furs or his simple wares for their lawful and fair equivalent in money? Do you treat them *generously*,—as brother should treat brother for whose life-blood and soul he is to account to their common Father and Judge? Or do you exact from those beneath you the very utmost their strength at its greatest pitch of exertion can produce for a stipend that barely suffices to keep body and soul together? And if so, how do you expect to fare at that dread Judgment Seat, whither not one minutest fraction of your wealth will follow you, but where a kind word to the sinking heart of your poor toilers, or a merciful alleviation of their intolerable load of labor, or a timely addition to the pittance of the over-worked mother, or daughter, or sister, or of the father borne down by the care of the dear ones he can neither feed, nor clothe, nor warm—*would plead for your soul more powerfully* than the hundreds of thousands you have squandered in ostentatious charity,—the very worst form of heartless vanity?

Charity? Ah, we go often far away from our own door to seek objects of so-called charity,—while those who look up to us for the bread of to-day or for the brotherly sympathy often more needful than bread to the famished heart,—are allowed to go the whole night and day, and weary week after week, unpitied, uncared for, unthought of!

Look well into your conscience, O brother! God has given you much: from our heart we pray Him to give you still more. But bethink you, while it is yet time, that your responsibility is in precise proportion to the unbounded liberality of Providence in your regard.

To manufacturers of every class,—these great princes of our industry,—of whom their country is so justly proud,—what shall we say, in addition to this adjuration? Shall we add our voice to the many warring voices that now resound throughout both hemispheres stirring up Labor against Capital, or steeling capitalists to the sad needs of those dependent on them? God forbid! The ministry of the priest to-day must be what it has always been, one-of mediation and conciliation between brothers at variance,—

trusting himself to both in his efforts at pacification, and trusted by both as true love and true charity ever is.

We see, however, the mighty tide of popular discontent rising higher day by day, and lashed into greater fury by the breath of passions that are not of Heaven, and of an eloquence that is not fired by true love of the brotherhood.

We all remember how a great English chancellor, nearly half a century ago, pleaded the cause of timely reform before the House of Peers. In his prophetic dread of the evils which were sure to arise from acknowledged wrongs, left so long unremedied, and from inveterate abuses crying out for reform, he cast himself on his knees before the lordly assembly and besought them with tears to have pity on their country, and to spare their order and themselves the fearful consequences of popular revenge. He was heard, and the reforms were granted.

We could kneel to you, O you on whose generosity and intelligence depends so much of the welfare of your country, and beseech you with a voice that would borrow its tones from no venal interest or unworthy passion,—to consider how much you can do to better the condition of millions of working men and women within the land.

But were it given us to be in spirit or in the body by your side, when, at the end of your day's manifold cares, and before you commit yourself to that sleep which is the image of the eternal repose,—we should lovingly whisper in your ear to open the book of your conscience there, beneath the eye of the all-seeing God, and to examine yourselves as to how you stand,—in strict justice, in brotherly charity, in the claims of common humanity,—toward each one of the families who toil for you, who labor to build up your fortune and your fame.

You stand for them in the place of God,—representing His fatherly care, His tenderness, His justice, His generosity,—the wise love that cares for the souls and bodies, for the health, the hearts, the homes of the many who look up to you to make life bearable, health robust and flourishing, hearts grateful and happy, homes bright and blessed by all

the sanctities of Christian and family life. Is this your care? Assuredly, it is your interest; most assuredly it is your duty; and your duty is to your GOD!

Read the following anecdote carefully, and we then leave you to the inspiration of that Mercy who is the great Healer of all our wounds in this life, and the advocate in the great Judgment of all who have been merciful.

"Gregorius Tilianus, a most learned youth, being found in sickness lying on a poor bed, which he had chosen expressly for its wretchedness, the visitor said, 'I am ashamed to see you lying like a needy beggar.' 'Say, rather, like a king or emperor,' he replied cheerfully. 'Do they not in time of war lie as roughly?'

"In his last hour he ordered the poor to be convoked and admitted. These were already in the vestibule, and so eager to enter, it was difficult to keep them back. 'Let them enter,' he says, 'and not suffer Christ to wait before the door; and distribute my alms to them in my presence, and say to each not to return thanks, as it is in payment of what I owe to them, and not a gift. Then dismiss them, and invite them to return to supper.'

"It was a touching sight to observe the grief of the poor as they pressed in to their friend. The blind, the lame, orphans, widows, the aged, epileptics, and lepers, and those suffering from all sorts of maladies and calamities,—all wept but Gregory, who had a smiling countenance as he spoke to console them, adding, 'Not alone to the poor does God show mercy, but also to those who do good to the poor?'

"In disposing of his property he ordered that even his books should be sold and the price given to the poor. 'Sell it,' he says, 'either in whole or in parts, and spare not the nobility of books. For there is nothing on earth so noble and precious that it ought not to be employed to the glory of Christ. . . . I wish we had the gold of Arabia, that we might distribute it with the books!'" *

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* De Richebourcq, *Ultima Verba Factaque.*

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE LABORING MAN.

It is a common sentence that knowledge is power; but who hath duly considered or set forth the power of ignorance? Knowledge slowly builds up what ignorance in an hour pulls down. Knowledge, through patient and frugal centuries, enlarges discovery and makes record of it; ignorance, wanting its day's dinner, lights a fire with the record, and gives a flavor to its one roast with the burned souls of many generations. Knowledge, instructing the sense, refining and multiplying needs, transforms itself into skill, and makes life various with a new Six Days' Work; comes ignorance drunk, on the seventh, with a firkin of oil and a match and an easy "Let there be,"—and the many-colored creation is shriveled up in blackness. Of a truth, knowledge is power, but it is a power reined by scruple, having a conscience of what must be and may be; whereas ignorance is a blind giant who, let him but wax unbound, would make it a sport to seize the pillars that hold up the long-wrought fabric of human good, and turn all the places of joy dark as a buried Babylon.

If we have reserved the laborer for our last chapter and the crown of our work, it is not that we love him less or hold him of less account than the professional man or the man of letters. On the contrary, in every one of the preceding chapters, the great virtues inculcated had for one of their chief purposes to bring the rich, the learned, the powerful, and the influential into more brotherly sympathy with the working-man.

We are poor ourselves, and of the poor; our life has been spent in laboring among them, and we consider that the sweetest reward of our present toil shall be in having our books find their way to the home of the laboring man in city and country.

It is no new gospel that a priestly hand could hold out to the sons of toil the whole world over. We cannot

promise to make this earth a fool's paradise where dreamers, idlers, and schemers might dawdle away, in all the ignoble vices that idleness and knavery beget, the golden years given us to merit eternity. Nor may we hold out to those who are not the heirs of great wealth or high rank any other Heaven hereafter than that purchased and promised by the Redeemer of mankind.

Redeemer! Saviour! God of our souls! Comforter of our homes,—the Friend and treasure of the poor,—a laborer Himself, while living among us, to sanctify and sweeten labor; we know that Jesus of Nazareth is all our own,—ALL, even with the glory and bliss of His eternal kingdom! What other gospel, then, do we, can we desire, than that which the sweet and patient Son of Mary, the pupil and adopted child of Joseph the Carpenter, presents to us?

"Come to Me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek, and humble of heart: and you shall find rest for your souls." *

Yes,—He presents Himself to you, O toilers of the field, the factory, and the city,—you whose sweat and whose tears fall upon the hard earth or into the salt sea; He comes to you, in His boyhood and early manhood, with His hands hardened from the carpenter's toil,—long before He stretched them forth on the bitter wood of the cross to be pierced and torn with the nails; He comes to you, as that Jesus the Good Shepherd whose feet wearied not in traveling again and again and again from one end of His native land to the other in quest of the suffering poor or the over-burdened workmen, to cheer them at their toil, to lighten their misery; and how often, in His own sweet seasons of visitation and needful comfort, has not that same Good Shepherd knocked at your door, His head wet with the dews of the night, and His blessed feet torn and bleeding from the road?

O brothers,—it is in the vesture of His love that we all wish Him to come to us,—with "the purple garment"

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* St. Matthew, xi. 28, 29.

showing through its rents where whip and scourge have ploughed the flesh, His head encircled with piercing thorns, His meek face bruised with buffets and soiled with dust and spittle, and tears and blood, the strong hands grasping and the mangled shoulders bearing the Cross, and the deep eyes looking into the soul of every one of us to say: "I am the Good Shepherd." "Behold I have graven thee in My hands;" * "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee [to Myself], taking pity on thee;"† "It is I, fear ye not!"‡ "I, I Myself will comfort you!" § Ah, dear above all that earth and sky contain that is most dear, is to the manly, grateful heart of the laborer, the poor, the suffering, this God of our hearts, this God of our fathers coming to us in our daily need clad in the livery of His love, bearing on hands and feet, on head and heart the glorious wounds inflicted for our sake!

And what does he preach? Patience, purity of heart, contempt of earthly riches, a noble ardor, an insatiable hunger and thirst for all Godlike virtue; fortitude under suffering and trial; unwearied and unfaltering trust in His own ever-present aid; an ambition to be so like Himself in thought and word and deed that all men may see in you the living image of Jesus mighty in loving,—that is, in laboring, suffering, and accomplishing great things for His love; a heart too great for this world and all the things of time, and to be filled only by the Infinite God and the Charity of His everlasting kingdom.

But this is too high a flight. Let us see, more calmly, and with the sights and sounds of our daily toil around us, —what He, our model, wishes every laboring man to be.

Would you contemplate for a moment the army of workmen who have practiced the most heroic virtues in following Christ, and whom the Church has placed among her canonized saints? The Apostles were fishermen by occupation,—and St. Paul, the most eloquent of them all, was by

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* Isaias, xlix. 16.
† Jeremias, xxxi. 3.
‡ St. Matthew, xiv. 27.
§ Isaias, li. 12.

trade a tentmaker, and like his brothers in the Apostleship, earned his own bread while laboring to spread the faith of Christ. The men and women who were first drawn to Him by the preaching and the lowly laborious lives of these Apostles were from the laboring classes,—becoming, in their turn, the ardent propagators of the Gospel specially destined for the lowly and the poor. Thus Onesimus,—the fugitive slave, whom St. Paul converted while imprisoned at Rome, became to the captive Apostle an energetic helper. As Christianity spread, and with its extension persecution waxed fiercer, the laboring classes everywhere furnished their glorious contingent to the host of confessors and martyrs. In every city of the Roman Empire, the common laborer, the tradesman, the liberated slaves of both sexes stood forth before the tribunals beside their masters to confess Jesus Christ, and died with them in the most fearful tortures to confirm this courageous testimony. What need of these details?

We have at this moment,—among many other venerable names which we omit,—St. Patrick, a slave and shepherd, as the apostle and patron of Ireland, St. Isidore, a farmer, as one of the chief protectors of Spain; St. Genevieve, a poor shepherdess, the honored protectress of Paris; and among the most recently canonized French saints, Germaine Cousin, another poor shepherd-girl, and Benedict Labre, a man who devoted himself to even worse poverty and hardship. Then, as we glance over Christian Europe, we meet here and there with SS. Crispin and Crispinian, martyrs, the patrons of shoemakers, and shoemakers themselves; St. Theodotus, an innkeeper, and also a martyr; St. Homobonus, St. Maximus, and St. Justus, tradesmen and shopkeepers; St. Phocas and St. Serenus, gardeners; St. Galmier, a locksmith; St. Margaret of Louvain, a servant-maid in a tavern, under a master and mistress who died victims to their charity, and in the hour when they had given up all things to follow Christ. The Blessed Peter of Sienna was a combmaker; St. Zita of Lucca, a servant-maid; St. Justa and St. Rufina, of Seville, were workers in earthen-

ware, which they sold themselves. St. Fazio of Verona was a silversmith; St. Thibaud was an apprentice shoemaker. And have we not among the recently beatified of the Society of Jesus Alfonso Rodriguez, a lay-brother and a porter,—a man so divinely wise that he was the spiritual guide of Peter Claver, the apostle of New Grenada,—one of the most heroic souls that ever honored any country?

Can you not hear, as the saintly host of glorified working men and women pass before you in the train of the Lamb, the beatitudes pronounced by the Master, reëchoed triumphantly by these, His faithful disciples: Blessed are ye poor! . . . Blessed are ye that hunger now! . . . Blessed are the meek. . . .

Will you learn what the holiest men known in the history of the Church thought, under divine teaching, of the exalted sanctity to which every laborer, every working man and woman, every tiller of the soil the whole world over can be, by cultivating their hearts aright and making them like the heart of the Master, meek and humble, patient and charitable?

"When Blessed Anthony," says the historian of the fathers, "prayed in his cell, he heard a voice, saying, 'Anthony, you have not yet reached the measure of a tanner in Alexandria.' The next day, taking up his staff, the old man set out for the city, and having come to the tanner's house, he entered and asked him to describe his manner of life, as he had left the desert to learn it from him. The tanner replied that he was not aware of his doing any good. *Therefore*,—he added,—*when I rise in the morning, before I sit down to work, I say that all this city, from the youngest to the oldest, will enter the kingdom of Heaven, while I, for my sins, deserve eternal punishment; and I say the same thing in the evening before I lie down, and I believe from my heart what I say.* 'It is enough,' said Blessed Anthony, 'I understand my vision.'" *

Would you have the priest enter your homes and preach you another gospel than this? or propose to you a dearer,

* De Vita Sanctorum Patrum, in Migne's collection.

safer model than your own Jesus? or say to you that you must take up a gospel of hate, and strife, and violence, and bloodshed,—instead of His sweet Gospel of patience, meekness, humility, love, and peace?

He who writes these lines, while he was a poor missionary in the backwoods of Canada thirty years ago (in the autumn of 1847), and while sharing with the poorest settlers among his widely-scattered flock the comforts piety provided for the priest even out of extreme poverty,—set himself about devising many schemes for the improvement of these hardy settlers' lot, and for the greater good of their brethren both in Canada and in the old country. The government, the Canadian bishops and clergy, and all the most enlightened men in the country united, at the missionary's voice, to open the waste forest-lands to colonization, and to aid every farmer and his sons toward possessing independent and comfortable homes, and toward securing them many other helps and advantages. The missionary's voice found thus a ready echo in generous hearts: his sole merit was in having uttered a timely word of exhortation; to others belongs the praise of having made of his dream a great and living reality.

And this we say here,—not through egotism,—but to tell the reader that the priestly heart which speaks in these pages, is one that has ever been devoted to the laboring-man and his best interests. Yes,—the writer knows what noble souls are those of the toiling millions when not led astray by that fell "power of ignorance," mentioned in the extract heading of this chapter, or fascinated by the ungodly and unmanly theories of "Ignorance drunk," who, blind, blasphemous, and brutal giant as he is, would this very day,—if the spirit of Christianity were not there to prevent him, pull down the whole edifice of civilization over our heads, even though he should himself perish in the ruin.

We happen to know, also, the brave, warm, true heart that beats beneath the rude exterior and homespun of the working-man. We have so often shared the hospitality of his roof, and have admired the native delicacy and refine-

ment, the gentle courtesy, the unbought and unbounded generosity,—and all the other virtues that lie beneath that homespun,—like purest gold or rarest gems in their native mine.

What then? Do we not wish to improve these virtues? Most assuredly. But we would have them grow in the sunlight of Christ's truth and teaching; we would have the rich soil of these brave hearts made fruitful by the grace of Him who is, for the peasant as for the prince, for the working-man as for his employer,—"the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

We would have pure gold remain gold; only we would refine it, fashion it into vessels fit for God's own altar in Heaven.

And you, O dearest brothers, do not give your ear or your heart to this new gospel of hate they would have you believe in. In a country such as this in which you have cast your lot, you are free to rise,—you see so many rise every day from your own level to sit, in Church and in State, with the princes of the people. Be conscientious, God-fearing, sober, steady, persevering, lovers of truth, of honor, of honesty, and all true manliness,—and God will surely prosper you.

Do not believe in the raving of a few madmen, about the abolition of wealth, and all such idle, destructive fancies. Do your best, honestly and honorably, to become independent, to become wealthy. What you get is your own: God grant you to make a right use of it, and with it to help others around you to rise.

Look at our magnificent American forests,—see how by the side and beneath the shade of these lordly trees, that are the admiration of the whole earth, their juniors and successors shoot up, straight, vigorous, and aiming at being one day the equals in height and stateliness of their elders. But cut down that glorious forest or set fire to it, and never again until the end of time will such a magnificent growth arise from the ashes.

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